



of this our special artist's wedding

The hard times hop of the Bebelors of Whitty on Tuesday night is the ball that has...

The Cricketers' ball on Thursday evening was very thing that it should be...

The conservatory, which is always a favorite place for a tea-tete, was unusually popular with young folk...

Corlet's musicians played very sweetly and were well complimented...

Miss Leese wore a lovely gown of white satin, with trimmings of...

Miss Strickland was in cream satin, with trimmings of...

Miss Helen Strath was in white satin, with trimmings of...

Miss Edna Lee wore a lovely gown of black and white...

Miss Helen Strath was in white satin, with trimmings of...

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have re-read it in the cold light of the morning and...

Mrs. R. J. Scott of Woodlands gave an at home on Tuesday...

Mrs. Burns of Simcoe-street gave a small tea on Friday afternoon...

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Alexander entertained the members of the Women's Art Association...

The engagement of Prof. Capon of Queen's College and Miss McNece of Kingston has been announced...

A very enjoyable informal dance was given by the Royal Canadian Football Club...

Another pretty wedding took place in the church of St. Vincent de Paul...

The members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club gave a very enjoyable smoking concert...



Invitations are out for a masquerade ball to be given by the Elton Club on Wednesday evening...

A charming recital was given at the students of the College of Music on Thursday evening...

A brilliant wedding took place at the Presbyterian Church, Owen Sound, Wednesday...

Mrs. Robert McClain's pretty home in Church-street was set on Thursday afternoon...

The Amethyst Club of the West end (Incorporated) will hold its 17th at home next Wednesday evening...

Local social circles will no doubt be all a flutter with pleasant anticipations when it becomes generally known...

NOTICE

FOR SALE! We will offer stock further notes a large and complete stock of the highest grade of the following wines, viz:

Ports, Sherris, Claret, Burgundy, Rhine, Sauternes, Marsala, Madeira, and many others too numerous to mention...

Invalid Wines, of which we make a specialty. We also offer 500 Doz. Bass' Ale (Pints), all which will be sold at popular prices...

WM. SHIELDS & CO. 1068 Queen West, Tel. 5005. Cor. Fenning (See Next Week's Advt.)

In All Saint's schoolhouse on Friday evening the room was prettily decorated with flags, bunting and plants...

The dance to be given by the Young Bachelors' Club in the ball room of the Confederation Life Building on Friday evening...

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Notice

FOR SALE! We will offer until further notice a large...

Ports, Sherries, Clarets, Burgundy, Rhine, Sauternes, Marsala, Madecair

Invalid Wines, which we make a specialty. We also offer 100 Doz. Bass' Ale (Pints), all which will be sold at popular prices...

W.M. SHIELDS & CO. 1068 Queen West, Tel. 5005. Cor. Fenning (See Next Week's Advt.)

All Saint's schoolhouse on Friday evening. The room was prettily decorated with flags, banners and placards...

The statement that the opening quadrille at the cricketers' ball was delayed on account of the expected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gould is incorrect...

Mrs. McGuire of St. Patrick-street gave a very large and enjoyable at home on Friday afternoon.

The at home given by the Fifty Club in the ball room of the Confederation Hotel on Friday evening of last week was a thoroughly enjoyable and successful affair...

Cards will be out shortly for the annual at home of Alpha Lodge, which will be held in Masonic Hall, Parkdale, on Thursday evening, Feb. 14.

Miss Hodley of St. Joseph-street gives progressive euchre party on Saturday evening next.

The dance to be given by the Young Men's Club in the ball room of the Confederation Hotel on Friday evening, gives promise of being a very pleasant affair.

Mrs. Jane of Beuvenot gave a small inner party on Wednesday evening.

Miss Kirkpatrick left during the week for Ottawa, where she will attend the arrival.

Sir Silver Mowat spent a few days in Montreal during the week.

Miss Deane of Peterboro, who has been staying at Drake Villa, has been called home suddenly by the illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Eddy of Hull were in the city for a few days during the early part of the week.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

A chronicle of unconsidered trifles and a criticism of the lighter events of the time.

Abler men than myself are just now engaged in assailing and defending the management of Ontario's big educational institutions, and I do not, therefore, propose to enter into the controversy...

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GERTRUDE: "My dear Jessie, what on earth is that Biocyte Suit for?"

JESSIE: "Why, to wear of course." GERTRUDE: "But you haven't got a Biocyte!"

JESSIE: "No; but I've got a Swinger Machine!"

PIPE ORGAN EFFECTS.

The Triple Point is Popular Though Five and Six Are Worn. Instead of the flat, almost plain backs which have hitherto been fashionable on skirts, the top is now cut much wider and the superfluous collected within five or six inches and in such a manner that it stands out from the figure, says a London writer.

Go! on skates is, according to the London Daily Telegraph, the latest development of the winter fashion. Recently two players at a club in a southwestern suburb of England met to play a match, but on arriving at the rink they found that they were covered with ice, the snow having melted and the rink frozen again.

Then take a long, stout darning needle, filled with thread, and pass it through each of the back seams; that is, on each side of a pleat. Draw up this thread, and you have three loops of material thrown over. Fasten the thread at the top of the pleat, and make a little cotton mark—such as an X or V—to denote the center of each pleat.

Prepare three rolls of wadding, nearly equal in thickness and about the length of the cartridge used for breech-loading guns. Insert this wadding in the top of the pleat, and turn the top of the material slightly down with it, to make a pocket for the wadding.

Death struck a good many shining marks in Toronto last week, and not the least among them was Mr. C. E. Middleton. It was only the other day that he was recalling a little adventure he had together, that I had entirely forgotten.

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It is told of a London society woman who was visiting to give a fancy ball recently she was besieged by letters after her invitations were out asking people to be present in ordinary evening dress.

Newmarket, Ont., Jan. 26.—Warrior College of Commerce won at hockey last night at Newmarket, defeating the local club by a score of 2.

THE WEEK'S SOCIETY NEWS

Continued from second page.

is in town for a few days. Cookstown is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred Wright of 62 Lakeshore-avenue.

Rev. St. John's, rector of St. Simon's Church, has been appointed chaplain of the Bishop Strachan School.

Mr. J. H. Stratton, M.L.A. of Ontario, was in town for a few days during the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Atholstait have gone to visit friends in New York.

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THOUSANDS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BIG FIRE SALE!

Now being held with such Great Success by THE BON MARCHE

Many thousands of buyers have already reaped the benefit of the marvelous Bargains in these goods, which comprise: Cottons, Sheetings, Table Linens, Towels, Pillow Cottons, Prints, Towelings, Napkins, Glass Cloth, White Quilts, Flannellettes, Grey Flannels, Chenille Table Covers, Turkey Red Tabling, Victoria Lawns, White Pique, Check Muslins, Ladies' Skirts and other lines of Staple Goods, all of which are DAMAGED BY WATER ONLY.

The above goods will be sold all next week at a still GREATER SACRIFICE as we positively must effect a speedy clearance of all wet and damaged goods.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO. Bought Since Writing the Above 5000 Packages of Extra Fine Notepaper, just singed in the late fire, will be sold at 10c FOR 5 QUIRE PACKAGE.

UP-TO-DATE POETRY. The Real New Woman. I own there are heights that she cannot attain.

Extensive Destruction by Brooklyn Strikers Paralyzes the Company—Fleets of Cars in All Kinds of Trouble.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Jan. 26.—It is reported that the strikers are now resorting to incendiaries to aid them in the fight to cripple the trolley companies.

The triple pleat, whether of the organ type or otherwise, is the most popular, and the wadded organ pleat is shown.

President Lewis of the Brooklyn Knights of Labor said that his company has been in the city for a few days during the early part of the week.

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RAMSDEN & LLOYD, CATERERS, BAKERS OF FINE BREAD AND FANCY GOODS.

CATERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY. Wedding Breakfasts at Reasonable Rates. Phone 657.

Radical cure GUARANTEED. YORKSTOWN TRUSS. ROSSBY BLOCK, WILKINSON-STREET, BESSIE KING, TEL. 154.

B. LINDMAN. You can buy TYPEWRITERS For \$3.00

THE TORONTO VOCAL CLUB. Association Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 29

MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, Elocutionist. MISS MARY HARRISON, Soprano. MR. J. CURRIE HARRISON, Flautist.

WANTED. HURRAH for the race! We set the pace. With never a slip or fall—And a dick and a club, as our runners fish.

1500 Killed by Earthquake. London, Jan. 26.—The Times correspondent in Tehran reports the mortality is the recent earthquake as far beyond former estimates.

Found Dead in Bed. When Mrs. Charles Ashby, 81 Portland-street, awoke at her usual hour Saturday morning she found her husband cold in bed beside her.

Duke of Edinburgh's Son Retired. London, Jan. 26.—The Central News reports that Prince Alfred, only son of the Duke of Edinburgh, is betrothed to the Duchess Kira of Wurttemberg.

California Excursions. 2 Through Tourist Cars a Week Leave Toronto for California Without Change.

WHO SAYS Coal? ARE YOU ONE OF 'EM? WHEN YOU WANT ANY RING UP 1836.

THE STANDARD FUEL CO., 58 KING EAST. INSPECT OUR Beaver Overcoatings.

J. BRIMER, 210 YONGE-STREET. THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, LTD.

PALE ALE, XETRA STOUT AND HALF AND HALF. ROBERT COCHRAN.

DESIGNING & ENGRAVING. CENTRAL PRESS Agency, 53 TORONTO TORONTO.

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THE FAIRY GO-HEAD.

Translated from the French Especially for The Toronto Sunday World by Thomas C. Greenwald.

Once upon a time there lived a poet who had composed an unimpeachable little woman.

He lived with her in an unassuming little house facing towards the east.

As to her, she cared for flowers, the kitchen-garden and the poultry yard.

Her housework finished, the simple little woman used to sit down opposite her husband and watch him writing.

He read to her his poems, which she hardly understood, but which she thought very beautiful.

After some time of studying the poet, knowing that everything in our existence is submitted to the caprice of unknown powers, imagined himself to be the victim of some evil genius.

Hearing upon his misfortune, she mounted upon a chair to smell the odor of the silver calix.

Her husband could have offered her splendid and bizarre toilet.

But in his imagination a magnificent wardrobe. Every day, following his sweet companion as a Japanese, a Swede, a Goddess, or a Malagasy, she costumed herself.

What ladies' tailor could contend with the dream of an artist?

In reality the simple little woman was clothed in a more modest robe.

But she was not less happy, simple as herself, with a pretty apron and a bunch of keys hanging from her belt.

The story might finish here, without having commenced, if the little woman had not had a light sorrow, which prevented her from enjoying her felicity.

She said nothing about it to her husband, who, naturally, saw nothing, and in the morning when the sun was rising and she was throwing grain to her pigeons, she perceived, surprised, looked at her with bewilderment.

One day while the poet was still sleeping, having pursued far into the night a rebellious rhymer, the little woman went out of the garden, and happened very rarely—and took a short walk into the neighboring forest.

The evening previous her husband had read to her a poem on the fairy Etzel, and she was thinking that she would have liked to live in the time of the fairies.

She was formulating mentally this wish when she saw appear in the sky a being who was a young man mounted upon a bicycle, which skimmed the ground so rapidly as to make the trees and grass without bending them.

In the twinkling of an eye, he was there, stopped short, and dismounted from his metal courier.

She recognized that the young man was a woman, and in the costume of a Miss Grey, with her blonde hair streaming over her jersey.

With the aspect of a Miss Grey, she came forward, and she said to the young man with steel-blue eyes.

"You called me 'fairy'?" interrogated the little woman more surprised than alarmed.

"Yes, you don't know me, I am the fairy Go-head."

"Why do you not 'fairy me'?" "Because I am an English fairy, and in England people don't 'fairy' one another."

"And there are still fairies?" "Do you doubt it? There are the fairies of the new generation, the fairies of progress, of modern science, of the forward march—Go-head!"

When my husband has finished writing and speaks to me of one love he never speaks simply, but to him: "I love thee," instead of replying to me kindly: "Marie, I love thee, my dear."

"I love thee," he says, and then, when he compares himself, he makes pretty phrases, but when people love one another things should not be so complicated. As to me, that intimidates me, and he reproaches me. That is not my fault. Why does he always indulge in metaphors?"

"Metaphors," interrupted the fairy, who had by this time finished her work. "Aristotle calls those things metaphors. Your husband is metaphorical in his poetry. Well, I charge myself with the cure of his mania. No, home, don't be money about anything."

"Thank you," said the poet, who was playing him a trick. "Good bye!"

Already the bicyclist was in her second stroke; in less than three seconds she had disappeared beyond the horizon.

As soon as dinner time approached in the evening, the poet was seated at the table, and the fairy had kept her word.

The repeat was ready. The rhymer quitted his work table, and smiling upon his wife.

"My dear, you are pale this morning, Marie. You eat a tall lily of the Ganges instead of a vase of Singapur. The lily has been too long in the water. They took him in turn to their cottages, but the element of losing children and rough handling."

The woman meant well, but it was a hard winter, and money and temper were scarce. Besides, the lady's baby was hard to understand.

Brightness came into his life one day. It came in the guise of a little dressmaker, Jean Lawrence. She brought him a black frock. She had been busy, so she had put off making till she had the little mark of respect. It was a tribute to custom, but it was the one tribute of his life.

"Pur little lamb," said Jean Lawrence as she came in. Her eyes lit up with quite unexpected tears as she saw the lonely baby.

Thrift could not hear her, but something gnawed at his heart, and he stood, for he held out his hands.

"Pur little thing," said Jean Lawrence again, and she kissed him. Then she put Thrift back in his cot and untied the little blue frock. She turned to go, for she was in a hurry.

Thrift's mood changed. His blue eyes grew dark, and his face grew red. He kicked and screamed. His fluffy hair was ruffled; he looked the picture of a little demon.

Thrift was the first time any exaggeration of feeling had come into her words. He was not angry, or more terrified by this unexpected blast. "Praiseworthy," she repeated more emphatically. She had never seen such a pair of words what prompted her, but she stepped to the cot, wrapped a blanket round it, and she said to herself: "How I wish I could see Thrift!"

She sat on in a strained silence. She was so angry, and so sorry, and so sad, that she could not cry. She was so sad, that she could not cry.

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THRIFT.

His mother had insisted on calling him Thrift. She knew why she had given him the name. Then, when he was barely 2 years old she died. The little man's great weakness of silent love, but that, like his name, could not help him much—that is, not so far as one can judge things. The neighbors all thought that Mrs. Watson never had much spirit. It would seem as if they almost bled her for crying and leaving her husband. He was barely 3 years old. They had misgivings about the boy and they were right. Thrift was a child of lack of affection, and hard work, had a good deal more.

The neighbors also thought that Mrs. Watson never had much spirit. It would seem as if they almost bled her for crying and leaving her husband. He was barely 3 years old. They had misgivings about the boy and they were right. Thrift was a child of lack of affection, and hard work, had a good deal more.

It was this fact he could not tell help him to keep up with a scolding. Thrift gave him no help. He lay smiling impenitently.

"Jean," he said at last helplessly, "my benefactor Tuesday!"

"Oh, I maintain," faltered Jean. She had just finished and trembling. She looked down.

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one of his passionate fits. This had set him pondering. After this there had been several unpleasant incidents of kindness on the part of his friends. They happened to coincide with his own views. They advised him to send Thrift away. He would never hear anything that did not concern him.

How far he believed this, or how far a man's dislike to scenes or a natural desire to have his wife's affection centered in himself had to do with his resolve, he could not have told. He bestirred himself, and with infinite trouble and by some outlay he secured an admission for the child to a deaf and dumb institution.

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"I'll be lonely at the farm." "You can marry," said Jean. She suddenly felt that she had out herself off from every possibility by her suggestion. She had done it for Thrift all along; she would have married him for Thrift's sake, she gave him up for Thrift's sake. Now Thrift by her own act was to go away from her. And John Forbes was nothing to her. The unexpected touch of kindness had brought a rush of sympathy to her heart. She did not know it, but it had broken down the barrier that her love for Thrift had built up round her woman's heart.

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HOW HONORS ARE BESTOWED.

FOR SERVICE TO PARTY MORE THAN TO THE STATE.

OF WHAT DOES SUCCESS IN LIFE CONSIST?—Some of This Year's Important Honors.—The Hon. Sir John Baker, Bart., has been made a Knight of the Order of the Bath.

Toronto has had a peripatetic lecturer, a Rev. Mr. Connell, telling the people at 25 cents a head, "How to Succeed in Life." This set me thinking, and I remember with youthful enthusiasm far into the night I used to pore over my prize copy of Smiles' "Self-Help."

Now, I do not want to write eulogically for readers of the Sunday World this is not my disposition. But I do not want to omit a name which does not consist principally in amassing a fortune and being the recipient of Imperial or lesser honors. A more glorious ambition is it—certainly a worthy life's aim.

To raise unneeded work from bare obscurity, to reach the narrow-laden, to crush oppression, to reform the profligate manners of bad times, to make happy hearts by golden deeds.

THE RAGE FOR TITLES. In democratic Canada and cosmopolitan America what will not people do to get a title? The latter are all right in their way when a recognition of sterling worth. But how is the worth to be proved? Generally by services—often unpraised? Generally by services—often unpraised? Generally by services—often unpraised?

Mr. James Long, M.A., who did in England the other day, had been engaged every year in Europe since 1864, engaged in the philanthropic service—always regarded as distinguishing money, or really, in kind, to the civilian sufferers. Very large sums, amounting in all to £100,000, were intrusted to him by citizens of France and his own country. He was a member of the House of Commons, and had been a member of the House of Commons, and had been a member of the House of Commons.

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THE FOUNDER OF TIT

