

## Oh, for a Day of Spring!

From the London Weekly Sun.  
Oh, for a day of spring.  
A day of flowers and folly,  
Of birds that pipe and sing,  
And boyhood's melancholy;  
I would not grudge the laughter  
The tears that follow after.

## Oh, for a day of youth.

A day of strength and passion,  
Of words that told the truth  
And deeds that would fashion;  
I would not leave untried  
One glory while it lasted.

## Oh, for a day of days.

A day with you, and pleasure  
Of love in all its ways,  
And life in all its measure!  
Win me that day of sorrow,  
And let me die to-morrow.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

## ODD INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION.—VIII.

The Beautiful Bay where the Apostle Paul was Shipwrecked—A Wanderer's Loving Companionship with Birds—Notes on the Weather—Singers of Malta and Cuba—Child-Training of Seal Fishers—Some Lonesome Lighthouses and Their Keepers.

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London, Feb. 6, 1893.

When I first tramped over the heights of Naxos, descending into the valley beyond and saw spread before me the Bay of St. Paul, a sense of awe, mingled with glorious elation, came with the stillness and beauty of the spot where the historic Apostle was shipwrecked. The bay, which is about two miles long and one in breadth, is situated on the northern coast of Malta, and is hardly distant a brisk two hours' walk from Valetta, the chief city of Malta. Countless excursions are made hither by water from Malta's capital, and often the roads are filled with all manner of vehicles conveying pious or curious pilgrims. I preferred coming in the early morning and alone.

As I stood on Naxos heights, the sun was just rising above the promontory of Ras-el-Kaur. Its rays fell softly upon the sleeping waters. They gave the little memorial chapel a bright and smiling face. They deepened the shadows on the eastern shore, where fishermen were lazily spreading their nets. They pierced the copes and chimes of the Maltese alopes, disclosing the huts and cabins of the lowly folk who are nearly as naked and quite as listless of civilization as were the "barbarian" forefathers among whom St. Paul was cast nearly 2,000 years ago. They mellowed the grays of the massive walls of the ancient Salomna Palace, which crowns the Mellieha rocks to the north. And where the little island of Gzira, like a bit of the cliffs tumbled into the sea at the north, showed its saffron surface between the blue of the bay and the sapphire of the sea, they flooded the great statue of the saint with such transcendent shine and seeming, that the quickened fancy, for an instant at least, swept across the centuries and basked in the very presence of that far and mighty soul.

A winding road skirts the beautiful bay. An ancient wall half hidden with shrubs and flowers forms a boundary with a second pleasant road behind. The fishermen with their nets, some donkeys grazing at the edge of the hill-slopes, seagulls in countless numbers, and a half-naked lad urging along a heifer, with rooks and pebbles, were the only living things in view. Soon a kindly-faced priest joined me. We wandered down the road together. He had come with the key of the little chapel which was set on that point of the shore on which tradition holds Paul's bark was wrecked.

As we came leisurely along the shore something in the water attracted my companion's attention. We stepped closer to the wimpling edge of the sleeping bay. The face of the priest showed momentary excitement, and he made the sign of the cross. There, softly bumping against a low-lying, shelving rock, floated a waterlogged piece of a broken spar—wreckage flashing instantly to the fancy a wilder scene of nearly 2,000 years ago, when the fearless Apostle found a hospitable friend in "the chief man of the island." It proved a startling incident to my guide. He recalled the tradition that since St. Paul's shipwreck within this very bay, no craft had ever gone to pieces on this part of the coast; and not even so trifling a hint of the terrors of the sea had ever come to the shore as we had just seen. Ruminatively and much disturbed he led the way to the chapel.

It is a tiny chapel with an interior of utmost simplicity. But three of its pictures, whose subjects are the shipwreck, the miracle of the viper, and the healing of Publius' father, are remarkable, while the yearly votive offerings, the good father told me, are very great. The priest's adios and blessings followed me from the place, and as I turned my steps towards ancient Citra Vecchia, the last object in St. Paul's bay my eyes rested upon was the ledge of struggling rocks "where the two seas met." It was rimmed with a shimmer of glittering ripples as tiny, shining and slumberous as though but echoing the dreamful songs of sirens inviting to a haven of endless sleep.

From my habit of wandering alone, and much in the country, in foreign lands, I have come to regard their birds as my most charming chance acquaintances. I can recall no place where their companionship has seemed so alluring and precious to me as in the almost sterile islands of Malta. Absolutely without trees, save those transplanted and nurtured like exotic flowers, Malta would hardly be regarded as the haunt of birds. And yet I have seen or heard here in midwinter nearly every one of the loved and humble sort well known in summer-time in northern climes.

Along the rocky roads I have kept exultant pace with the hopping stonechat and redstart, and chirped back a cheery greeting to flocks of chaffinches among the white and gold of the orange trees. Climbing the cliffs, or pottering among the ruins, the melodies of thrush or lark have flooded the sky from the olive trees in the valleys below. Crossing the walled fields I have often come upon marshalled hosts of titlarks. Rooks, wrens, crossbills and fieldfares all welcomed me in a homelike language I knew. The call notes of the reed-sparrow peopled the famous island of the swans, and crows and olden forms and faces, and as the balmy evening came, the still, still, murmurous songs of the blackbirds thrilled me with half-forgotten voices of ever haunting youtid days and ways.

This recalls the exquisite pleasure I have enjoyed from my acquaintances with birds, and especially the song birds, of Cuba. Their variety and melody roundabout the grounds of old plantations are ravishing.

It has been written that what tropical birds gain in brilliancy of plumage they lose in variety and quality of song. That is not true in Cuba. The birds seem numberless. Their voices and singing are startlingly beyond anything possible for one to come upon at any one time in the States.

On one occasion when riding from Trinidad but a short distance into the Valle del Aguacate, I saw eighteen distinct species of birds—the crow, the parrot, the indigo-bird, the parakeet, the lapping, the oriole, the flamingo, the robin, the brown pelican, the pigeon, the mocking-bird, the canary, the golden-winged woodpecker, the English lady-bird, the blue-bird, the ibis, the cat-bird, and the humming-bird, of which there are said to be sixty varieties in Cuba! All of these birds are to be seen or heard about country homes; and besides, I have passed charming hours in the acquaintance of as many more, all of which regarded the plantation trees, shrubs and hedges theirs as surely as their human owners.

Among these were the following.—The solivios, which live by sucking honey from the flowers. They have brilliant green jackets, with yellow vests. As large as our robin, they live in round-shaped, double-windowed nests attached to the under side of large tropic leaves. The male is ruminative; but its mate is full of joyous songs. The mayitos are as large as our Southern mocking-bird, and in form and action resembles them. Their backs are blue-black and they have gorgeous yellow breasts, and a yellow slashing along each wing. Their songs are precisely like those of the canary, but bolder and stronger.

The negritos are here called the black canary-birds. Their wings have a few dainty white feathers and their singing is marvelous. The sivaneros are delightful inhabitants of shorter Cuban grasses, and have the form of our thrush, with dark puffed-brown feathers, delicately mottled, clinging close to the frame; and their cheery chatter is endless. Other frequenters of the ground and grasses about plantation-houses are the totises and the chinchiguacos.

They are alike black, and in their resemblance to the American blackbird, form and movement. Both are melodious but noisy. They flock in great numbers and cry "Klee-ee!"—klee-ee!—klee-ee!" with the rhythmic modulations of silver bells. First, the totises sound their triple notes, with rising scale, as if questioning. Then from hundreds of hidden places answer is made in descending scale, by the chinchiguacos. The notes are almost identical; simply reversed. A singular fact is that when the former sing their tails spread laterally, and the latter, perpendicularly. Thousands at one time will flock about these home-spots, ringing these bird-voice chimes until the din is often startling.

The cabrereros are between the mocking-bird and canary in size, and are very beautiful. They are a mottled black, yellow and red in color. One of their interesting characteristics is to eat so freely as to barely enable them to remain upon branch or shrub, when they twitter and sing with continuous and plaintive sweetness. Two dainty species are the tomerogies and the pitoras. Both are much smaller than the smallest canary, and but a trifle larger than the humming-bird. For its size the former has the most striking plumage of all Cuban birds. With a Robin Hood jacket of brightest green, its breast is set with a silver crescent, while its gleaming black, plum-like comb surmounts its tiny head. Its notes are similar to those of the American robin, but with more of the piccolo in them than the flute.

The pitoras are smaller, with a black-and-white back, a white breast and a red neck. It is an incessant singer, with a pretty variety of trilled notes. But their notes are the buffoons of these plantation choristers. They are the size of our wrens, of ash color, mottled with black and yellow, with yellow bills and feet. Their imitative activity is astounding. Differing from the crow, magpie and mocking-bird, they possess many of the qualities of each, though their gibes, taunts and teasing seem directed against other birds, rather than humans. Their imitative powers are marvelous. They will mock the notes of all song birds to a nicety of tone and modulation, and their range of mimicry reaches to fair imitation of the whinneying of a horse, while their saucy pranks are supported by more than bravado for each is a confirmed, bawling bird in stifle, the rascals are without exception undaunted fighters.

A curious incident of a great industry having almost its origin, and certainly deriving its necessary physical support, from a children's game, came to my no ice recently in Labrador. This game is called "Covey." It is similar under its peculiar conditions to that of your own children when they bostersit "follow your leader."

It is indeed a wild and dangerous game, but is heartily encouraged by parents, as being at the basis of all success in seal hunting. When the ice begins breaking up in March, all Labrador and Newfoundland children hail the arrival of their annual play-spell with joyous delight. "Covey" consists in leaping from one floating slab, or pan, of ice to another. The most daring of leaders are selected, and the sport is followed with tremendous vigor so long as the moving ice remains. Its utility lies in its educative power. The very expertness and bravery thus engendered are the supreme requisites in youths and men as seal hunters.

In the middle of the narrow straits of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador, stands weird, desolate Belle Isle itself, the first land sighted on the green sea coast. There is a lighthouse on the southern headland, but no other sign of human habitation. The island is simply a tremendous monolith of stone nine miles long and three broad, rising precipitously from the sea at the outer entrance of the strait, with not an iota of verdure upon its iron-like sides and top. Once sailed close enough to Belle Isle in a little schooner, to supply its early keeper with a few newspapers and some comforting American tobacco, which prompted this reminiscence from the skipper of our craft.

"Yes," he said ruminatively, "only once a year a government vessel, and once every five years a whaler, come here; and the storms are so terrible that every time we sailors pass we dread to look up there, fearing the light's 'll be blown away. How hard does the wind blow? Well, I can't rightly give ye the velocity but I can furnish facts. Twenty years ago 'n' I well remember him—a keeper named Vaughan had charge of the light. He got sort o' hankerin' arter green things. A wifely fool; but twas hard to git any body to stay there at all, so they 'lowed his scheme for a garding. They took hull boat-loads o' soil up there 'n' made him a garding 'n' acre big. Nothin' would grow on it, but he liked to dig in it probably. One evening a whifin' sort o' storm riz, 'n' sorter kept risin' all night. When Vaughan poked his head out in the mornin' he couldn't see the garding nowhere. He didn't know at first, but he was a little confused himself, 'n' climbed back and took his bearin'; but ther' was no garding nowhere certain.

That tornado had jest yanked up the hull side 'n' spilled it all over th' 'Lantie. Vaughan had sperit, he did. He wouldn't stand that. So he threw up the job 'n' took to shovin' seals."

A few years since I found a lighthouse-keeper in still greater misfortune than the Belle Isle keeper who lost his garden. This was while coasting among the Bahama Islands. It was at Double Shot Head keys at the edge of the grand banks of Bahama, which you would pass, were you crossing the banks Cubaward, as you entered the Gulf of Mexico. It is a dangerous spot in navigation, low, ugly-looking, dreary, and juts out of the sea savagely. The English government has a lighthouse here. A half dozen men who make salt, and the lighthouse keeper and his wife, are the only souls who have existed here for a score of years.

The woman is a character. In England she was such a shrew that the Government finally took cognizance of her powers of home and neighborhood ruin and provided her husband, who was a lighthouse-keeper on the Devonshire coast, with this forlorn and isolated charge. The woman is forty incarnate fiends. Besides, she is a pirate in her way. Alone and unaided she will haunt the channel for merchant craft plying between Cuba and American ports, demanding tribute. Skippers have a wholesome fear of her tongue and a superstitious dread of her "evil eye," and will humbly toss her pork, beef, sacks of onions or potatoes and the like, glad to thus easily escape her wrath and maledictions. Her husband is an humble prisoner and slave. Several half-brothers but altogether ridiculous attempts to rescue him have been made by wreckers and others haunting the Florida and Bahama reefs and keys, and in each instance this virago of Double Shot Head keys has nearly clubbed them to death for their pains.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## Renan's Point of View.

Given a man of unflinching loyalty to the conclusions of science wherever they may lead him; a man of unreserved agnosticism so far at least as the record of his writings commits him; a man of so powerful a scientific imagination that, it has been said, he anticipated Darwin and Spencer; a man whose literary genius was combined with his warmth and glow; a man who lived in his story and made it live; a man of charming personality, to whom mere existing was a perpetual source of interest and pleasure—in short, a man who is a wonderful combination of scientific imagination, literary art, scholarly training, historical insight, and individual optimism; and a man who, in the "intellectually unsatisfying" picture of the tendencies of phenomena as seen by the light of science, and what has M. Renan to offer of suggestion or hope? The answer is a curious one, and is given in an article contributed to the Revue des Deux Mondes a great many years ago. This, suggested by L. P. Whipple, is an essay on "Religion and Scientific Theories," where it is referred to as an article of which Renan's admirers equally with his adversaries seem to be strangely ignorant. Mr. Whipple in summarizing Renan's article thus gives its substance:

"Science shows that, in the slow but sure operation of natural laws, the solar system must be destroyed. A million years is a comparatively short period in the figures of astronomy. If scientific men have during the past hundred and fifty years made such enormous advances in the discovery, control, and application of the forces of Nature, why should they not, in the course of a million years, contrive to arrest the seeming tendency of our solar system to self destruction? In a century and a half much has been done; what may not be done in ten thousand centuries in a 'square fight' of the quick faculties of mind against the slow operations of matter? Our foremost men of science are mere babes in knowledge, as well as in power, compared to the men who will rise in the next thousand years, if science and invention go on at their present continually accelerated pace. Why, on this principle, should not man at the end of a million years obtain control of the whole solar system?"—From "From Renan's Point of View," by Arthur Reed Kimball, in North American Review for February.

## The Douglas Fir.

The Canadian Lumberman reports the following conversation with Mr. W. J. Hendry, an eastern lumberman: "Have you had any experience with fir timber?" Mr. Hendry was asked. "Yes, there is the Douglas fir of the western slope of the Rockies, sometimes called Kauri pine, which must hereafter attract great attention in the markets. It attains a great height; is non-resinous and non-fibrous, in fact is of outburst growth. It is free from all the defects of eastern pine and spruce, but lacks their strength. In the sixties a firm in Vancouver presented a flag pole to Her Majesty the Queen, 147 feet long, 14 inches caliper at the butt and 10 inches at the top of Kauri pine, but when it was being placed in position at Kew Gardens it broke. The chief market for this kind of lumber would be the islands of the Pacific, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, Australia, New Zealand, the western peninsula of India, Mauritius, Ceylon and the Cape." "What could such lumber be used for?" "It is bound to replace sandal wood for tea boxes, and being capable of taking a nice polish, would make a fashionable material for furniture. Oak is about done, and this Douglas fir will become the leading stave wood for barrel manufacture. It is easy and economical to work and does not contain tannins, like oak, which renders packed meats, butter, lard, etc., rancid. In fact pork or beef kept in oak barrels for a lengthened period actually becomes tainted with the essence of the tannin contained in the oak staves. The probabilities of the stave trade are simply immense and British Columbia has a mine of wealth in her Kauri pine forests."

## Yes, I Have Tried It.

Two business men met the other day in one of Montreal's public dining rooms. One of these gentlemen was suffering from hoarseness and sore throat, and has been using a cough preparation without getting any good results from it.

The sufferer informed his friend of his trouble, and said: "I was advised just now to use the Harward Bronchial Syrup; do you know anything about it?"

The reply came quickly and with great assurance: "Yes, I have tried this wonderful cough syrup, and have no hesitation in declaring it to be the best I have ever used. Give it a trial at once, and I promise you that you will never use any other."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## A CHAPTER OF SCOTTISH HISTORY. How One of the Titles Borne by the Prince of Wales was Acquired by the Royal Family.

"Kivan" writes to the Edinburgh Scotsman:—In the weekly Scotsman of the 10th inst. a correspondent enquires how it is that one of the Prince of Wales' titles is "Lord of the Isles," seeing that Lord Macdonald is also "of the Isles." As this is a question which I am sure will be of interest to many readers, I subjoin in a brief account of this once powerful family, from which it will be seen how the title passed from the Macdonalds to the King of Scotland, by whose eldest son it has since been retained. My information is based principally on Towry's "Clanship and the Clans," but I have also consulted other works on the subject, where I found that authority deficient. According to the Irish annals Argyll and the Western Isles were from the earliest period of our history inhabited by a people named the Gall-Gael or Gaelic pirates, to distinguish them from the Norwegian and Danish invaders. The first king was Anlaf, the son of Sidroo and a daughter of Ivar, chief of the Danish pirates; but the founder of the family of the Isles was Gillebride MacGille Adamnan, who had the ill-fortune to be expelled from his possessions by the Norwegians, and sought refuge in Ireland. Having received assistance from the McQuarries and McMahones, he afterwards undertook an expedition for the recovery of his territories, but was unsuccessful, and it was left to his son to retrieve.

## THE FORTUNES OF HIS HOUSE.

This son was the "Mighty Somerled." Putting himself at the head of the inhabitants of Morven, he expelled the Norwegian invaders, and soon became master of Morven, Lochaber and Argyll, and in order to secure the Isles for his posterity, he carried off and married the daughter of Olaf, Norwegian King of the Isles. By her he had three sons, Dougal, Reginald and Angus. Somerled now sought a wider sphere for his operations. After an attempt to secure the Earldom of Moray for his grandsons, his next great aim was to depose Malcolm IV in favor of the "Boy of Egremon" (William, grandson of Duncan, a son of Malcolm Canmore), but after many expeditions he was ultimately repulsed by Gilchrist, Earl of Angus, and a treaty of peace was concluded in 1153, held to be of such importance that it formed an era in dating Scottish charters. The fiery spirit of this warrior once again asserted itself, and in a second rising in 1154 Somerled, with his army appeared at Roxburgh on the Clyde, where he was met by the Steward of Scotland with a large force, and slain along with Gillecallum, a son born of a previous marriage. Gillecallum's son, Somerled II, then succeeded to his grandfather's possessions in the Highlands, while Dougal, above mentioned, acquired sway over the Isles. Somerled II. reigned in undisturbed possession till 1221, when he took part in an insurrection which caused Alexander II to march against him. Collecting an army in Lothian and Galloway, the Scottish King sailed for Argyll, but was overtaken on the way by a storm and

## DRIVEN INTO THE CLYDE.

A second attempt, however, proved more successful, and Somerled was compelled to retire to the Isles. At the same time Argyll was raised into a sheriffdom, with Gillepie Campbell of Lochawe as his hereditary sheriff. In the 1230s, under the name of Sundereyan kings, appear the two sons of Dougal—Dougal Scrag and Duncan. On these princes refusing to yield even a nominal homage to Norway, King Haco despatched his commander, Uspac, with a fleet to reduce them to obedience, but the leader of the expedition was in reality a brother of the two men he had been sent to subdue, and, abandoning the service of Haco, united himself to them. Upon this Haco himself proceeded against them, and ultimately slew Dougal Scrag and his ally Somerled II. Uspac and Duncan escaped, but the former was afterwards slain in Bute. Duncan subsequently reasserted his authority, and founded the priory of Ardrachattan in Lorn. His son and successor, Ewen, continued his allegiance to Haco, and when he refused to assist Alexander II. to recover the Isles, that monarch collected an army and sailed for the Isles, but was defeated at Kerrera on the 8th July, 1249. Alexander III. on attaining his majority, resolved to complete the designs of his father, and sent the Earl of Ross against the Isles. Haco collected an army, and, assisted by many Highland chiefs, determined to oppose the forces of the Scottish King, and, if possible, assert his sovereignty over the territories in question. In 1253 both armies met at Largs, where, as we know the Norwegian fleet was totally destroyed, and Haco's

## 4 HOPES WERE FOR EVER BLASTED.

Even, who during the hostilities had changed his mind remained neutral, died without male issue, and the lordship of the Isles then passed to the descendants of Reginald, second son of Somerled I. Upon the failure of that line by the slaughter of Reginald in 1348, it was inherited by John Macdonald, chief of the Clan Donald, who had married his third cousin, Amy, sister of Ronald; in this family it remained until the failure of the direct line by the death of Donald Dhu in 1545. The period is also noteworthy as marking the commencement of the decline of the great Clan Macdonald, who, after becoming divided and broken into various branches, James IV. ascended the Scottish throne in 1494, and in the sixth year of his reign twice visited the Highlands and the Isles, and having penetrated as far as Dunstaffnage and Mingarry, reduced most of the refractory chiefs to obedience. The Lord of the Isles, however, refused to submit, and the king, not being then in a condition to attack him in his strongholds, with any prospect of success, returned to Edinburgh, where he assembled a Parliament which declared the title and possessions of John, then Lord of the Isles, to be forfeited to the crown. Since that period the title has been borne by the heir apparent to the Scottish throne. Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slate died at Rome in 1766, and in the same year his son Alexander was raised to the Peerage as Lord Macdonald of Slate (in the County of Antrim), and his present descendant, known to the Highlanders as MacDonnald's Billein, or "Macdonald of the Isles," unquestionably represents the ancient Lords of the Isles.

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