

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 10th, 1893.

Politically matters this week are dull as dull can be. This is accounted for by the fact that the bulk of the Irish members are still absent from the House. Parish Council and Employers' Liability Bills have little in them to charm, despite the urgent whip which has just been issued by the leaders of the Irish Party to secure their attendance at Westminster. Parliamentary debate, in consequence, has sunk to the level of a parish vestry meeting. One of the strongest arguments I have heard used in favour of the retention of the Irish members under the present Home Rule Bill was that the occupation of reporters like myself would be seriously endangered.

One who has not been an eyewitness has no idea of the utter demoralization of the Press Gallery on a night when purely English bills are up for discussion. The official stenographer, who, because of the importance of his duties, must be in a constant state of wakefulness, looks round from time to time upon a scene fit to delight the heart of the most devoted disciple of Morpheus. The representatives of the Fourth Estate lie stretched around him in every conceivable attitude of blissful repose; and if the division bill, or an occasional faint cheer arouses them for a moment, it is only to lapse again into their enviable state of utter unconsciousness to what is taking place below them.

Sir Andrew Clark, the trusted friend and medical adviser of Mr. Gladstone, is dead. The Prime Minister first enrolled him in 1864 when he himself was fifty-five years old. "I found him," said Sir Andrew "the most wonderfully strong and active man, mentally and physically, that I ever examined. Even in 1864, however, Mr. Gladstone had a very strong defined 'arcus senilis' in both eyes. Some of my professional brethren regard this as a sign of decay; but it is a great mistake. I remember that Sir George Burrows, my lately deceased neighbour in Cavendish-square, told me the following story: One day he met Mr. Williams, one of the ablest physicians in London, who said to him: 'Burrows, is it true that you have taken a big house in Cavendish-square?' Sir George nodded assent. 'Then,' continued Dr. Williams, 'you are indeed a brave man, for you will not occupy it long: 'arcus senilis' in your eyes presages that your end is near.' 'Perhaps,' replied Sir George, gaily; 'but I take short views of life, and as long as it lasts, shall do my best to enjoy it.' He was spared to occupy his new home for thirty-five years, while in less than half that time Dr. Williams passed away.

Sir Andrew then proceeded to say that Mr. Gladstone was one of the most docile and submissive of patients, and reposed unbounded confidence in his medical adviser, whose orders he was always ready to obey. "The most remarkable thing about him," he added, "is not so much the universality or the accuracy of his knowledge. I have also observed that in him there has been a marked increase of humour as he has grown older. No greater mistake is committed by Mr. Gladstone's political critics than in believing that he is lacking in humour. His appreciation of a joke is intense, and his laugh is the heartiest I ever listened to."

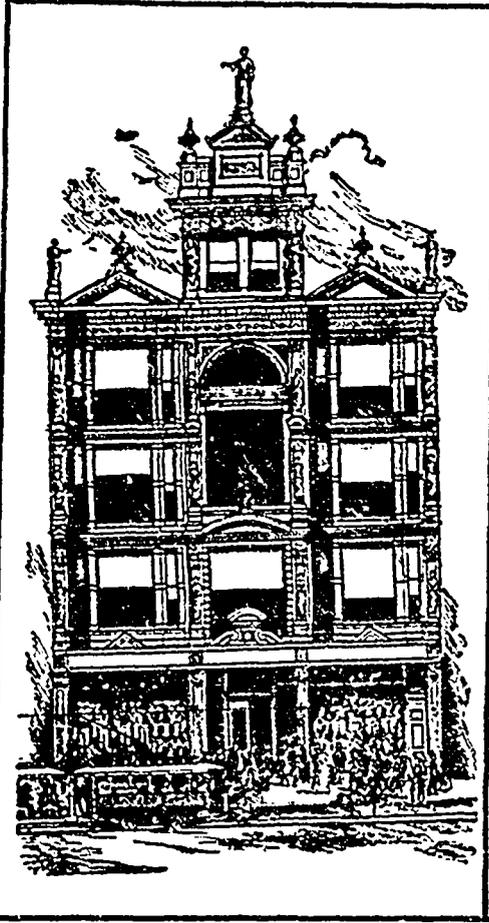
The monotony of English weather is proverbial; but this year is proving an exception to the generally received rule. It is still dry and fine, with a clear atmosphere; but for a week now the wind has been in the N. E., and, though the weather is clear and bracing, it is bitterly cold, the wind being very keen and cutting. At night the sky is beautifully clear, though the air is very cold and icy, accompanied, as it is, by a sharp frost. The fields in the early morning present a very wintry appearance, being covered with white frost to a depth never seen in Canada. The superabundance of acorns, beech nuts, and holly-berries betokens, according to the old folks, a severe winter. If the present cold weather is to be taken as a criterion, then their prognostications are likely to be fulfilled. The cold has certainly increased in intensity this week, the thermometer yesterday morning in my room falling as low as 35 degrees Fahrenheit—the lowest temperature I have ever seen in England.

A late publication was sent to me the other day. It is "The Life of Mr. Gladstone, told by himself in speeches and public letters," and is one of the most ingenious books I have ever seen. The compiler, Mr. H. J. Leech, an enthusiastic admirer of "the Grand Old Man," has, by dint of great research and much perseverance, produced a very interesting autobiography of the Premier. The story of his life is set forth in Mr. Gladstone's own words, and the date and delivery of each speech, together with the time and medium of publication of each letter from which the extracts are made, are duly recorded at the foot of each page. The Prime Minister has had nothing to do with the undertaking, but he cannot fail to be pleased that anyone should have been willing to devote so much time and industry to a compilation of this kind. The index is not the least valuable feature of the work.

One of the clever young ladies who do interviews for the Press here has been writing

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The People's Clothing House,



The artist tailors—modest fellows that they are—say that the clothing which they make to order is better than the clothing which is made to wear by Oak Hall. They have to say something like this as an apology for their very much higher prices.

The dry goods stores say that the clothing which they offer is bought from manufacturers which are always hard up and forced to sell cheap. It's a chronic old story, but they have to drum up some sort of excuse for the ridiculous assertion that they are able to sell clothing for less money than Oak Hall.

The great overcoat sale at Oak Hall serves as a very good proof of the Oak Hall claim, that we are selling better clothing for less money than is sold anywhere else. The Oak Hall overcoats are equal to the best tailor-made in fit, style and finish. They can't be improved in the quality of good wear, and we make and sell in such greater quantities than all others that none can compare with the Oak Hall prices. They are the lowest for reliable clothing in Toronto.

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for the Westminster Gazette some "Recollections of Sir Andrew Clark." She gives an interesting account of her visit to the great physician in search of details as to Tennyson's death. "Shall I tell you," Sir Andrew asked his interviewer, "why Tennyson's death was so peaceful? This is not to be put into the papers to-day; probably it would not interest them to-day. But the secret is this: he lived a quiet, laborious, simple life. It is a secret which few men learn in time to profit by it. I was his friend before I was his physician. Metaphysics drew us together. Gladstone, too, is deeply interested in that subject, and we all three agreed in our taste for a simple life and a life of work. Half the disease of this generation is due to people's idleness."

The STAR Almanac of Montreal for 1894 is so far advanced towards completion that the publishers are able to announce it to the trade for the 21st November. An enormous demand has grown up for the STAR Almanac, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain.

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