

took opportunity to score their Gorham brethren for their shortsightedness. On Mr. O'Neill's return to New York the metropolitan writers acknowledged their mistake, and were now as profuse in praise as they had been scanty before. After the end of the first year, James O'Neill bought Monte Cristo from Stetson, which proved to be a good investment, as he kept it in his repertoire over ten years, and has played the part of Edmond Dante, over 3,000 times, as no other actor could do it.

Lord Cork has been appointed "master of the horse" by Queen Victoria at a salary of \$12,500 a year. During his term of office he will have the privilege of using the royal carriages, the royal liveries and the royal servants, and can drive around in royal state with Lady Cork by his side. Lord Cork and his wife are intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, the denationalized Americans who prefer a monarchy to a republic, and it is supposed that the master and mistress of the equine will give the use of Her Majesty's rigs to their American chums to ride in around the streets of London. Lord and Lady Cork are Irish Home Rulers.

In referring to the fact that the official statement explanatory of the estimates for the British navy for 1894-95 has been received by the press of England with almost unqualified satisfaction, the *Toronto Empire* says that the credit is almost all bestowed upon Lord Spencer, whose hands were untied the moment Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind to retire. The naval budget asks a net total vote of nearly seventeen and a half millions sterling for the ensuing year, or £3,126,000 in excess of the year closed. The increase takes into consideration every demand of the recent agitation for maintaining the naval supremacy, and accordingly the expenditure will be distributed over ship-building, armaments, manning, victualling and new works. Of these items ship-building is of course the most important, but at the same time the increase in the number of officers and men from 76,700 to 83,400 is a prominent part of the programme. All of the ten first-class battle ships ordered under the Naval Defence Act will be ready next month, and out of the forty-two new cruisers only five of the second-class then remain unfinished. The battleship *Rivern* and the *Majestic* and *Magnificent* are being advanced as rapidly as possible, and six out of forty-two torpedo boat destroyers are to be ready by the end of the present month. In the coming financial year it is proposed to commence seven battleships of the first-class, six cruisers of the second-class and two sloops. The new battleships will be designed after the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. Independent of the vessels completing under the Naval Defence Act and the six torpedo boat destroyers now nearly complete, England will have building in the Government dock yards and in private yards ten first-class battleships, eleven first and second-class cruisers, four sloops and thirty-six torpedo boat destroyers. The complete naval programme has been arranged for a term of five years, and, of course, the whole of the quinquennial plan is not de-

clared, but Lord Spencer assures Parliament that it has been settled after a careful review not only of the present relative strength of the British navy as compared with that of other powers, but also of the number and class of ships of war which are now being built abroad. The mole at Gibraltar is to be strengthened, and a new graving dock built there. On the whole it appears the Government has candidly faced the expenditure necessary to ensure Britain's supremacy.

PERE GRINATOR.

HOOLAGHAN AMONG THE CHINESE.

VICTORIA, April 10.

DEER TIM—Here I am, after all me meanderens, in Victoria, British Columbia—a big settlement of whitemen, Chinamen, Indians and Dazoes. The whitemen talks English, the Chinamen Chinese, the Indians Chinook, and the Dazoes, of course, Italian. Well, Tim, you'll be wantin' to no somethin' of the whole of thim, and I wont be widout tellin' ye. Meself dosen't no many of the whitemen yet, altho' there's lots of the sons of ould Erin here, but I took a sthrool through Chinatown the other day, and, as we never saw a Chinaman at home in Ballyhooley, I'll be after tellin' ye what they're like.

First of all, Tim, ye must understand that a Chinaman isn't a man at all at all, naither is he a woman—he's only a Chinese. The craythurs wares no hare on their face, but lets it all grow at the back of their hed in what they calls a Q. When they havn't enough to make a Q, they twist in thread or somethin' else until they get a sort of tail that hangs from the back of their heds to about fourteen laches below where Paddy O'Rafferty, the soldier, wore the brest-plate at the Crimea war, when the bullet glided of that part of his carcase immediately under the tail of his tunic. Well, as I was saying, Tim, having nothing else to do—for times are darned hard here—I took a sthrool down Chinatown, and of all the quare names and sines ye ever seen, they're there. There was won of thim "Tim Tooke, washing and ironing," and faix but I thought he might be a distant cousin of yer own, so in I goes. "Is Tim in?" says I. "Me, Tim," says he. "Are yees anything to Tim Branagan, of Ballyhooley, Oireland?" says I. "Me no savee Bawleyhowlin," says he. "Is yer wife in," says I, "Mrs. Tim Tooke, for maybe she'd no her relations?" And wid that he calls out a small little craythur with chaney ear-rings dangling from her ears. "Parley voo, clow howya, chillicum, mavourneen," says I; but she only grined a Chinese smile, like the crack in a broken plate stuck together wid tick-all cement—and the pair of thim laughed. "Faix, Tim," says I, "but she wears the britches, anyway," for the chap himself was washin' clothes and the woman lookin' on at him. "Hip good," says he. "The devil a good hip," says I; "I don't know how she hangs her clothes on it. If that's hip good in Chinatown, it's not what we'd call good hips in Ballyhooley." I couldn't get anything out of the chap, nor out of Mrs. Tooke either only "savee," "hip good," "wishey washey," and haythen grins.

The haythen Chinese is no beauty,
Tho' some people say he's a charm,

That he'll always be found at his duty,
While others are making of harm;
He'll do everything that's agoing,
That any ould woman would do,
From scouring the floor of the kitchen
To washing a night gown or two.

"What do ye do for a livin'?" says I to him, says I. "Washee," says he to me, says he, and with that he showed me a pair of—oh, the undacency of the rascal—that he was ironing, with almost four inches of the most beautifullest frilling at the top—no, the bottom—I mane the ends of each of them. "Yousabee," says he to me, says he, as he showed me the name of a young lady stamped on the waist band of them. And with that a few men came in with their shirts to be washed, and they all took a look and a laugh at what the Chinaman was showing me. "Ye'd live yer life long in Ballyhooley," says I to them, says I, "and a set of rap-callions like ye'd niver half a laugh at a young lady's what-ye-may-call-em," says I. I forgets what I called thim. "Velly good," says the Chinaman, says he, Oh, the undacency of the haythen rascal! He was no relation of yours, Tim. If he was, I wouldn't write to ye.

Well, the next place I went into was what they calls a gambling den, and there I seen men and women, boys and girls, and childer, all buying tickets for a drawing. "Try yer luck, Hoolaghan," says the Chinaman to me, says he (how the haythen new me name puzzles me). "If ye get nine spots," says he, "yer fortune is made." Meself took a ticket, after givin' him a dollar, and with his little paint brush marks nine spots. "Now, I'll be afther throublin' ye for that fortune," says I, "I made the nine spots." "Ye must wait for the drawing to-night," says he; but when I went back at night he towld me I drew nothin' and that there was no change coming to me out of me dollar. 'Tare-a-nouns, do you mane to tell me that I'm not goin' to get anything for me dollar?" says I. "That's what," says he. Meself got into a terrible rage, and was goin' to lambaste the haythen, when a whole lot of fellows got around me, and kept me fists from playin' on his face. Obsarvin' me agitation, they took me inside and palavered me into taking a smoke of the quarest and the strongest tobacco—Limerick twist is nothin' to it—that ever thravelled through a pipe shank. After haf-a-dozen drags I was fast asleep, and dreamed the quarest drames that mortal ever dreamed. I'll be afther tellin' ye me drame in me next letter. Here's to ye, Tim, till then.

Yer owld frend,
MIKE HOOLAGHAN.

EYESIGHT—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.—Everyday you hear some one say that his eyes are bad—he can't see as well as you can at a distance, or he can't read unless he holds his paper at arm's length from him. You ask him, why don't he get glasses? He answers: "If I start to wear glasses I will always have to! Such people do not realize the fact that their eyesight is always getting worse, which they could prevent with proper glasses. They would rather worry their eyes and wince than wear glasses which would do away with all the trouble. To do without glasses as long as possible is wrong. You should wear them as soon as your eyes feel strained or tired. Of course, it is very important that your glasses should be the proper ones to secure comfort and ease. Such glasses can only be obtained from a skilled optician, and the only place where such can be had is at F. W. Nolte & Co.'s, 37 Fort street.