

feats are purely mechanical and some of them can be performed by anyone with little preliminary practice. Yet there are some feats performed by this lady that can hardly be explained by the ordinary laws of mechanics and the skeptic even looks troubled when he is asked to explain them.

At the annual convention of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers, Dr. Rexford made the statement that failure to perfect oneself in any branch of learning in early life had a great effect on after studies. He claimed that not three-fourths of the candidates who presented themselves for Normal School diplomas at the last examination were able to answer one of the questions in common arithmetic although it had been on the board for three years. The proceedings were somewhat altered by an examination, in arithmetic, of the ladies sitting in the front row. It came quite unexpectedly, and the audience was much amused. It is expected that at the next convention the front row of seats will be vacant. Inspector R. J. Hewton, of Richmond, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year.

Mgr. Satolli, the papal ablegate, passed through the city last Friday *en route* for the United States on his return from Quebec. Speaking of Cardinal Taschereau, the ablegate said he had aged very greatly since he had seen him last, in 1888. Cardinal Taschereau had not been surprised at the despatches stating that the ablegate's visit was for the purpose of settling difficulties between himself and his flock, as such rumours of alleged conflicts had been periodically circulated, though the best feeling existed throughout the whole diocese. As to the rumors of his approaching appointment as a cardinal, Mgr. Satolli said that this was, no doubt, a repetition of the stereotyped rumor which has been circulated at different intervals. He had no knowledge that the red hat was on its way across the sea, and as he was the person most interested, surely he would know something about it. He expressed himself delighted at what he had heard and seen, both in Quebec and Montreal.

There is considerable talk of holding a carnival during the coming winter, and a committee has been formed to ascertain the feeling of the citizens and to see if enough money can be raised to warrant the launching of such a venture. The hotelkeepers and railway men seem to be in favour of the carnival, but the store-keepers are not so enthusiastic that they will go into their pockets to help it along. The last carnival did not do them much good, and they considered that the money given towards it was poorly invested. But the failure was due to the weather which stopped train loads of sightseers on the boundary line, and kept them there in snow banks and on short rations for two or three days. There, however, have been carnivals held in this city which were very successful from every point of view, and there is no reason why there should not be another. But times are hard and the business man moves with caution. Already some ten thousand dollars have been subscribed. The Mayor has been approached in regard to the matter and he will bring it up before the city council. The estimated cost of the ice palace is ten thousand dollars.

Local political circles were put in a flurry last week by the rumour that Sir Donald Smith would not seek re-election to

the Dominion Parliament for the western division of Montreal after the expiration of the present term, and almost concurrent with this was the rumour that Alderman Costigan had an eye to the Conservative nomination for the said division. It seems that the first rumour is not without foundation, but Mr. Costigan denies that he has done anything to warrant the latter one, and he names other gentlemen whom he thinks more likely and more capable to be the party standard bearer in the western division. Some of the leading members of the party organizations, in case of Mr. Smith's retirement, favour the nomination of Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, the president of the Junior Conservative Club. This gentleman is very popular and has the capabilities of making a good representative, not only of the party, but of the whole division.

Judge Dugas expressed his views on the detective force and the city's crime before the special police investigation committee last Wednesday. He had no hesitation in saying that the Montreal detective force was many years behind the times. It lacks system and ability, the average detective knowing nothing of the modern means of detecting crime, especially the science of identification which is so completely carried out in other countries, particularly in France. The headquarters lack proper accommodation. There is too much jealousy among the men and through it criminals are allowed to escape. Cases are never followed up; the detective soon gets tired and picks up new cases before finishing the old. There might be better men and their might be better pay. There was the matter of disguise, so vital in the pursuit of criminals; the detectives know nothing about it. The detectives were all well known to the criminals, who had no trouble in keeping out of the way. There should be a new system of instruction suited to the larger requirements of Montreal. The judge favours the regulation of the social vice. He would not license it, but he would have the disreputable places always under surveillance. Efforts should be made to rescue girls that have fallen for the first time, but should their efforts fail then to place them in a certain class and keep them there. This regulation would be in the interests of society. Judge Dugas was the only witness examined during that session. Chief Detective Cullen, put on the stand the day following, was forced to admit a great many things which prove conclusively that there is no such thing as system in the detective force.

A. J. F.

A PAGE FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

ON AN OLD VENETIAN PORTRAIT.

The features loom out of the darkness
As brown as an ancient scroll,
But the eyes gleam on with the fire that shone
In the dead man's living soul.

He is clad in a Cardinal's mantle,
And he wears the cap of state,
But his lip is curled in a sneer at the world,
And his glance is full of hate.

Old age has just touched with its winter
The hair on his lip and chin,
He stooped, no doubt, as he walked about,
And the blood in his veins was thin.

His date and his title I know not,
But I know that the man is there
As cruel and cold as in days of old
When he schemed for the Pontiff's chair.

He never could get into heaven,
Though his lands were all given to pay
For prayers to be said on behalf of the dead
From now till the judgment day.

His palace, his statues and pictures
Were heaven, at least for a time;
And now he is "where?" Why, an ornament
there
On my wall, and I think him sublime!

For the gold of another sunset
Falls over him even now,
And it deepens the red of the cap on his head,
And it brings out the line on his brow.

The ages have died into silence,
And men have forgotten his tomb,
But he still sits there in his cardinal's chair
And he watches me now in the gloom.

ANDANTE.

The days and weeks are going, love,
The years roll on apace,
And the hand of time is showing, love,
In the care-lines on thy face.

But the tie that bound our hearts, love,
In the morning's golden haze,
Is a tie that never parts, love,
With the passing of the days.

For, though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light will shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead.

THE CRIPPLE.

I met once in a country lane
A little cripple pale and thin,
Who from my presence sought again,
The shadows she had hidden in.

Her wasted cheeks the sunset skies
Had hallowed with their fading glow,
And in her large and lustrous eyes
There dwelt a child's unuttered woe.

She crept into the autumn wood,
The parted bushes closed behind—
Poor little heart, I understood
The shameless shame that filled her mind.

I understood and loved her well
For one sad face I loved of yore;
And down the lane the dead leaves fell
Like dreams that pass for evermore.

IN THE CHURCH YARD.

As now my feet are straying
Where all the dead are lying,
O, trees, what are ye saying
That sets my soul a-sighing?

Your sound is as the weeping
Of one that dreads the morrow.
Or sob of sad heart sleeping
For fullness of its sorrow.

Methinks your rootlets groping
Beneath the dark earth's layers
Have found the doubt and hoping,
The blasphemies and prayers,

Of hearts that here are feeding
The worm, and now in pity
Ye storm with interceding
The floor of God's great city.

A NOCTURNE.

In the little French church at the bend of the
river,
When roaring and loud was the wind in the
night,
An altar-lamp burnt to the mighty Grace-Giver,
The Holy Child Jesus—the Light of the
Light.

It was hung on a chain from the roof and was
swinging,
As if the unseemly commotion to chide,
Like the choir-master's baton when hushing the
singing,
Or the tongue of the bell when its tollings
subsided.

It lit up the poor paper flowers on the altar,
And odd were the shadows it scattered around
On pulpit and lectern, on choir-seat and psalter,
While the chains threw the ghost of a cross on
the ground.