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TAROT

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
MARCH 13 1896.

La Papesse

Gypsy Song and Translation

My Friend, the Artist

Drawing

The Stained Raiment

Morris' "Earthly Paradise"

Drawing

God's Garden

Drawing

Young Ronald

Yonderly

J. C. Innes

Carl Ahrens

Joan Kellick Bathurst

Cy Prime

Campbell

Kit

Eleanor Douglas

Cy Prime

THIS BOOK 10 CENTS.

A YEAR ONE DOLLAR.

PUBLISHED BY TAROT PRESS TORONTO CANADA

A
BOHEMIAN
LITERAT.



ANNOUNCEMENT.

TAROT appears upon the thirteenth day of each month.

TAROT is the pioneer publication of its class issued in the Dominion.

Original literary and artistic contributions solicited.

Prose articles to contain not less than 100, not more than 1,000 words. Addressed and stamped envelopes to accompany each contribution.

All manuscripts and drawings are submitted to an editorial board and balloted upon, ensuring the acceptance of every effort of distinctive merit irrespective of the previous literary prominence of the writer. The object is to encourage in Canada the growth of that artistic spirit, which, in older countries, is fostered by similar publications.

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CARD THE SECOND.

La Papesse needs no introduction.

The advanced woman hates her; the modern man adores her. Needless to ask the public to pry into her derivation. The ancient wisdom hath it that the second card shall be represented by a woman passive (i. e., seated), as opposed to the first card, a man standing. Tarot, the rascal, after much wandering and pondering among and upon men and things, has whispered that nowadays there are no passive women, and therefore that this card should be withdrawn from the Major Arcana as out of date. He further asserts that in these latter times it is generally the male who is sat upon by the female, ergo—the card may not be so far amiss. Had the rogue stopped there, he had not incurred the displeasure of many moderate thinkers who now resent

his utterances, but he proposed the introduction of a new card into the sacred circle, namely, one that should represent the Neuter Gender; declaring that he had met so many of that clan during his journeyings, he was assured, in his own mind, that they formed a sufficient mental force to make their introduction not only advisable but a duty. He further averred that these people wore spectacles and bloomers, kept ever pushing to the van of the human army, and had for their battle cry "Equal rights with man." His argument, too, was convincing. "These folks" he said, "cannot be men because nature made them women; and cannot be women because their heart's desire is to be men. Therefore," he continued, "there being but two principles, and they belonging to neither, they must perforce be neuter."

La Papesse, the Priestess. Tol de rol! What matters it? Be she call'd priestess, maid, madame, mistress, or what not; she is woman still and always. Hail, Woman! we cry, and lo, at our call the true pri-stesses of the world stand in brave array before us. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, dear confessors every one, on the dusty highways of life, Tarot raises his hat to you. The home, the sanctuary; husbands, lovers, children, the penitents; a mighty power lies in the creed of love that you confess. Woman, good woman, Tarot salutes you in the abstract. Alas, friends, the abstract does not satisfy. Let us, each to our own individual priestess, confess to her our feelings on this subject, and amid her tender ministrations forget the neuter gender utterly.

ROMANI GHILLI.

Drom ta Poov.

O Kekkeno mooshaw pccv pa man,
Kek gargio kair, komova tan,
O rook 'dre raabi meew kair see dova,
'Dre divvus o poodj mandi shiro charova,
'Jaw 'dral o sweti peer man apre
Ta o baval fon Doovel man baval adre
'Vree o rinkeno sweti meeiro parder lel
Sar pero sar chiriklo kel.

Wm. Yonderley.

GYPSY SONG. (Translation).

The Road and the Field.

The road and the fields for me,
Ne'er in crowded street, nor in house I stay,
My roof at night is the greenwood tree,
And the blue sky covers my head by day.
So I roam through the world at will,
And I breathe the Zephyr mild,
Of nature's beauty I take my fill,
As free as the wood-bird wild.

Wm. Yonderley.

MY FRIEND, THE ARTIST.

THE daylight had failed, the sitting was over. My friend, the artist, handed palette and brushes to his factotum: Then we smoked. Lounging on a pile of cushions in the window-seat, I watched the end of his cigarette glow where he lay in the dusk. All about him the creations of his busy brain peered from out the canvases at he who was fashioning them. Some, only rubbed in, looked deathly; some were smiling and young; some old and severe—all were life-like in the gloom.

I moved, to light another cigarette, and in doing so my elbow knocked something off the window-sill, and tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sounded little pieces of metal upon the polished floor.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!" laughed my friend, the artist.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!" echoed through the big, dark studio. I started; it was as if those canvases had chorused his mirth.

"Never mind, old chap," he said. "it's only my box of hairpins."

"Hairpins?" I queried.

"Yes, models. You will notice that they are all different shapes, sizes and materials. Every model with a new hairpin, I used to bag it. All gone, every one of them—some elsewhere, some to the better, some to the worse, some dead. Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!" Again the ghostly echo of a laugh came back from that group of half-created beings—each one seeming to gain fresh life with the gathering night.

Again the mocking voice spoke from the gloom.

TAROT

"That long tortoise-shell one, with the bell on top, that belonged to Nell White—met her on street car—winked—she smiled—spoke—appointment—O.K. That wiggley one? Oh! that was Fannie Nubbs—good name, Nubbs— orphan—good girl—unmarried. The long straight one was Gracie. Goodness only knows what her other name was. Pretty as a picture—such shoulders—ah! my boy, such shoulders. Ha! ha!! ha!!! such shoulders."

Ha! ha!! ha!!! shriek the ghostly chorus.

"The gold ones? Fairy, we called her—Fairy Beresford, she called herself—real name, Jenkins—lived in the ward—mother washed—bad lot all round, but pretty as an angel to look at—like an angel. Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"Like an angel. Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

There was a ring of devilish satisfaction in the echoed laugh.

It was pitch dark inside, save where a little circle of cold moonlight shone on the cushion, showing plainly many of the trinkets women wore that had lodged there in their fall.

"How of this long ivory one?" I asked.

"Regular joke, my boy, a little devil wore it. A beautiful devil, who loved money! money! money!"

"Money! money!! money!!!" whispered the shadows.

He pulled his cigarette hard, till in its light I could distinguish both himself and the intelligences about him.

"Yes, money," he continued. "Married—in society—dad a parson—but a devil! a devil! a devil!"

"A devil! a devil!!"

"Ruined her husband and twenty other men. Morphine, shame, suicide. Ha! ha!"

TAROT

"Suicide, ha! ha!!

I was shocked beyond measure. It was devilish.

"Do you always take things like this?" I asked. Do these terrible stories never move you to serious thought?"

"Not with women," he answered.

"Are there no true women, then?"

"True women? Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

It hurt me. I picked up one then, and held it in the moonlight. "About this long silver one with the cross on top, and red hair wound—"

"God!"

"God!" came the echo.

I saw the fiery cigarette fall to the ground. The next instant he was at my side, and a voice hissed in my ear:

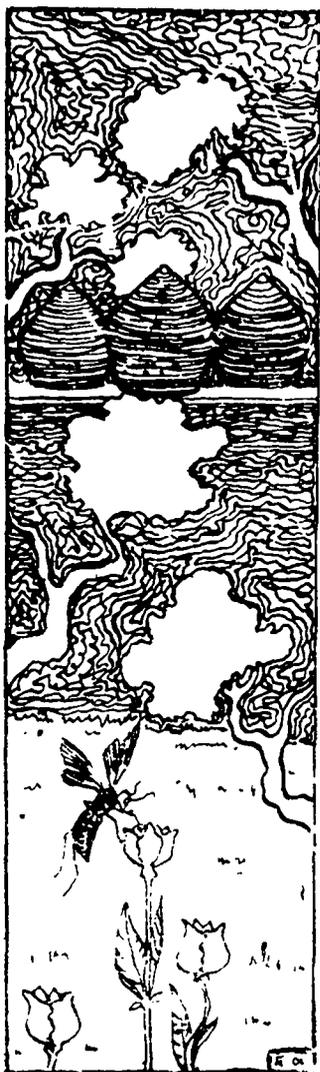
"Give that to me! to me!"

As I passed out, in broken tones come from the blackness:

"I was wrong, old chap—there was—one—true woman:"

"One—true—woman," whispered the shadows about him.

John Clarke Innes.



ONE
SUMMER'S
DAY.

By
Carl Ahrens.

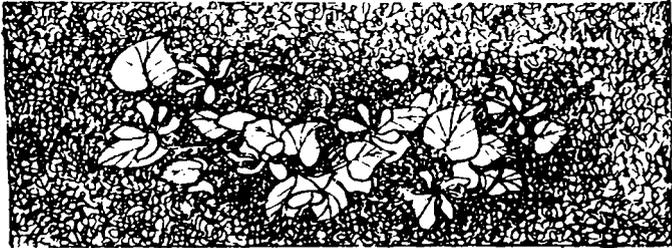
THE STAINED GARMENT.

A MAIDEN, bidden to the marriage feast,
In raiment white, passed down the ancient
street ;

Till in that miry place where pathways meet,
Endangered by the press of man and beast,
A fallen woman lay; and yet none ceased
His haste, or turned aside his hurried feet
To raise her up. Then in that virgin sweet
The gentle tide of pity was increased.

With tender care she raised the fallen one.
Her snowy vesture trailed amid the mire,
And much she feared to gain the bridegroom's ire
Because of the dark stains that were thereon ;
But, when she fearful stood before his face,
Glowed, for each stain, a jewel in its place.

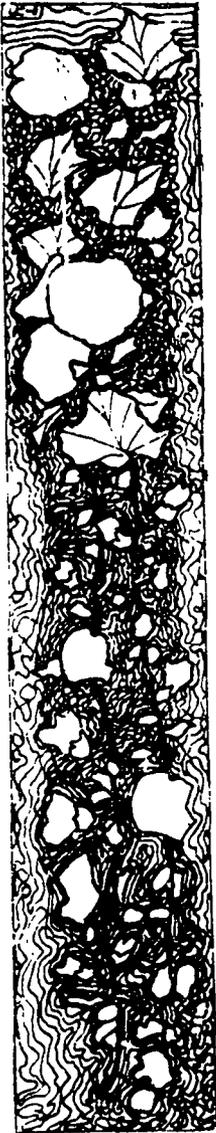
John Kellick Bathurst.



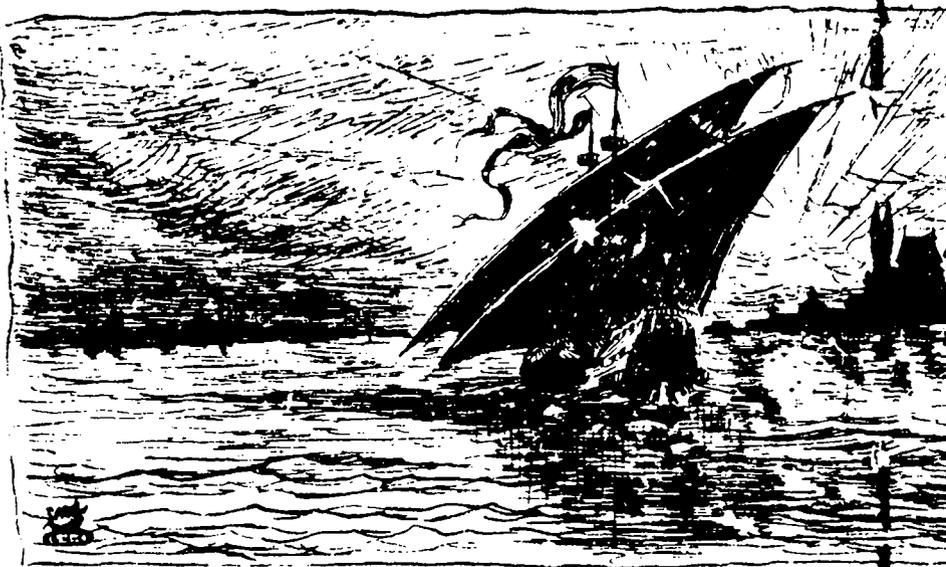
MORRIS' "EARTHLY PARADISE."

AND this a paradise? O, rare demesne
Where envious Death leers from the
flowered nook,
Or 'mid the trees doth chill us with his look
Of stealthy eyes close-glittered through the
green ;
Where 'neath Love's smiling mask there still is
seen
Despair's dumb face ; while ever, like a brook
Poisoned, the black thought creepeth through
the book,
Hid, though it be, beneath so fair a screen !
O, mocking singer, is life such as this ?
A blindfold struggle and no good to gain
Till Death make nought the blow, and nought
the kiss,
And greater Love but bring the greater pain ?
"Yea, ever as yon maid," forsooth, he saith,
"Has Nature shaped so sweet to glut the
greedy Death."

Cy. Prime.



Cleaving the luminous way, swinging with rhythmical motion;
Strain the black hull and broad sails, into the glories of sunse;



Drawing by Campbell.

Dar
Fain
J. C.

TAROT

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tion;



Darkly the landmarks of home grow on the rim of the ocean;
Faintly the mariner's hymn, floats down the glories of sunset.
J. C. Innes.

TAROT

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GOD'S GARDEN.

LOVE! walked in God's garden. The time was the freshening of the year that men call Spring. It was a wide garden with broad and narrow ways. Great box hedges encompassed it, and low willows brooded over little marshy spots where the first violets peeped. Sturdy oaks stood up against the winds, wide-spreading and strong, sheltering between their roots silver-frilled daisies and pallid primroses. God had made his garden like to the gardens of earth—in loving sympathy—and all seasons visited it as in the world below. But only Love lived there—Love and his beloved. The storms of winter were gone. Cloud and sunshine chased each other over the tender plots of grass. The wood-violets already peeped from beneath the hedges. The sap pulsed through the trees, and all the flowers and weeds of earth were here. The ivy-leaved veronica crept close to the ground, hugging it; the wood-anemones trembled in the light winds, showing now their rich gray-white hearts, now their purple-red outsides. They shivered and shook, those tender wind-flowers as Love passed unnoting by—Love, who was looking always for his roses.

But there were no roses. Love sighed. They had died with the summer, his flowers, and he was growing tired. The angel-woman was sweet, but she had grown pale and cold during the winter, and he found her beauty waning. Longing looks Love cast over the garden hedges towards the earth beneath. Far below he could see the sun shining and the roses reddening all the world, and the wine falling.

It was all glory, and pulsing life, and revel, and dancing. It was dull in God's garden with this one damozel whose beauty—in his eyes—was fast withering.

Being weary of it all, Love spake to the woman: "I must leave thee," quotha. "Long have I tarried beside thee, but I am weary waiting. I see below in that place called earth, much glory of sunshine and sound of laughter. Beautiful women move there to the measure of the dance. I would see them closer. With thee they will not compare, so fear not, beloved, I will return, for is not Love immortal?" And saying, he knew that he lied, and that the beauty of the earth-women drew him as the beauty of the angel-woman never could.

She sighed. She was very fair to look upon, pale and cold as the eidelweiss until you looked into her eyes' depths. There a well of passion slept, for there dwelt the soul of the woman, and there dwelt Love.

"And when wilt thou return?" she asked. And leaning toward him, she touched her hand upon his lips.

He shivered.

"Thou art cold, cold," he muttered. Then aloud: "I will return in the time of the roses," he said. "I will come back to thee, sweet, when the skies snow white roses and rain red wine." And he laughed, for he knew that even in God's garden that day would never come.

But she, being guileless, and a child in mind, believed. And she kissed him between the eyes as he stood with trembling wings, poised for flight, upon the edge of the great wall of box that hedged in the garden of God.

A whirr of wings, and he was gone without a backward

look, and the damozel—the Blessed Damozel, leaned far over and watched his flight to earth. Then she turned. A soft wind sang among the pines, and she thought of the song of Heine which once—with other songs, had wafted from that wondrous earth and whispered its way into Heaven.

“For it could not be the garden of God if some of his children’s songs came not,” she said. “It is the human note that makes Heaven of it—and Love,” she added, with a tender smile.

And day and night she watched the skies for the snowing of white roses and the raining of red wine.

But these came not.

And the angel-woman grew weary. Often she leaned over the high box wall and gazed at the earth below. Sometimes a mist brooded over it, and it was hidden from the face of God. Sometimes a piercing note of pain burst through the clouds and rang through the pines in God’s garden. Sometimes a prayer whispered softly. And the woman shrank from the pain in the song, and sped the prayer on its way to God’s House.

So she brooded and watched, and the days grew fairer, though she heeded them not, and the time of roses was at hand.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Love had found the earth and the laughter and wine and beauty of the earth-women—all that he had seen from above. They had met him with joyous cries, and pelted him with roses, and spilled red wine over his amarynthine locks. And they gave him a bow and arrows,

and taught him how to shoot, and great was his sport. Never a thought did he cast towards God's quiet garden that was filled with the pain of life since Love had left it. So he waxed round and fat.

One day he aimed an arrow at the breast of a beautiful earth-woman, but she, with disdainful laughter, plucked it from her robe, which it had pierced, and turning it upon the saucy boy, sped it from her fingers. It struck Love's eyes, blinding him, and he fell moaning. But the woman only laughed, and spurning him with her foot passed on. For a long time he lay there. Then Faith, passing, saw him prone and gently raised him.

"Earth is no place for thee, sweet boy," she said, binding his eyes with her kerchief. "Take thou these roses and this goblet of red wine, and fly to the higher grounds. Thy wings are free." And saying, she kissed his wounded eyes, and setting him upon his feet, filled his hands with white roses and with red wine.

Wearily, a wounded thing, Love rose slowly to the flight.

Long and patiently did the angel-woman wait. But the skies showed no sign of roses or of wine, and some strange wind was withering up the place. The Spring had ceased suddenly, and winter had returned.

Somehow she had missed the summer. Then, being weary and cold, "I will build myself a shelter near to the House of God," she said, "and wait for Love there."

So she laboured, growing ever weaker, till her house was built, and entering, she lay down, and crossed her hands upon her meek breast, and closed her eyes.

"He will return," she said, in her innocent faith, 'for is he not immortal?"

So she slept.

When Love reached God's garden, he crept timidly along the ways, being blindfold, and he called loudly upon the angel-woman: "Where art thou, beloved? Behold, the earth-woman hath blinded me with mine own arrow, but Faith bound up my wound, and sent me back to thee to be healed."

And shouting and calling, he groped upon his way.

Presently his foot struck upon a little eminence, and the white roses showered down upon it from the one hand, and the red wine rained upon it from the other, and Love fell prone.

"Where art thou, beloved? Lo, it hath snowed roses and rained wine, and I am here!"

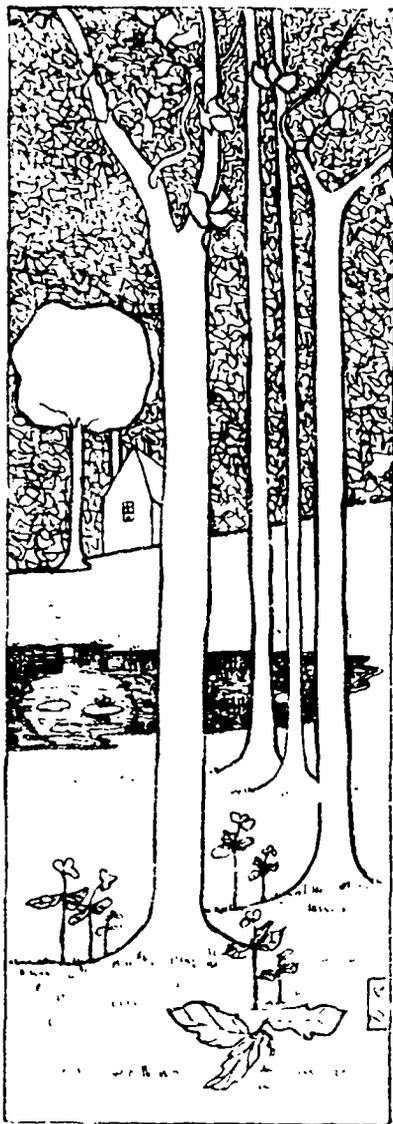
And crying out loud, thus, and hearing no answer, he plucked the bandage from about his brows, and found that his wounds had been healed by Faith.

Then he saw that he was looking down upon a little grave upon which the roses snowed and the wine rained.

Love covered his eyes with his wings and trembled.

Through the pines the winds shrilled mockingly.

Kit.



POND
BY
THE
WOODLAND.

By
Eleanor Douglass.

TAROT

YOUNG RONALD.

GAY was the banquet hall and bright,
The company a comely sight ;
Rich garbed they were for their noble birth
And loud the revel rang with mirth.

Young Ronald rose from his lady's side,
"Where wouldst thou go, my love" she cried,
And on his sleeve laid a hindring hand,
But scornfully her face he scanned.

He strode across the banquet floor
And down long halls to the guarded door ;
"Oh where dost go this night, my child?"
"I go to seek the winter wild!"

"'Tis Death, wind-winged whips the snow" --
"I reckon not all the winds that blow!"
And oped the door, and from the light
Unhooded, went to the waste of night.

His breast he spread to the buffet blast ;
He clutched at the snow-wreaths whistling past ;
"Oh thou," he cried to the whitened moor.
"Be thou my love, for *thou* art pure."

He knelt him to the pale snow drift,
And the cold flakes to his lips gan lift,
But when the muffled moon outbroke
'Twas the hem he held of the Snow Queen's cloak.

Oh fair she shone in the wan moonlight,
And her hand was thin, and her eyes were bright ;
She bended down—and ah the bliss
When she pressed his lips with an icy kiss.

For he felt his flesh to fall from him
And his spirit spurn the lifeless limb,
As o'er the surge of the snowdrift sea
The twinkling footed twain gan flee.

But nevermore his form returned
To where the banquet torches burned,
For there he lay where the snow made hiss
On his lips stiff-pursed to an icy kiss.

Cy. Prime.

SONG.

The columbine flaunts at the precipice edge
As the wind-gusts come and go,
The birch clings fast to his narrow ledge
And the waters roar below.
Sing columbine, dancing gaily,
Sing the song that the wind sings daily,
Sing birch-tree, lithe and swaying,
What all day are the waters saying,
And the winds that come and go?

Rudel.

LOVE OR FAME?

How the roses burst into bloom
In the sweet Italian weather ;

And beyond, the white Alps loom,
Peak and peak aspiring together.

Choose the rose, you must toil for her care,
Watch and toil, for she blooms in the valley ;

Choose the height and the edelweiss fair,
You must climb beyond garden and chalet.

Rudel.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

Studio:

Room 5, Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto.

CARL AHRENS, A.R.C.A.

Studio:

Room 7, Avenue Chambers, Toronto.

HARRIET FORD, A.R.C.A.

Studio:

Room 93, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

Studio:

Canada Life Building, Toronto.

JOHN C. INNES, Illustrator,

Mail and Empire, Toronto.

W. O. FORSYTH,

Teacher of . . .

PIANO PLAYING,
HARMONY and
COMPOSITION.



Music Director of the
Metropolitan School of Music.



Private Studio at Nordheimers',
15 King Street East, Toronto.