

Personal Charms.

HOW THE DELSARTIAN THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT BEAUTIFIES WOMEN.

What is the Delsartian method?

If ladies can secure cultivation of the voice, so as to read and converse in sweetly modulated yet strong and deep tones, and by the same course of training acquire grace of carriage and the development of chest and lungs that ensures health and adds to personal charms, the methods employed are worthy investigation.

So thought our reporter, who called upon Mme. Gray, the noted teacher of Oratory and Physical Culture at one of our leading hotels.

As he entered the room a lady tall but well proportioned came with graceful movement toward him. A well shaped head, crowned with a wealth of iron gray hair, dark, brilliant eyes, beneath finely arched brows, were noted as she approached. When she spoke it was with a voice sweet and low, yet with a wonderful compass.

"What is the secret of this power of vocal expression you seem to have?"

"Secret? there is no secret," laughed Mme. Gray. "Time was when I had one of the weakest and thinnest of voices. Any one can accomplish what I have done. It is so easy to acquire a full resonant voice, that will never tire or grow hoarse. All vocal disabilities may be overcome, hesitation, stammering, stuttering, soon disappear under proper training."

"Does this training affect the physical system?"

"Yes, it will develop the bust to almost ideal perfection. Gentlemen will add four or five inches to their chest measurement in as many months."

"It is desirable from a point of beauty, then?"

"Yes, ladies gain the roundness of waist, taper of arm and hand, and the perfect poise, ease and grace in movement, that add so much to personal charms."

"Health, I should think, would be benefited, also?"

"Indeed it is. Lung and throat troubles decrease, narrow chests and thin arms are developed, and female weaknesses largely overcome."

"It seems to be a regular panacea?"

"No, I am sorry to say that some organs cannot be made good in this way after they have been injured as mine were by a sojourn near a southern swamp. Before I tried physical culture and Warner's safe cure I was a confirmed invalid. I was consumptive in early life, and it is only a few years since I overcame a serious liver trouble. I owe much to Warner's safe cure, and I do not hesitate to acknowledge it."

"And the consumption tendency?"

"Disappeared after the use of this remedy, and when I had learned how to breathe. Not one in twenty breathe in such a way as to fill the air-cells, to expand the strong muscles at the base of the lungs, which should do the labor of expelling air. Hence, if kidney disease prevails, the lungs affected by the kidney poisoned blood soon give way."

"Is not your system the Delsartian theory?"

"Yes, and I greatly rejoiced when this grand teacher gave to the world his ideas. They corresponded to those I had long taught, for I am a pioneer in this work and have devoted life and energy to teaching the world that women may gain vocal accomplishments, health, grace and beauty all at the same time by these methods of cultivation."

"You are yet teaching?"

"Yes, at the School of Oratory and Physical culture at Syracuse, N.Y., a permanent institution, now in very successful progress."

A Budget from Toronto.

PROPOS of the Q.O.R. tournament. I admire the pluck and *esprit-de-corps* which prompted the Guelph batteries and the Toronto Garrison Artillery in sending teams to test their muscle with such teams as the Q.O.R. and the Grenadiers, the pick of 400 or 500 men.

The number of entries was evidently small, at the most 5 competitors entering for any one event. Toronto ought to, and can, produce more athletes than this. There appeared to be a great sameness in the faces of the competitors. Five seemed to compose all the competitors.

The Q.O.R. band's rendition of "The Forge in the Wood" was greatly applauded. I was glad to see that Capt. Davidson, of the 1st Brigade Field Artillery, has at last recovered from his illness sufficiently to attend the tournament.

Amongst the audience I noticed Bandmaster Robinson, of the 13th Battalion, who says his band is playing as good as ever. With an excellent band, a good drill instructor (Sergt.-Major Munro), and a hard working adjutant (Capt. J. Smart), the 13th Battalion ought before long to carry off the palm.

The artillery team from Guelph was a fine body of *big* men. Did I say *big*?—yes, *big*. They may be a good style of man for a tug-of-war team, but imagine *big* men as gunners and drivers in a field battery. Poor horses, I pity you at times, but then you can always console yourselves with the thought that this extra weight is caused by "our tug-of-war men."

A largely attended meeting of ex-members' of the Queen's Own Rifles was held on the 25th ult. in the drillshed. Lieut.-Col. Miller, in the absence of Major Dixon, took the chair. It was decided to hold the first annual dinner about the latter part of November, and the following committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements: Major Dixon, Col. Miller, Major Ellis, W. Douglas, W. H. Cooper, Christopher Lee, E. Cox, W. H. Ramsay, W. Watkins, W. Lennox, F. Upton, P. McMahon and W. Fahey. The prospects of a good time at the dinner are very bright.

The usual weekly parade of the Queen's Own Rifles took place on the 26th inst., and was well attended. Lieut.-Col. Allan was in command. The regiment marched to the baseball grounds, where a number of movements were gone through. The successful competitors at the annual rifle matches were afterwards presented their prizes by Col. Allan.

Gossip says that we may shortly expect to hear of the establishment here of a military club. No doubt some such place is greatly needed. Col. Fred Denison, G.G.B.G., I understand will be offered the presidency of it.

The Grenadiers paraded on the 27th, about 300 strong, under Capt. Manley. The evening was chiefly devoted to company drills under their instructors.

An item has appeared in one of the morning papers insinuating that Col. Allan's manner of conducting parades, etc., in the Q.O.R. has been the occasion of company meetings and a request for his resignation. I know the Q.O.R. well. If there is any corps in Canada with as much *esprit-de-corps* and discipline I have yet to meet them. And I doubt very much if there is one iota of truth in the article. If there were, the Q.O.R. officers, n.c.o. and men would be the last to give publicity to it. It has been said that the article is simply a ruse to get Col. Allan to resign with a view to having Col. Sweeney, late Northumberland Fusiliers, appointed in his place. LINCIP-PIN.

Regimental Intelligence.

The officers of No. 2 company, Guelph, have kindly undertaken the establishment and maintenance of a bugle band in the royal city, composed of the buglers of the 30th Batt. This action is taken with a view to ensure a supply of good and efficient buglers whenever the battalion is called out for drill or service. Nearly all the captains have willingly sent their bugles to the officers of No. 2 to be used in the instruction of the new buglers.

In 1837 the Rev. Canon Mulock was a lieutenant in the "Royal Simcoe Foresters." The regiment was on duty at the execution of Lount and Matthews, and the captain being ill, Lieutenant Mulock commanded No. 1 company, having to stand so near to the scaffold that the wind caused by the swinging bodies fanned his cheek. It was a sight neither he, nor Mr. Quinn, nor probably any others whose duty brought them there, ever wished to see repeated. Why the word "Royal" was omitted from the name of the regiment on its re-organization in 1866 is not known to us—nor do we know of any valid reason why the full name should not yet be restored.—*Orillia Packet*.

A new way to get Mr. E. E. Sheppard to Montreal has been tried. He was handed \$25 in cash and a subpoena to appear in Montreal as a witness in a criminal libel suit, brought by Captain Robert, of the 65th, against Louis P. Kribs. Mr. Sheppard will not go, however, without a fight.

The adjutant of the 7th Fusiliers, London, is giving regular instruction in drill to a class regularly attended by a large number of members of the regiment.

The Orillia company (No. 7) of the 35th Battalion have squad drill, under Capt. Drinkwater, every Saturday evening. Ralph Begg, bugler of the company, is now attending "C" school at Toronto. The battalion expect to go into camp next summer, but it is said would prefer September to June, the probable time.

The annual inspection of the Montreal Engineers took place on Saturday last, before Capt. Davidson, R.E., professor of fortification at the Royal Military College. It lasted from 10.30 a.m. until 6 p.m., and was of a highly critical character. The morning was occupied in signalling, for which purpose detachments were stationed in the towers of the St. James, Roman Catholic church and City Hall respectively. This part of the work was very creditably done, only one or two trivial mistakes having occurred despite the fact that the weather was hazy. The afternoon was devoted to company drill, and a couple of practical problems in engineering. The infantry work was smartly performed, the marching and manual exercise being especially good. The engineering work consisted of making a light trestle, building a pootoon, and tool drill. The inspecting officer congratulated the commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Kennedy, and the corps on its efficiency and said he should look forward to further improvement when they were placed in possession of the facilities of the new drill hall.

Correspondence.

The Editor desires it distinctly understood that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinion expressed by correspondents.

SOME ODD TYPES OF MILITIA OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Militia Gazette:

SIR,—A few words with you regarding the manner in which some of our battalions are officered.

It would appear to be the aim of a commanding officer to secure men of good social position to officer his battalion. Now let us see what generally happens. Mr. "A", the head of a large firm, accepts an appointment as provisional captain, orders his uniform, dons it, and proceeds to the drill shed, where he is introduced to his company. He is pleased with the manner of his reception, and begins to think that the militia is some use after all. He next proceeds, in a neat set speech, to thank the "boys" for the very flattering manner of his reception as their captain; promises always to stick to them through "thick and thin"; winding up with "Honor," "Loyalty," three cheers for the Queen; three cheers for Capt. "A," and an invitation to an oyster supper at Jimmy S—s'.

Mr. "A," now known as Capt. "A," having attended several parades, and the novelty of the thing having worn off, thinks them just a little slow, suddenly discovers that he is neglecting his business and allows his 'sub' to run the company.

Capt. "A" about this time thinks the service a humbug, the commanding officer an ass, and the adjutant a nuisance, and just as annual drill is about to commence, Capt. "A" puts himself under orders for "foreign service," packs his kit, and embarks for England, or some other place, to purchase goods. Henceforth Capt. "A" takes no prominent part in the management of his company, and never allows a thought of qualifying to enter his head. But because he is a man of note his name is retained on the militia list for years, and few commanding officers would have the grit to fire him as having "failed to qualify."

Having for the present "polished off" Capt. "A," let us now turn to his subaltern Lieut. "B." He is the son of a prominent citizen, and of course moves in the best society. He would not care to serve under a man of less note than Capt. "A." It would indeed be a very exacting c.o. that would expect Mr. B. to attend more than five or six parades during annual drill. He, Mr. B., has an invitation to a "garden party," or a "band concert," or a "flower show," or a "tea fight," and somehow these things always happen on a drill night. Mr. "B" will sometimes drop in on a garden party in uniform (not the party), and deplore the necessity of soon taking his leave for the drill shed, to be knocked about by that "stupid colonel," or that "bully" of an adjutant, but all the same he has succeeded in his object—of being admired, and gained the sympathy of his lady friends—poor boy. Mr. "B" now hurries to the drill shed, where he finds the battalion filing into the drill field, himself twenty minutes late, and another "sub" in command of his company. He salutes the c.o. (sometimes), gives the adjutant a defiant look (always) and "falls in."

Now begins the misery of Mr. "B," for truth compels me to say that Mr. "B" knows nothing about drill. He is always to be found in the way of the guides and markers, and never by any possibility does he give a proper word of command, but trusts to pull through by mumbling something or other, in a low tone of voice, and watching the other "fellahs"; or better still, trusting that the company will conform to the movement in front. On passing the saluting point in "marching past" you must not be surprised at seeing Mr. "B" about ten or a dozen paces in front of his company, with his sword "manfully" at the "recover," or if the battalion should change ranks don't be surprised at finding Mr. "B" in the ranks of the company in his immediate front.

As my letter is growing long, I shall for the present finish with Mr. "B," and will close his military career on some future occasion.

Yours truly,
PULTAN.