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WINE MERCHANTS

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AT THE SIGN THE MAPLE



ANADIANS who live inland some times forget what a great stretch of sea-coast the Dominion has, both in east and west. A ship both in east and west. A ship lost at sea seems a calamity very far from Toronto or Winnipeg. Yet the whole country was roused to anxiety when the news spread that the C.P.R. boat, "Mount Royal," was many days late. All attention was turned to the harbour at St. John and the bulletins were scanned every day, from Montreal to the Pacific in the hope that the missto the Pacific, in the hope that the missing steamer would be announced as safe in port. The simple majesty of the "Mariner's Hymn" must have come home to the people of St. John as never before when they sang on the first Sunday in the year "for those in peril on the sea." Just as the most hopeful were beginning to shake their heads over the prospect and admit that "she may have gone down, after all;" word came that the missing steamer had crawled into an Irish port. It is the waiting woman who suffers most during those awful days of uncertainty and it is no wonder that the women of seaport towns show in their eyes the searching intensity of those who have spent hours in looking across the cruel, surging sea. It is savage and unrelenting in its sweeping storms; yet the love of the sea and the hills will remain while there are strong hands and brave hearts.

* * * to the Pacific, in the hope that the miss-

A GREAT deal has been written lately regarding the nasty novels which certain writers (most of them, women) have perpetrated during the last five years. The authors have written as if there was nothing in the world but a sentiment, which they are pleased to call love, but which is no more like but a sentiment, which they are pleased to call love, but which is no more like the real thing than a pot of rouge is like a roseleaf or the flush on a child's soft cheek. Amidst all this ultra-modern mess (which most of us can avoid if we wish) come the books of William De Morgan like a chime of sweet bells all unjangled. So tenderly does he speak of the dead woman whose life had been so shadowed by pain: "And what was the meaning of it all?—of the thread that was now broken—of the memory that would remain? All was not Vanity, preach whoso might! So long as Love itself—the mystery of all mysteries—shall remain unsolved, there is an immeasurable music beyond the cotave-stretch forlorn of our fingers, an unfathomable ocean beyond our little octave-stretch forlorn of our fingers, an unfathomable ocean beyond our little world of pebbles on the shore."

A WRITER signing herself "Frances" contributes to a Victoria, B.C., paper an interesting article, "Are We Advancing?" in which this suggestive paragraph occurs: "There is a lot of talk about woman's advancement; about woman's position; about woman's attitude towards life. And, taking it all round, we are a bit proud of ourselves; we are very much inclined to consider every woman who lived before the last two or three decades as having a very backward place in the world of endeavour and action. But, sometimes, in turning over the pages of history, and more particularly of memoirs, we are brought to a sudden standstill in our march of complacent and self-satisfied vanity, and we suddenly find ourselves asking how would the greatest of modern women bear comparison with some of the old in similar circumstances and similar surroundings."

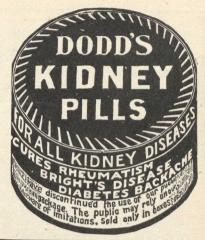
and similar surroundings."

The Victorian writer points the moral and adorns her reflections with the story of a strenuous Italian Lady of the Old School, Catherine Sforza, the story of a strenuous Italian Lady of the Old School, Catherine Sforza, who, widowed at the age of twenty-three, led an army, endured a siege, and managed to conduct the politics of a small state between two such powerful influences as Venice and Florence. The vivid sketch of this lady makes modern feminine performances look colourless indeed, for Catherine was warrior, legislator, a patron of arts and science—and an excellent house-keeper. The most delightful affair about Catherine, according to the modern chronicler, was her ability to prepare beauty recipes, creams for whitening the hands, washes to improve the complexion, dyes to colour and brighten the hair, even while the Borgias were besieging her city. Could one imagine a truer grande dame than this? Think of a woman who was capable of dealing with oil of sweet almonds and a host of armed foes in the same busy morning! The most capable club woman of us all must evidently retire in favour of The most capable club woman of us all must evidently retire in favour of Catherine Sforza.

An Overbalanced Want.

THE vicar of a large country town in England visited a parishioner, a widow, seventy-five years old, who had ten children, all of whom except one daughter had married and left her. Now this daughter also was about to be married. The old lady would then be left quite alone, and the clergyman endeavoured to sympathise with her. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a large family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."—Bellman. Right-o.

If your wife keeps you puzzled and guessing, And, instead of a comfort and blessing, Proves a grievance, don't frown, Proves a griculary
But buy her a gown—
The grievance, no doubt, needs re-dressing.
—Harper's Weekly.



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