

pelled to give relief to her feelings through her pen. Longfellow and Swinburne are her favourite poets, and when she wants a novel she picks up William Black in preference to any other. She is inordinately fond of animals and flowers, and may be seen gracing and enlivening the season's social gaieties in the neighbourhood of her home, Chiefswood, near Brantford.

Of our YOUNG CANADIAN Miss Johnson says - "I am delighted to feel that we poor verse-writers have one more opportunity of giving some of our good work to Canadian publications, for it is a lamentable fact that, because of the refusal of our own papers to pay for poetry, we are driven to the States, where it is not actual starvation to be guilty of sentiment and rhyme."

Chiefswood has long been a rendezvous of refinement, grace, and culture. The Indian hospitality and courtesy there experienced, with the great Chief, now alas! gone, his "Chief Matron," and her charming Princesses, is a picture which lingers in the memory of many who are now silvering with age in the service of their country.

A NEW CURE.

It comes from Chicago this time. A man was in hospital with cancer, and after an operation by the doctors, a large wound was left. The doctors thought that nothing but a new coating of human skin over this wound would save the patient's life. The human skin was procured, and successfully placed on the wound. A good part of it became attached quite naturally, and performed the duty of the man's own skin. But, unfortunately, the man's strength had gone too far. The experiment did not save his life, as had been fondly anticipated.

But the gratifying fact was brought out that so soon as the man's condition was known, and that a supply of human skin might save him, no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two of his fellow-workmen gladly volunteered to bare their arms for the purpose. All honour to their memory.

OUR OWN VICTORIA AT PORTSMOUTH.

To launch two new war-ships Her Majesty went to the Dock-yards, and Queen's weather attended Her Royal Footsteps.

Everything is electricity nowadays, and the old must give place to the new, so the arrangements were all in keeping with the advance of science. The Chaplain of the Dock-yard read a service, and the people cheered. That was all that was not done by electricity. Her Majesty touched a knob of ebony. The bolts were released. The weights fell. The huge hulk glided down. The small boys cried "She's off." They meant the ship and not the Lady. And the big boys took off their caps as the band played our National Anthem. This was the "Royal Arthur," and its mate, the "Royal Sovereign," received a similar honour, and floated gaily into the water. These ships are two out of eight new ones that are to be built, and that are to be the largest ever built yet. The "Royal Sovereign" cost one million sterling.

How we should have liked to be there. We miss much in Canada, by missing ship-building and ship-launching.

SOMETHING NEW IN PARIS.

Our noisy newsboys had better look out. They are monopolists, and as such are looked upon with suspicion.

In Paris they have been quietly put out of harm's way by the nickel-in-the-slot. Attached to the cabs is a machine in which the fashionables deposit ten cents and pull out their morning newspaper, with the programme of amusements for the day, and the Parisian is nowhere without these. Other inducements are in the rear. The happy investor is insured against accident while in the cab. He can make his purchases at the nearest grocery at a discount. And ten per cent of the profits are to go to found a Cabmen's Refuge.

A VERY DARING ROBBERY.

They are quite a profession nowadays, are robbers, and here is another sample of their success, which happened last month in London.

Two clerks went out together on bank business from the Bank of Scotland in London. They walked together as far as their duties permitted, as young friends are sure to do, and then turned off, each on his own errand, arranging to meet again and return to their own bank together when their business was completed. One of them, called McKenzie, went to the National Provincial Bank of England, proceeded to the counter and laid his satchel down. The satchel had the name, Bank of Scotland, in gilt letters. As he laid it on the counter he felt a touch on his shoulder. Turning round he was asked by a gentleman standing near if he could direct him to the Union Bank of London. McKenzie was in the act of replying when, suddenly casting a glance to his precious satchel, to his horror he discovered that it was gone.

Stupefied with amazement, he looked searchingly around for the culprit. No one seemed hurrying away suspiciously. The clerks had observed nothing—no one. Not a move or bustle to give the slightest clue. The theft had been committed so cleverly, the satchel lifted so expeditiously, that nobody was the wiser in the least degree. The bag was full of Bank of England notes to the extent of fifty-six thousand dollars. McKenzie was quite unable to furnish any description of the man who had asked him the enquiry about the Union Bank. Of course the police have the case in hand, and as the London police are sharpened by a continued warfare of this sort, we may hope for further light on the subject.

AN ODDITY.

A gentleman in England has caught a white frog, something which seems to have put all our theories of like-father-like-son to the wall. Where did he come from? How got he here? The finder passed him over to the learning of the Geological Society, and he is now on exhibition, where we may be sure that froggy takes things as coolly as ever. He has, however, very little room to frisk around, being confined in a small box filled with weeds.

CURIOS.

In connection with the recent terrible disaster at Springhill, when so many lives were lost by an explosion in a coal pit, a story is going around about an old woman, a prophetess, who had predicted the event. The prophecy took such hold of the people that an official examination of the mine took place in order to reassure the men. Many of them, however, refused to be reassured, and would not enter the mine. Their faith in the old woman, Mother Coe was her name, saved their lives.