At Aunty's House.

One time when we's at aunty's house—
Way in the country—where
They's jest but woods and pigs and cows,
An' all's outdoors and air
An' around swing and cherry trees,
An' churries in 'em! Yes, an' there
Here red-head birds steal all they please,
An' te-ch 'em if you dare!
Why wunst, one time when we was there,
We et out on the porch!

Wi e where the cellar door was shut
The table was; an' I
Let aunty get by me an' out
My witches up, an' pie.
'Tur awful funny! I could see
The r d heads in the cherry tree
An' bee hives, where you got to be
So ke rful goin' by—
An' comp'ny there an' all, an' we—
We et out on the porch

An' I jest et p'serves and things
'At ma don't 'low me to—
An' chicken gizzards (don't like wings
Like Parents does, do you?)
An' all the time the wind blowed there
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An jest smell clover ever where!
An' a old red head flew
Furr' nigh wite over my high chair,
When we et out on the porch!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

One-Sided.

Somerville *Journal*:

"I love you, dear!" he softly said.
"I know it," she replied.
"Your slightest wish is law to me!"
She smiled with conscious pride.

"See, darling, at your feet I kneel!"
"I s-e," said she. "That's right"—
"Surely such love must touch your heart?"
"Oh, yes, it's touching—quite!"

"I worship you!" he murmured low,
"Oh, I know that," she said
"You are my queen, my life, my all!"
She tossed her dainty head.

And so the love-sick fool went on,
Wooing a mold of stone.
Why don't young men have sense enough
To let such girl alone?

Lent.

Boston *Courier*:

The annual Lenten days have come,
The meekest of the year;
The dress s it and the decollete
Together disappear;
The "light fantastic toe" retires
To rest in slippered ease,
And novelettes are taken up
The modern belle to please.

The maiden and the cavalier
Do practice self-denial,
And emphasize their faith upon
Time's ever-changing dial;
But, whatsoe'er the maiden saves—
You may depend upon it—
Will be contributed unto
The darling Easter bonnet.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

Mina might have had many faults; Leonora had none. Mina might have been far inferior in beauty—indeed, I knew that she must be—but I loved her as I always loved her. I thought of her as of the beautiful morning, while I had never thought of Leonora as anything but the perfect night. She was to me the night which gives a subtle charm to everything; refreshing the tired watcher; bringing rest and calm to the weary wanderer; but never a ray of welcome sunlight; never imparting warmth; never lifting the soul's desires like the mists out of the valleys; bestowing happiness but not joy; bringing relief but not satisfaction; hiding life's ungainly outlines in the silver shadows and the half lights of reflection, but never bringing out life's grandest, noblest charms as in the glory of the perfect day.

And the beautiful night it was for the beautiful morning which I waited as anxiously that night, at the opera, as ever in the longiest hour in my studio; though it may seem impossible to one who, with the cold disrepute and disapprobation of self-supporting, heartless, frigid, moral dignity looks down upon my weak deference to those promptings which I eagerly allowed to lead me when I might better have controlled them by such a disposition as that with which my critic may be blessed.

Pity me instead, O stronger, more resolute and accomplished pilot of this life's uncertain sea, for in due season I reached the rocks of retribution towards which I was blindly steering, and, having seen and suffered, I cringe now from your condemnation and humbly ask for charity. Remember I had not your chart to guide me; I had not your sun to shine above me. I should have known it and made my calculations accordingly, but I did not know it and took all my bearings in the deceptive night.

Thus I sat, without philosophy or theory in unalloyed appreciation of that lovely vision. Never had so many admiring eyes been turned upon Leonora. Never had so many of the grander lords of the Florence creation jealously envied me the smiles of that beautiful woman, and with the pride of art in that which is perfect grace and symmetry, I enjoyed their rapture and my own.

The orchestra finished the overture. The curtain rose. The opera began. And I still sat in the dreamy elysium without once turning my eyes from Leonora. She was looking at the stage, but that did not matter; when she turned her face toward me I knew that she would smile again, and in every action, every expression, she was happier than I had ever seen her before. A storm of applause soon silenced the music and I knew that the prima donna was upon the stage; but I did not turn from Leonora, for what did I care for the orchestra, opera or prima donna? They were but the satellites of an hour. It was Leonora who was the star of the evening. The meteor upon the stage would flash and in a flame expire and be forgotten. Alcyone, alone goddess of the Pleiades, was immutable. Why should I turn from her to that which was inferior?

It was some time before I even realized the extent of the applause. The shouts of the audience rang loud and long in such uproarious ovation that, wondering, at last, how any woman inferior to Leonora could be granted and receive such a demonstration, I carelessly turned toward the stage.

The frantic throng, the dazzling stage, the bewildering array receded and grew dim from about the central figure, whose eyes, as she stood there, were fixed directly upon me, leaving her and me alone, looking into each other's hearts. I clutched the upholstered rail before me and gasping for breath muttered:

"Mina! My Mina!"

It was a tribute of applause to the great prima donna. Then, with a shudder, I broke the spell and shrank behind the curtain away and yet not away from the eyes of my Mina.

"This uproar is horrible," I muttered to Leonora. "Let us go away for a while, till the frantic fiends are sobered down."

A strange smile glistened about her eyes but did not touch her lips as she shook her head.

"I am ill," I said. "I must go."

"Wait a little, Signor," she replied. "The singing of the prima donna may make you well again."

"I will not wait," I said angrily, feeling the cold perspiration gathering upon my forehead. "Come. I am going now."

Leonora lifted her fan till it hid her face from the rest, and from behind it, laughing till her teeth flashed like the stars at night, she whispered:

"When the morning dawns the night must vanish. Till the morning, Signor, you are mine. I very much admire this new opera and most of all this flaxen-haired prima donna. I am very sorry, Signor, but, please you, we will remain."

She tossed me a kiss from the tips of her tapering fingers, then fondled her fan with a little rippling laugh and sank into rapturous contemplation of the new opera. I had chosen my way and I walked in it. For the first time in my life I was under the hand of authority, and I sat shivering as each clear note pierced me, listening but not again looking either at Leonora or at Mina.

When the curtain fell upon the last act Leonora touched me lightly on the arm, saying:

"Have you been sleeping, Signor Anthony? It was a grand opera, but you are very pale. Oh, I would that Leonora had still the power of helping you; but the star is fading over the distant hill before the glory of the eastern lighting. The night will soon be forgotten, Signor, and you will be happier in the bright sunlight. Take heart, and just once more look, as you always have, upon your little star. It is I, not you, who should be paling now in the morning gleaming. You will not look at me, Signor. Then, I pray you, give me a little farewell supper at the Cafe Royal, for I have tried very hard to be good to night.

"No, no. Not to-night," I groaned. "Signorina, did I not say that I was ill?"

"Will not the morning be soon enough, Signor, for you to watch the sunrise in the flaxen hair?" she asked. "The night will not be long; can you not find strength for it? They are all so short, so very short, even the longest nights. Oh, happy, happy you! For out of the night comes the morning."

Startled by the strange coincidence of this from Leonora's lips, I sprang to my feet, exclaiming: "Signorina, you madden me! You drive me wild! What do you mean?"

"Leonora never means anything but precisely what she says, and what she says Signor Anthony can always understand," she replied gently. "If he is driven wild it is his own heart, not this little tongue of Leonora's that maddens him. How often has he told me that it soothed his sadness! Why should he call it maddening now that, only to cheer him, it tells him of the brightness of the shining of the beautiful flaxen-haired morning, only waiting to depart for him these gloomy shadows of the night. No, no. We will not go to the cafe. I was foolish to ask it. It was not a supper I wished. I only dreamed of looking just a little longer into your face, Signor, but it is hidden from me already. I could not see it even if we were there. Yes, take me to my home at once. It may be that I can fall asleep there and, perhaps, forget it."

"Forget what?" I said savagely. "Do you mean that I have wronged you, Signorina?"

"No, no! Signor Anthony. Never that!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Oh, I would never sleep again if it would bring forgetfulness. I would wake or dream and still remember how kind, and how ever and always kind Signor Anthony has been to me. I would only pray that you forget, forget that ever Leonora spoke a word that maddened you. She did not know what she was saying, for the night is always darkest just before the day; yet, least of all, would I seem gloomy to you now. That is all. I am in haste, and I beg you on my knees, Signor, to hurry with me to my home. No, no, I pray you do not speak to me again. I would rather remember the old voice than hear the new. Only take me in silence to my home."

Wretch! Fool! Fiend! What was I not? Mutely I obeyed. We reach the picturesque villa, where I first heard her sing. I stood by the vine covered balcony, where I had pleaded for friendship which she had granted with such lavish generosity, and once again I saw her turn and give me that gentle, oh, so gentle, hand and, in that same low melody, say:

"Thanks, Signor Anthony. Good-bye, and fare thee well."

Beyond the confines of the walls which sheltered Mina; beyond the influence of air which she was breathing and her her eyes, I could, at least, be calmer, and in justice to Leonora I could forget for a moment the tumult of doubts and fears which had possessed me. And thus, holding her hand fast in mine and looking up, I said:

"Leonora, you do not understand me tonight and I do not understand you. You are meaning that we must part. Once before we parted in this way but we shall not again; for I will not let you go till you tell me what fault you find in me. If I am wrong I will acknowledge it and make it right, if it be possible. If I am right I will try and convince you."

Clutching my hand she turned upon me fiercely and the words came hissing from between her glistening teeth.

"You are a blind, blind fool! For two years have I drained the treasury of love to win you and to night discovered that I have failed, only to stand here calmly and tell you that I find some fault in you! With my very life have I not sought to gratify each wish which you expressed, and felt that for it all I was only pleasing you, and have I not wondered? Now, at last, when I see the secret of it all and know that I have lost, shall I not suffer? Is it balm? Is it in a moment of compassion that you offer me as a consolation an opportunity to find some fault in you? What woman's heart has ever taught you that? What woman has ever saw a fault in him at whose feet she drew life, love, truth, honor, everything, to do with what as he would? No, no, Signor Anthony. If there had been a fault to find I should have found it long ago, when I let you think that I was poor; when I shamed myself to be a model in the opportunity it gave me to be near to you. If I had seen a fault in you, the time to own it was before I stained my soul with the lie I told you, when I said I had been as bad as bad could be in Rome; for I had never been from Florence. No, your lips alone have ever kissed me; your hand, no other, has ever fondled me. It was of my own choosing and my own doing. And why, oh, why should I turn to find some fault in you? The moment when I entered your studio, to come back to you, I saw that you were afraid of me. You had changed since in the night you asked me to come to you again. You had been thinking of your father and of the beautiful model who, with her child, had followed him into Germany, when he left her here because she was not true to him. You had been saying of me: 'She is only a model. If I dare to love her she will be false to me, and when I am tired of her I cannot get rid of her.' No, no. I will not love her.' I saw it I felt it, Signor Anthony, and I turned, for time to think, to look at your painting of the sunrise. I found that it was changed to night and I thought: 'I will tell him that I, too, am as black as night. I will even dare to say that I have sinned and have no more any heart to love, for it will frighten away his fears, and after that, by gentleness and constancy, perhaps, I can gain his heart.' My very life stood still while I was saying those words to you, but you did not believe them. No, I knew that in your heart you would not, and had you—I do not know—had you taken me for that, by the God that bends above us, Signor Anthony, could I have won you in no other way, I believe that for you I could have been as black as night. See! I confess it. You have rejected me. You have spurned me. You have bidden me catch this last moment for sweet revenge to find some fault in you. I use the time to tell you that, when you might have made of me a willing victim, you did me no wrong. Go your way, Signor Anthony, I have only to thank you. I have no fault to find. The flaxen haired sunshine of the North is in your heart. The evening star abandons the struggle to give light. But take heed, Signor Anthony! While there throbs in this breast a woman's heart, a Florentine's pride and an Italian's passion, where Leonora has set her love and lost, no other woman's love shall wear an easy crown. A thorny path be yours to see your sunrise! May your morning light fall on a cloud and not on you! May your day dawn in darkness blacker than this night, and the first time and the last when you look into the eyes you love may it be across this lifeless breast!"

A night wind swept over me. It chilled my forehead and was gone. The fragrance of a flower was in the air; it charmed my senses and was gone. Leonora, star of the evening, beautiful star, filling my loneliness with light left me her curse—and disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV.

REMEMBER BOPPARD.

The night was black. The starless heavens threatened a winter storm as I walked down the hill and through the Roman Gate. Whether Leonora was true or false in what she said, it was thoroughly Italian, at least, and she was quite correct in her assertion that I was a blind, blind fool. Whether she was true or false, her anger was sincere, and the curse of an Italian woman is not a pleasant thing to bear. Physically I was not more afraid of her than I was of the Lorelei; but with a shudder I remembered her words and repeated the last of them: "The first time and the last when you look into the eyes you love, may it be across this lifeless breast!"

I entered the hotel where that great prima donna, Mlle. Wilhelmina von Steinberg was to reside while in Florence, wondering how I could have read and spoken that name so often during the past month and not have known that it meant my Mina, Lady of our Castle Steinberg. Standing in the corridor I easily discovered that she was being entertained at a great banquet given by the wealthy Germans of Florence, and I remembered that a month before I had been invited to join in this welcome and had declined, thinking how much more I should enjoy a quiet dinner at the cafe with Leonora, after the opera.

With a promiscuous throng I waited in the corridor to catch occasional glimpses of the gay company at the banquet, whenever the door was opened. Mina was feasting while I stood with the dogs to catch the crumbs that fell from the master's table. She sat with her back toward me so that I could not look into her eyes. At last, however, the door was left open, for the guests were rising and some were going. Mina rose. She would turn in a moment. She would see me standing in the doorway and she would come to me. She turned slowly. I saw the profile for a moment, then she turned farther and I saw—no more; for covering my eyes with my hand I staggered through the throng and out into the street. I was afraid to look into the eyes I loved, and as the morning dawned I crept cringing into my own house. I had fled from Mina.

Was this the fading of my night and the breaking of my morning?

Mechanically I changed my dress, mutely sat at the breakfast table, restlessly paced that sumptuous salon where twelve years before my father had brought me, a scrap of raw material, to be woven in a warp and woof that should be alone of art and Mina. Upon it he had turned every thought and energy of his life. Physically from a frail boy he had made an unusually strong man of me. Intellectually from a stupid charity scholar, studying the alphabet in Boppard, he had made me a master of many books and many languages. Professionally from nothing he had made me what the world, at least, considered a leader. The fabric of my father's cars was a marvel of success; but what had I done to it that thus one glance from Mina should transform it to a miserable, worthless rag? Looking at myself in the mirror, I asked:

"Of what were you afraid?"

It was not of Leonora, for the daylight I simply laughed at the bitterness of her curse.

I was afraid of Mina. In the afternoon, however, I made another attempt to see her. I entered the Grand Hotel like a coward. Timidly I sent my card to the great prima donna, and then I thought what mocking sarcasm had I known, that night when I hid behind the wall, barefooted on the Boppard pavement, too angry to say good-night to Mina, what sarcasm to have known that thus, the next time that I would speak to her, I should come cringing into such a place, and humbly ask a servant to crave for me the favor of an audience; crave it only to be—my God!—refused! The servant returned the card to me, upon a silver salver, with the lucid information that Mademoiselle, the prima donna, would be excused. Then he turned away to hide a smile that was gathering about his lips.

The day before there was not a mortal in Florence who would have dared to laugh at me. I had done as I would, in reckless independence, only to find Florence always at my feet. I had sat at the feast of Belshazzar and been an honored guest in the chambers of Mordecai. In the salons of the Pharisees or the halls of the Gentiles I had ever been welcomed; holding alike the hand of fellowship with the prince of pleasure and the hooded anchorite. How different it was from what it had been on the Rhine, when to Mina I owed every protection from the jeers of the world; for now that Mina had come to Florence, even a groveling servant in the hotel was laughing at me.

Upon reaching my studio again, however, the desire to see Mina was once more uppermost, and I wondered that I had been so dull as to send the card to her. How should she have known my name? I had forgotten for the moment, that to her I was Carlo. And even if, by chance, she knew of the change, of course she would not have me approach her in that way. It was a good suggestion and I would take the hint. I dared not face the grinning fiend of the hotel again, but I would go to the Opera House in the evening, though to do this I must wait patiently for hours. Time stood still. Each tick of the great clock seemed to pause upon the threshold, turn, look back and grin at me before it slowly wandered away into eternity to give place to the next. In feverish excitement I drank a glass of the strongest wine and threw myself upon the wicker divan where the models posed. Then time moved on again and I awoke with a cry, as my boat crashed into the rocks and the water covered me, and, looking up above me, on the cliff I saw a phantom grinning, and in my ears was ringing still:

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Loreley gethan."

The clock was striking nine, and, springing from the divan, I wrote upon a card the old name, Carlo, and beneath it: "Remember Boppard," and hurried to the Opera House.

For half an hour I was kept waiting, after I had sent the card, but I had not the courage to rebel. Then it was returned to me, without an intervening salver, by an insolent fellow who leered and smiled and in execrable dialect observed that Mlle. Steinberg did not remember Boppard and did not wish to see me.

What a man of courage, conscience, and honorable promptings would have done at such a time I did not stop to consider, and I did not care. I turned sharply upon the fellow, knocked him down, and quietly walked away. So far as I felt any sentiment concerning the act it was one of satisfaction. Mina would hear of it and then, at least, she would know that she had not to deal with the yielding little Carlo whom she had so often been obliged to defend and whom she had so easily driven away from her upon the Rhine.

CHAPTER XV.

CALL IT INSPIRATION.

Through the night the rebellion in my heart was constantly muttering: "I have knelt for the last time at Mina's feet. She shall kneel at mine the next time." But the morning found me kneeling again. This time it was through the medium of a note which I wrote in the simplest of German, just as we had always spoken together, for it was my boy's heart with all the same old sentiments that was speaking to Mina. It said

"My Mina:

"You have not forgotten Boppard, but you are angry. I am sorry and think that I do not deserve it. Let me come to you, Mina, if only for the sake of those old days. Let me come. "Carlo."

Before an hour had passed an answer was returned by the same bearer, written in faultless French, not by Mina to Carlo, but by Mlle. Wilhelmina von Steinberg to M Anthony Winthrop. It said;

"It was well that you studied art. I have watched your progress year by year with interest and pride, and have seen you become a great artist. For that reason, if for no other, I could not lend myself to cause a discord between you and your beautiful friend, to use the glory of one reputation with the ignominy of another. I would have no cause to blush for my old playfellow. Owing, as I do, all that I am or ever can be to the generous support of your father, I feel that I am doing as he would have me in refusing to see you or to write to you again. When he returns to Florence, if he bids me see you I shall obey. Till then, rejoicing in your success, praying for your continued prosperity, trusting to your honor and manliness, I remain,

"Wilhelmina von Steinberg."

"She owes all that she is or ever can be to the generous support of my father," I muttered, and my thoughts carried me back to the day when we arrived in Florence and I heard him saying to me: "While you are perfecting yourself in art to please her, she will be perfecting herself in other things to please you. You are wishing her to be proud of you. She will be wishing you to be proud of her. There are other things besides art in which you should perfect yourself, for one should be proficient in many things to be worthy of a woman's admiration."

What had he not done for me? He knew the human heart too well to talk to me continually of Mina. He understood the spirit of rebellion so easily provoked by opposition; and the spirit of opposition so quickly aroused by intervention. He had simply and successfully endeavored to destroy for me the fascinations of the world, that there might nothing come between my heart and Mina. The while he had been giving the same opportunities to Mina, to perfect herself as a woman, which he had given to me as a man. When he discovered that the last and strongest temptation had stolen through the studio door, how pungent was his gentle admonition: "The one you have would make a remarkably beautiful night, while Mina's face is wonderfully expressive of the truth, the light and the beauty of the morning." What had Mina done in appreciation of those opportunities? What had I done?

I understood now what my father meant by the last sentence he had spoken to me before he went away: "Woe to the world because of offences, and woe unto him by whom the offence cometh."

If there remained anything more in the power of a mortal to perform for me, my father did it in the letter which he left me in its clear and explicit warning; in its guaranty of untrammeled independence. His work was done and he went away from Florence, leaving me unrestrained, to follow that which, sooner or later, would surely lead me, the unconditional inclinations of my own heart.

I had followed them. At last I saw where they had led me, and I knew that it was through no misapprehension but my own that I had not seen long before precisely where they were leading. I appreciated the value of my father's admonitions only by appreciating what they might have been to me, and still failing to perceive that there was any bearing upon the future in it all. I carefully folded the letter and laid it in my desk, still whiting the outside of the sepulchre with the complaisant consolation: "If Mina knew all she would not have written as she did. If I should try to explain it to her she would not believe me. If I wait she will discover her error and return."

(To be continued.)

Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, was on the 17th ult. accepted at a meeting in Edinburgh for nomination as Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. The following petitions were presented:

From William B. C. Barclay, of Arnprior, praying for an Act to change his name to William Barclay Craig—Mr. Awrey.

From the Town Council of Cornwall, praying for an Act to consolidate the debt.—Mr. Mack.

From the Fort Erie Ferry Railway Company, praying that an Act may pass to legalize certain bonds and for power to extend their line—Mr. Baxter.

From the Grand Legion of Ontario Select Knights of Canada, for an Act to enable them to acquire, hold and convey real estate.

From East Middlesex Farmers' Institute for certain amendments to the Municipal Act respecting the market tax on farm produce—Mr. Tooley.

From District Assembly 125, K. of L., for an Act for the examination of persons having charge of stationary engines—Mr. H. E. Clarke.

Mr. Tait moved and Mr. Garron seconded thereply to the speech from the throne. Mr. Meredith followed and was replied to by Hon. Mr. Mowat.

Committees were appointed to strike Standing Committees and to assist Mr. Speaker in the care of the library.

Mr. Meredith said it was usual for the Government to make an explanation of Cabinet changes, but as the member for Ottawa (Mr. Bronson) was not present and he (Mr. Meredith) desired to say something respecting that gentlemen's appointment, he asked the Attorney-General to postpone explanations until a future sitting. The Attorney-General agreed.

Mr. Tait—From District Assembly 125, K. of L., and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local Union 27, for amendment to the Municipal Act to allow the whole municipal electorate to vote on money by-laws. Also from the same bodies, for an act to tax all lands held for speculative purposes to its full value according to its location and natural advantages. Also from Local Assembly 5,748 and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local Union 27, for an act to provide for examination and licensing of persons having charge of stationary steam engines and other devices worked under pressure. Also from the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local Union 27, for amendment of Municipal Act that Municipal Councils may regulate the erection and construction of scaffolds and appointment of inspectors.

Mr. Wood Hastings)—From the Council of the county of Hastings, for the extension of the Torrens system of land transfer to that county.

Mr. Smith—From Frontenac County Farmers' Institute, for the abolition of market fees.

The Attorney General in the absence of Hon. Mr. Ross, presented a bill to consolidate and revise the laws respecting the Education Department; also a bill to amend and consolidate the Public Schools Act; also a bill to consolidate and revise the High Schools Act. These bills were read the first time.

The Attorney General presented also the following bills, which were read the first time:

To regulate the charters of Loan Companies.

To increase the efficiency of the local courts of the county of York.

To further amend the laws respecting the solemnization of marriage.

Mr. Meredith presented a bill to amend the Ontario Controverted Elections Act, which was read the first time.

The Attorney General on motion to adjourn, made a brief statement respecting the Cabinet changes made since last session. He said: Three appointments were made, two of them being changes in the composition of the Government and the third an additional appointment. The hon. member for Ottawa is now a member of the Government without portfolio. We were anxious to have his assistance, but his private business makes it impossible for him to accept a portfolio. He is one of the ablest business men in the Dominion, and belongs to the eastern part of the Province, and is familiar with the interests, feelings and wishes of that section. The Government felt that it would be advisable to get his assistance, especially during the session of Parliament, and at other times when he is able to come. It is quite in accordance with the constitution and with the British practice in this country to have members of the Cabinet without portfolio. At this moment Mr. Smith and Mr. Abbott in the Dominion Government are without portfolio.

Mr. Meredith—Senators.

Mr. Mowat—At present there are members of Cabinets without portfolio in Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and in Britain it has been a common thing to have such members in either house.

Mr. Meredith premised his remarks by saying that he meant no personal reflection on the gentleman to whom he would refer. He said My hon. friend, contrary to the principles laid down by his predecessors, is content to maintain his Cabinet of lawyers, for, except the ornamental Minister who has just been added in the person of the member for Ottawa (Mr. Bronson), there is but one member of she cabinet who is not a lawyer. While the hon. gentleman's remarks gave some the reasons for bringing the member for Ottawa into the Cabinet, there was one more potent than all, I think—that it would help to carry the Ottawa district at the last election.

The Attorney General—He was not appointed until after the election.

Mr. Meredith—But there was a pretty good understanding. On public grounds, however, the appointment was an objectionable one. The provisions of the statute wisely exclude from membership in this House anybody holding a contract or office of emolument under the Government. The reason is that rightly or wrongly men must be influenced by considerations of that kind. The hon. gentleman has a timber license under the Government. The Attorney General says the hon. gentleman would be able to give valuable advice with regard to the lumber interest. What position does he place the hon. gentleman in? Of the revenues one third come from the timber. The hon. gentleman or his firm has large transactions with the Province. The hon. gentleman may easily find himself where his interest as a lumberman would point in one direction, his duty as member of the Government in the other. Without reflecting on the hon. member for Ottawa, the principle of his appointment was a bad one, and it ought not to have been made.

Mr. H. E. Clarke said he had been surprised to see a statement made by the hon. Attorney-General on a platform in the city that his Government had received a majority of the votes of the people in the general elections.

Hon. Mr. Mowat—I believe that is true.

Mr. Clarke replied that the Attorney-General might have ascertained that it was not true had he wished to know about the matter. In conclusion of his speech he asked the hon. Treasurer when the public accounts would be brought down.

Hon. Mr. Harcourt replied that he could not set a day, but that it would be early.

The following petitions were presented:

Mr. Conmee—Against the Port Arthur & Fort William Electric Street Railway.

Mr. Harcourt—From the Synod of Niagara, in regard to certain trust funds and certain conveniences of conveyance.

Mr. E. F. Clarke—From George Stephenson Assembly No. 9,015, K. of L.; District Assembly 125 K. of L.; Local Union, No. 46, Journeymen Plumbers; L. A. No. 5,745; mayflower Assembly and District Assembly No. 2,623, praying for legislation in regard to holding of land for speculative purposes, for examination and licensing of stationary engineers, and for protection against defective scaffolding.

Mr. Clancy—From the County Council of Kent, for an extension of the Torrens system of land transfer on the same terms as the system was introduced into Toronto and York county; and that the control of jails be not taken from the counties.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

Mr. Waters—A bill to amend the Assessment Act, and a bill to amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—A bill respecting the liability of directors.

Mr. Kearns—A bill consolidating the debt of the town of Milton.

Mr. Magwood asked for an order of the House for a return showing the date of the certificate of the judges appointed to try the election petition in the North Perth election case.

Mr. Mowat, in reply, stated that in the case of North Perth the judges' report was dated the 10th of December, 1890, and it was received by the clerk on December the 11th, 1890. The new writ was dated December 30th, 1890, and was signed and completed on that day. That writ had been forwarded to the returning officer on the 31st December. He supposed this would cover what was meant by "the issue."

Mr. Metcalfe moved for a copy of the commission issued with respect to fish and game protection, and of any instructions accompanying the same or connected therewith.

Mr. Mowat said the papers would be laid before the House. The report had not yet been received.

Mr. Meredith—Was this postponed on account of the elections?

Mr. Ross—We were fishing at the time of the elections.

The motion stands.

Mr. Meredith asked whether the report of the Prison Reform Commission would be brought down this session?

Mr. Mowat replied that part of the report is now in type. He was not in a position to give precise information. The work was being pushed forward with all diligence.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Waters—Enquiry—Is it the intention of the Government during this or any future session of this Parliament to bring in a bill to enable women to vote for members of the Legislature?

Mr. Barr—Tuesday next—Bill to amend the Assessment Act, also Bill to amend the Public Schools Act.

Mr. O'Connor—Tuesday next—Bill to amend the Municipal Act.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day (March 17th) is usually celebrated amid a plenitude of mud, but this spring the weather is exceptional, for we are getting the heaviest of our winter in the middle of March. The Irish claim St. Patrick for their patron saint, but some say that he was born in Boulogne, France, in 372, and others maintain that he was born near Kilpatrick in Scotland, in 373. He died in Down, Ulster, March 17th, 493 or 495, and must have lived at least 120 years. His proper name was Succoth, and he received the Latin name Patricius (noble) at Rome. Patrick preached the gospel in Ireland with such effect that, although not absolutely the first to introduce Christianity into that country, he has always received the credit of its general conversion. The bishopric of Dublin was founded by St. Patrick about 448. St. Patrick's Cathedral was erected in Dublin in 1190 by Archbishop Comyn, on the site of an old church. The cathedral was desecrated in 1546, and used as a law court till 1564. It was rebuilt by Mr. Guinness and reopened February 24th, 1865.

The Irish poets make many references to St. Patrick, some religious, others patriotic and still others comical. Aubrey de Vere tells of the conversion of King Laeghaire:

They entered the circle; their hymn they ceased;
The Druids their eyes bent earthward still:
On Patrick's brow the glory increased,
As a sunrise brightening some breathless hill.
The warriors sat silent; strange awe they felt;
The chief bard, Dubtach, rose up and knelt!
Then Patrick discovered of the things to be
When time gives way to eternity.
Of kingdoms that cease, which are dreams not
things,
And the kingdom built by the King of kings.
Of Him he spoke who reigns from the Cross;
Of the death which is life, and the life which is
loss;
And how all things were made by the Infant
Lord,
And the small hand the Magian kings adored.
His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood
That swells all night from some far-off wood,
And when it was ended—that wondrous strain—
Ivisible myriads breathed low, "Amen."
Then whispered the King to a chief o ne by,
"It were better for me to believe than die."

Patrick the Apostle, the s n of Calphurn,
Those pagan interments endured no longer;
And Eire he commanded this song to learn,
"Though h e is stro g yet love is stronger!"
To the Gaels of Eire he spoke low and
He bade them to fear not Fate, Demon or
Faery;
But to fast in Lent, and by his black deed
To insult God's Son, and His m other Mary.

Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy wrote:

And you ask the thoughtless question
Why I celebrate the day?
Friend, I celebrate no triumph
Won in battle's bloody fray—
Triumph of one kingly despot
O'er another, at the cost
Of a hecatomb of heroes,
and, perhaps, of freedom lost!
Nor a victory ignoble
Of one faction, class or creed,
While a strife-distracted nation
Wept the fratricidal deed!

'Tis not these my memory hallows;
Friend, it is a sacred cause—
'Tis the bringing to my people
Christian light and love and laws.
Gentle Patrick the Apostle
Bore no flaming battle brand;
In his breast of peace the Gospel,
And a shamrock in his hand!
These the weapons that he wielded;
Ireland bowed to constitution and with
Who'd object but brutish bigots
If we celebrate his day?

Lawrence G. Goulding:

True as the needle's to the pole, as this dull earth
goes round,
And certain as the lightning's flash evokes a
rumbling sound;
The Irish breast, where'er it beats, at home or
far away,
Expands with joy as morning breaks to hail St
Patrick's Day.

James Murphy:

Far from the fair Green Island
Of the loving heart and and hand,
We meet to-day by the rushing spray
In this glorious Western land,
With thoughts that fly forwid
As when in early dreams
We saw arise in morn ng skies
Green Ireland's fair shore streams.

John Philpot Curran:

When St Patrick this order established,
He called us the "Monks of the Bees";
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do;
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he said, on my word of a saint,
That the fountain would never run dry.

It has been seen above that there is doubt as to whether St. Patrick was born in France or Scotland, and whether he was born in the year 372 or one year later. Samuel Lover would have it, in the following poem, that there is also some uncertainty regarding the day of the month that should be celebrated:

On the eighth day of March it was, some people
say,
That saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the
day
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was
born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and
morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed
the clock—
Till with all their cross questions sure no one
could know,
If the child was too fast—or the clock was too
slow.

Now the first faction fight in ould Ireland, they
say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday.
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more
would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they b'ackened
his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their
sins,
Said "No one could have two birthdays, but a
twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for
nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes com-
bine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the
mark,
So let that be his birthday." "Amen,' said the
clerk.
"If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our hist'ry will show,
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we
know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to
this.

Read This, Young Men.

Sweets are just as healthy in their place as roast beef. Pure candies promote digestion. It is all a mistake that they injure the teeth; it is not possible for them to do so. It would be a singular thing if sweets were injurious to health, because they are in everything we eat in the way of fruits, vegetables and the grain out of which we make our bread. Any injury resulting from the use of sugar, candy or preserves is caused by their being used too frequently or in too large quantities; but everything we eat and drink is liable to the same objection. If taken before meals or directly after, both sweets and nuts are promoters of digestion; the, observation and the instincts of the civilized world on this point have led to the use of both at the end of meals. If sweets are taken only at meal time, not between and not in excess, they will not only agree with the healthy stomach, but tend to make a person fat as much as butter, for it is the carbon in each which the system uses.

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Balto, Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, '90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. Harden," Member of State Legislature.

A curious thing has happened in London in that the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Hawk*, two of the wildest radical newspapers in England, are defending the Prince of Wales in the matter of the recent baccarat scandal.

HOW TO DRESS BOYS.

Sailor Suits—Seaside Rosters—Hats for Small Heads.

Sailor suits more than ever conform to the regulation man-of-war suit and have naval insignia embroidered upon the collar, sleeves and shield; these suits are also made of washable goods.

There are many new ideas in plaited suits; they are made of plain or checked material, either plaited back and front or with stitched straps from shoulder to waist and a buttoned belt, the welt at each side forming pockets; and others have yokes below which are tucks.

For boys over 10 the single or double-breasted sack coat, loosely fitting and slightly following the lines of the figure, is eminently suitable; the suits with vests are also worn by boys of this age, the coat being the jaunty three-button cutaway.

A hat is to a boy what a bonnet is to a girl. The Derby is always *en regle*, and the imported crush hat which is so easily rolled up and put out of the way. The most noticeable feature seems to be the dark trimmings of the felt hats, even the lightest shades being bound and banded with black.

For younger boys the two or three piece suits bound with braid and trimmed with soutache are used for Sundays and holidays; the materials in vogue are the wide-wale diagonals, tricots, crepes, etc.

The silk sailor is a novelty for little boys and the English walking hat of stiff felt in gray and the suede shades.

Suede cricketing caps are shown in tan, brown, blue and black, and a nobby little turban for a wee cion of masculinity is well dubbed "Our Dot."—*Countess Annie de Montaign.*

Politeness at Home.

A lady furnishes us with a glimpse of her home life by the following questions:

Don't you think a man should be as polite to his wife as he is to other women? Why should he be wholly devoted during his engagement and constantly indifferent after marriage?

The questions constitute a pretty hard nut to crack. We rather shrink from answering them, because they involve a severe criticism of our own sex. If we tell the whole truth we may call down the anathemas of every "jo ked radish," alias man, in Christendom. Still, not even the martyrdom in prospect shall deter us from defending the right.

The man who isn't as polite in his own home as he is in other people's homes should be immersed in molten lead and kept submerged until he repents of the crime.

We fear, however, that the root of the difficulty is in human nature, that all men are alike in this respect, because they are all made out of the same raw material. If we had been consulted when the work of creation was going on we should have suggested that every act of impoliteness be followed by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism or gout as a natural and inevitable consequence. If men had been built on that plan one of the greatest obstacles to domestic bliss might have been removed. We are inclined to think, though, that the sin of which our correspondent complains is not wholly confined to the sterner sex. We once heard of a little tragedy which forces us to this unpalatant and heartrending conclusion While a beautifully dressed dame was promenading the drawing room a mysterious sound was heard as of something ripping. It was the shrill screech of some silk, the loud lamentation of a costly train that was being divorced from the embroidered waist. The lady turned with blanched cheek and heard a piteous voice, like the wail of a perturbed ghost, crying, "A thousand pardons, madame!" A forced smile, resembling artificial flowers, wreathed her lips and she was about to say, "It is of no consequence at all," when she caught sight of the culprit—her husband. The smile vanished, the gorgeous sun of courtesy slunk behind a bank of black clouds, and a look shot from the eyes of azure hue which meant, if properly interpreted, a lingering death by torture on the return home. God help the husband! our informant murmured, and hastily sought solace in a plate of escalloped oysters and chicken salad.

It is the oddest thing in life that a man can behave like a day in June when among strangers and like a Dakota tornado in his