

Patti and Her Youth

The art of how to be beautiful as set forth in the life of one of the most famous possessors of an apparently perennial charm—Adelina Patti—is a composite of mental and physical achievement which every woman with wealth, leisure and inclination may emulate.

To Patti beauty of body means beauty of mind. Thought must have something to feed on. She therefore surrounds herself with an entourage of loveliness. Cares are the forerunners of wrinkles, indigestion and a bad complexion. Cares therefore to the tiniest crease in a rose leaf are smoothed away from the singer's experience. The misery of others is a source of suffering, hence Patti's purse is always open, her smile a ray of sunshine in the darkest hour, and the peasants about her Welsh castle at Craig-y-nos bless her name. Scarcely a home of the poorest but boasts its little Adelina. The Queen of Song is a veritable queen of her people. She inhales their adulation with every breath. It braces her spirits like a health-giving tonic.

Patti, like all the world loves a lover. Love is with her a religion. When, therefore, a loverless maiden, sighing for the swain she could not have save with a dot of £100, wrote to the diva praying her for love's sake to aid her, what rite could be more sacred than Patti's check promptly despatched with an accompanying relicitation? Hers is the irresponsible existence of an exuberant child. She dispenses joys like gifts and their incense feeds the source of her bubbling youthfulness.

Her voice is to the artist only a factor in her power of giving happiness. The theatre at her castle has a gallery open to her peasants. Their appearance makes her as radiant as the praise of prince. An adverse criticism has equal power to wound and Caro, her maid, weeds out Madame's mail and as far as possible extracts the thorns before their owner sees her letters. It is the same in all things—every detail of life is idealized.

At the castle her surroundings are a dream of beauty. She dines in the conservatory—a vista of palms and ferns to delight her eyes, fresh flowers invariably on her table. There are always guests, sometimes few, sometimes many—Patti revels in companionship—but the ceremony is always the same. No matter how fierce the storm without, Madame descends in full evening dress, ablaze with jewels, to take her place among the flowers. The electric lights spring up—the scene is like fairyland. She will have perpetual summer about her. At any suggestion of change in her apparel her answer is ever the same: "One must be always beautiful for one's husband."

Her dressing-room is gorgeous. In size it is immense. Half way up the walls are of pure white onyx, above of blue tufted satin. An exquisitely decorated ceiling and a great onyx bath with silver fittings complete it. The appointments of her dressing table are in solid gold with her monogram in diamonds.

Everywhere through the house are the souvenirs of the friends and incidents which have dotted her career. She surrounds herself at every turn with reminders of the love and admiration that she has excited. There is a cabinet full of her childhood's treasures, the miniatures of her parents and herself, her first jewels, "to keep my mind young," Patti explains. On a side table a golden egg set with six huge emeralds has attracted many a comment. "It is too valuable to be left about," is the general verdict. But Patti laughs it to scorn.

"I have emeralds locked in a safety deposit vault that I never see," she exclaims. "This is the first gift the Russian public ever gave me. My servants are honest and my guests are honest. I want to keep it where it can make me happy."

Household cares she has none. These fall to Caro, who conducts all things with clockwork regularity.

Patti's nature is intense, tempestuous—a cloud over the sunshine, past and gone in a moment. But her life is conducted absolutely by rule. She never indulges in excesses of any kind. Her pleasures are temperate, her fatigue healthful. Exercise, fresh air and good food are her three staples. Exercise she holds is a necessity to keep the blood coursing quickly through the veins. She walks every day at 11. If it happens to be raining Patti is happy. A downpour is her balm for the complexion. In mackintosh and rubber boots she tramps

along, lifting her face to the sky.

"I am afraid of draughts, but never of rain," she says gayly.

Her rising hour is 8.30, her breakfast a light one of thin bread and butter and fruit. While her hair is brushed Patti looks over her letters. Her hair is her especial pride and is treated with infinite care. On one occasion in Russia, when the ladies of the court hinted that the diva's luxuriant tresses were false Patti in a flash pulled out the combs and let her flowing curls loose upon her shoulders. The answer was conclusive.

After the walk comes luncheon at 1. It is at this meal that the maid empties into her goblet of water a liqueur glass of whiskey. Patti contends that this kills all germs. She eschews tea, coffee and chocolate and at dinner drinks only the extra dry champagne specially manufactured for her. She never takes more than a half pint at most. She drives at 2 p.m. Her rest hour comes just before dinner. Her evening is devoted to private theatricals or pleasure with her guests. She delights to dance to the music of her wonderful orchestration; games she enjoys like a child, but cards are barred from her home. They suggest to her the feverish life she would avoid.

The singer's bath is of warm water—she avoids all shocks, physical or mental with the care of a sensitive plant. Her recipe for the skin is simply to keep the pores perfectly clean. She uses a castile soap and a little cold cream prepared by her maid, so that she feels assured of its pure ingredients. No liquid "make up" is put on her face. On the stage, of course, she is forced occasionally to resort to adventitious aids, but on the street or in private life she resorts to nothing save a light powder. Her neck and arms are like those of a baby. No lines suggest the coming of age. Her muscles are under perfect control, and hence no "stringy" appearance disfigures her perfect throat.

Patti does not believe in massage. She submitted to it once, but was always fearful it might injure her throat and never repeated the operation. Her absolute poise is the secret of her rounded figure. This has been the study of her lifetime. Though corrected she is not laced, freedom for breathing being one of her requirements. Every one of her garments must fit, but there must be no pressure anywhere.

In food the singer avoids sweets. She said once warningly to a devotee of chocolate cake: "It will make you old and wrinkled before your time."

She retires promptly at midnight and her guests do likewise.

Rich and beloved, shielded from every care and sorrow, carrying her wealth of "happiness" into the veriest tittle of her existence, Patti preserves her beauty by a method which defies time. In the words of a London critic on her appearance at the performance for the Marchioness of Lansdowne's war relief fund, she bridges a quarter of a century.

FOR OYSTER LOVERS.

The Bivalve Is Said to Contain Germs of Disease.

It is found now that the destructive capacity of the seductive oyster is not confined to the production of typhoid fever. It can also give you an attack of gastric inflammation, as well as kill you off with the deadly ptomaine poison of which it frequently has a supply between its shells.

In the first case you are seized with a terrific pain in the stomach a few hours after the feast, and you get an attack of illness to which that of the Bay of Biscay cannot be compared. You think it simply unconquerable. But after a few hours' misery you fortunately recover.

In the second case you are placed in a bad plight. Here is a recent instance. One evening a lady and her uncle supped on oysters. During the night both were seized with violent cramps and illness. Next day the lady was quite prostrate, her heart was barely flickering, and her spirits sent so low that she tried to commit suicide. After three weeks she recovered somewhat, but she was never really well again, and died at the end of three months. In a certain military barracks every officer at one night's mess was similarly poisoned, and most of them remained ill for weeks.

The worst of the matter for oyster lovers is that nothing short of an exhaustive chemical analysis can distinguish the dangerous from the innocuous oyster.

A DEFINITION.

Freddy. Pop, when do they call a woman an old hen?

The Paternal. When she becomes hopelessly set in her ways, my son.

HOUSEHOLD.

THE BABY.

Grasping at sunbeams and shadows,
Hands outstretched for the moon;
Heeding not snows of December,
Heeding not roses of June.
Clutching at all things illusive,
Sobbing when shadows they prove;
Hushed in the arms of its mother,
Soothed by caresses of love.

Laughing, and cooing and crying,
Sweet as the heart of a rose;
Trembling all over with mischief,
From its head to its chubby wee toes;
Filling our hearts with new sunshine,
Cheering our wearisome way;
Teaching us that the dark shadows
Conceal the sun's beautiful ray.

Blessing of heaven the dearest,
Our hearts by the smile are made glad,
The touch of thy soft, dimpled fingers
Has made us forget to be sad.
In thy smile we are basking in sunshine,
Thy prattle all gloom has beguiled;
There's nothing that's nearer to heaven
Than the innocent heart of a child.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS.

It was once my privilege to stand by the bedside of a sainted mother to whom heaven's portals were so widely opened it seemed to us who were gathered there that we could feel the presence of angelic hosts filling the room, writes Lillian E. Ballou.

Mrs. B., was the mother of three beautiful little girls whose well-cared-for appearance and excellent deportment bespoke for them the attention and training of a model mother. Certainly no one who knew them could imagine that they had in any way suffered neglect; and, knowing, as I did, of the church and society work in which Mrs. B. most actively engaged until stricken with the incurable disease from which she suffered for months before death came to her release, I had often wondered how one frail, little woman, for such she was ever in health, could accomplish so much. I was therefore much surprised at the regret implied in her dying message to me and to all mothers. I thought then, and have often asked myself the question since, if this mother, who had done so well, had cause on her deathbed to regret that she had not more nearly fulfilled her divine ideal of motherhood, how far short must we mothers come who have allowed cares and distractions, social demands or environments of any sort to hamper us, that our conduct toward our children has not at all times been actuated by highest motives and devoted purposes.

For the help of mothers to whom the message may suggest a higher ideal and more noble endeavor, I wish to give it as nearly as possible in Mrs. B.'s own words. I would that I could also transmit the sacred setting of hallowed influence which made it seem as though the words were whispered by one no longer of earth.

As I clasped the dear, cold hand it drew me gently down, and when my ear was close to the dying woman's lips, with all the earnestness which fast waning strength could summon, she said:

"Oh, my dear friend! I want to say to you and to all mothers, if I could live the last few years of my life over I would live them with my children. I would play with them, work with them, study with them, sympathize with them, grow with them. I would spend much time out of doors with them reading Nature's open book. I would strive to know them perfectly, and would give them a better opportunity to become acquainted with me; and together we would seek to know God and to understand His purpose in our lives. I have done so many things which others could have done in my place or that could have gone undone. This one thing which only I could do I have put off until too late."

Too exhausted to say more, the eyes of the speaker closed wearily; but a radiant smile of peace spread over the wan features, as if in gratitude to God for opportunity and strength to leave this warning as a precious legacy to mothers.

Dear sister mother, whose'er you be that read, you and I have need to frequently ponder this matter. We love our children, we would not and do not intentionally neglect them. We are no doubt proud of them and ambitious for them. Our lives are spent for them. But with the demands of life, greater than ever before upon woman's time and strength, is there not danger that in the mad rush to keep up with enslaving conventionalities, the decrees of fashion, the clamorous requirements of clubs and societies, competitive striving to have our

children among the best dressed, the educated and the recipients of best cultural advantages, that we grow bewildered, and, becoming weary and worn with this over-much striving, rob our children and ourselves of that sympathizing helpfulness, that sweet and constant companionship than which no blessing nor opportunity of life can be greater and for which no substituted advantage can compensate.

Of all reproofs I ever encountered, the one that hurts most came from my own little boy when, one very busy day after I had manifested more than usual annoyance at the childish restlessness and noise, he looked up pitifully into my face and, with a timid attempt at a caress, said: "I'm sorry for you, mamma." "And why, are you sorry for me?" I innocently asked.

"'Cause you've got so many little boys," answered the poor little fellow, with a half-suppressed sob, "and you don't seem to want us at all."

Surely the years that we have our children with us are too few to allow of our ever conducting ourselves toward them in such a way that they will feel, even for one short moment, that they are not wanted.

Then, yielding to the influence of Mrs. B.'s solemn message and the divine impulse within us, let us resolve that, more completely than heretofore, we will live with our children. If need be we can leave other lines of work and pleasure to those to whom time and ability render them possible; but only a mother can do a mother's part in living with her children.



Corset cover of white-lawn trimmed with embroidered lawn and narrow dotted bands. The fulness is gathered in front at the waist, as well as the top. Material required, 36 inches wide, 2 yards.

AN AGED STUDENT.

Monarchs can never afford to leave off learning, whatever their subjects may do. A striking instance in point is furnished by an article in Pearson's Magazine, an article the proof-sheets of which were corrected by Queen Victoria herself.

From this article it appears that in spite of all her duties and responsibilities, in spite of the fact that she has devoted so much time to the study of politics as to have become one of the greatest living authorities on the practical politics of Europe, Queen Victoria has, within the later years of her reign, acquired an intimate acquaintance with a difficult language spoken by a large number of her subjects.

She makes it a custom, we are assured, to note in Hindustani the daily events of her life, keeping a diary for this special purpose. She speaks the language fluently, having devoted a part of every day for the last ten years to instruction in it, and to acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the East.

The queen has surprised many of her Indian visitors by making unexpected observations in good Hindustani. As everybody knows, she is always attended, when at home, by one or more of her picturesque Indian servants. It is not, however, so generally known that she always speaks to them in their own tongue. However small the remark, or however serious the command, it comes to them in Hindustani.

Universal admiration has been expressed at the determination of the queen at an advanced age, not only to learn to speak Hindustani, but also to take an interest in the literature of India, and to acquaint herself with the ideas and aspirations of her Oriental subjects.

DELAGOA BAY.

The population of Delagoa Bay, which was 300 in 1890, is 6,000 to-day.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

North Bay has a population of 2,337. Guelph's tax rate is 25 mills on the dollar.

The Kettle Point Indian reserve is being surveyed.

Belwood expects to soon have a telephone service.

The elm on a Masa farm was recently sold for \$1,000.

Rev. H. McTavish, of Glencoe, has invented a bitless bridle.

Eleven dogs were poisoned in one night at North Bay recently.

St. Thomas has a population of 11,008, an increase in a year of 193.

A hotel is to be built at the Gatineau River by Ottawa capitalists.

An electric line between Owen Sound and Shallow Lake is being agitated.

The population of Sturgeon Falls doubled in one year. It is now 1,600.

Galt will pay a bonus of 10 cents to citizens for every shade tree planted.

Robt. Allen has resigned his position as a license commissioner in North Renfrew.

Michael Currie, formerly of Brockville, was killed at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Parry Sound expects to have Hon. G. W. Ross as its guest for a month this year.

Mrs. Margrath, wife of Crown Timber Agent Margrath, Rat Portage, died recently.

Renfrew Masons contributed \$100 to aid their brothers in Ottawa who suffered from the fire.

A Princeton bicyclist, while riding in the dark, ran into a freight train. He was not badly hurt.

Mr. McCosh has been appointed clerk and treasurer of Paris at a salary of \$650 per year.

Galt school board has ordered that pupils must not be kept in during recess or after school hours.

A bank of earth fell upon James McKittrick, near Orangeville. His leg was broken at the hip.

Jas. Craig's acceptance of a judgeship in the Yukon leaves a vacancy in the Renfrew county council.

Town Commissioner Pilkie and Ald. Touchbrown, were each fined \$10 and costs at Lindsay, for being disorderly.

D. T. Wright, principal of Huntsville Public school, has resigned. Mr. Morgan, of Stratford, succeeds him.

Geo. A. Mandson, master in Nanaimo High School, has resigned. L. Robertson of Vancouver, succeeds him.

Jos. Derrick, a Woodstock hostler, has been bequeathed \$5,000 by a brother, a rancher in Wyoming Territory.

Jack Goodfellow, son of J. Goodfellow, chief C.P.R. train despatcher, Vancouver, though only 12 years of age, is an expert telegraph operator.

It is reported that the \$25,000 residence of G. W. McRae in Ottawa, has been purchased by Levi Cranwell, whose home was recently destroyed by fire.

The Opposition in the North-west Legislature consists of Messrs. McDonald, Bennett, Hawkes, McKay, McLeod, McDiarmid, Villeneuve and Shera.

Martin Nye came from Dunnville to Owen Sound to get a position. After some weeks he secured one, but he had hardly assumed his duties when he was taken ill and died. His family was left in destitute circumstances.

George Anderson, Indian agent, has given notice that all persons other than Indians, who, without the authority of the superintendent general, reside on the Yendinaga reserve, are liable to a fine of ten dollars a day or imprisonment, and that all persons so residing after July 1st will be prosecuted accordingly.

A baby carriage containing the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Butler, Huntsville, was left standing in front of a store, when the wind suddenly blew it over the edge of the platform. The fall was about ten feet, and as soon as the carriage struck the stones below, the babe was thrown out, but fortunately its pillows accompanied it, and saved its life. It alighted on a heap of large stones a few feet from the river.

KNEW WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT.

Mother—Miss Catchem has a lovely voice, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello?

Daughter, after Mr. Richfello—See that mirror in front of the piano?

Yes.

Well, Mr. Richfello sits right in range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings.