

frames, need a special word of commendation. All this firm's booklets are beyond even former years. "Rule, Britannia," the daintiest of wee volumes, with tiny vignettes of ships, is offered at an incredibly low price. Another booklet, "A Dial of Flowers," is equally charming; whilst "My Lady's Garden," a calendar for 1890, with information for amateur gardeners for every month in the year, is one of the gems of the season.

"THE Women of To-day" is the title of an article by Mrs. Jeune, published in the last number of the *National Review*. This is a time of excessive criticism, and the poor ladies cannot hope to escape. But do we differ, after all, so very much really from our ancestors, from those who have already passed over, as we must one day pass, to the great majority? I think not, though a different education may have developed traits hitherto unnoticeable. Women are women still, only a little more everything—more eager, more intense, more powerful, more independent, and, above all, much more busy. Busy!—it seems the distinctive mark of this railway-road, steam-engine age. Everyone is busy—too busy, usually; we as a generation will certainly wear, not rust out. But where is the remedy, for it is the fault of the age, not of the women who live in it? Might not a Society for Rest do something here? One hour a day or no prize! The gainer of the said prize would not be the only one, for the fortunate winners a saving in Doctor's bills, a saving of nerve power, a fuller-stored mind, and a deduction of ten per cent, in headaches would be the winners' reward, as well as a book or certificate.

THERE has been much talk lately about the terribly small wages received by the match-makers, and the members of the Women's Trade Union Provident League have been amongst the women and girls trying to persuade them to form a union amongst themselves as the first step towards higher remuneration. But I know of many a match-maker who has never received a penny-piece, yet who works hard, for a partiality for match-making is born in all women in a greater or less degree, as men have discovered, alas! to their sorrow, for the matches they manufacture do not always strike true. They succeed in lighting the flame of true love, and oftener still they judiciously bring in contact two hearts which would otherwise have remained ignorant that they possessed the power of kindling that light of pure affection which, like a brilliant planet, enlightens "affliction's darkest hour." Why should not these match-makers strike also for wages, and be no longer content with the easily given gratitude of the interested parties, or rather party, for one is

usually only a dupe in these match-making exploits. There must be a passive as well as an active agent in the game of matrimony—one who is willing to be "chosen for."

THE daughter of the famous inventor of the telephone, the electric light, and last, but not least, the now perfected phonograph (which is destined to spare our children the trouble of learning to make pothooks preparatory to attaining the art of letter-writing) has, *on dit*, inherited to some extent her father's remarkable powers—those powers which have made him, though born in comparative poverty, a true king ere now among his fellow-men. The girl—she is not yet seventeen—is already a splendid linguist, musician, and designer, a worthy daughter indeed of such a sire. For her baby sister the father, so I hear, has invented a strange sort of revenge for the sufferings he and his have had to endure through her infantile tempers. He has stored up in a phonograph some of her baby cries and screams, and is going to present her therewith on her twenty-first birthday. Query—Will she recognise her own voice?

MADAME VALLERIA has lately been singing at several concerts a new song by Lady Arthur Hill, entitled "A Song of the Sea." Whether it will be as great a success as her well-known song "In the Gloaming" I dare not say, but the writer's name is enough to guarantee its being tuneful and melodious, and that so able an *artiste* as Madame Valleria should have chosen it as one of her new ballads testifies without words to its worth.

I SHALL never forget witnessing some years ago (time does not stand still now any more than formerly) the rejoicings which took place in Rome on the return, after some months' absence, of the King and Queen of Italy to that famous ancient city of the Cæsars. The people crowded the piazza before the palace, and their delight was touching to behold when presently their Majesties made their appearance on the balcony, and bowed their acknowledgments to their subjects' eager greeting. Very fair, very sweet did the graceful Queen look as she stood there in the moonlight, her arm in her husband's, her sensitive face lit with pleasure at the thought of the warmth of their "welcome home."

No wonder the Italians love their beautiful Queen with all the power of their southern impulsive natures, for she is as charming as she is beautiful, very unaffected, womanly, sympathetic, and royal by nature as well as by circumstances, and her silent influence is traceable over the entire peninsula. She is very clever and a good musician,

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