

incident, having regard to the usual quality of these sketches, was that there was a banquet every week except during the one in question.

Amongst the illustrators of *The Whirlwind* were Roussel, Starr and Sickert. As might be expected, their contributions were clever; but like a good many of the Cockney impressionists, these men seemed to be actuated by a spirit of opposition to the prevailing taste rather than by the desire to follow their own natural bent. Perhaps this was one of the reasons for the limited circulation of *The Whirlwind*, for, though it had a large clientele of artists who found attractive qualities in a few pen-scratches by Mompes or Sickert, it never appealed to the public at large; and it is hardly to be wondered at that they found a difficulty in discovering in these drawings virtues which were only perceptible to a rather advanced group of the painters themselves. My recollection of the literary matter is only faint; but I remember that the pervading tone was one of banter; and, being no respectors of persons, Messrs. Vivian and Erskine made game of the prominent men in politics, art, letters and law, without the least fear, apparently, of calling down the wrath of these dignitaries.

It is possible that if *The Whirlwind* had lived it might have become a useful critical weekly. There is no doubt that during its brief life it pointed the finger of scorn at many abuses, affectations and charlatanism; but itself was not exempt from many of the faults which it derided in others. The management was full of conceit, egotism and affectation, and a magazine which contributes only satirical froth does not greatly add to the tide of criticism. Messrs. Erskine and Vivian did not take themselves any more seriously than they took others, and sober subscribers withheld their shillings and wrote themselves down for *The Strand*, *The Sketch*, *Black and White*, and other new illustrated magazines which seemed to have that proper leaven of dulness which conduces to longevity.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The first three numbers of "The Wild Flowers of Canada" have appeared. This is a portfolio of twenty-four pages published by *The Montreal Star*. It is to be welcomed, because of its coloured illustrations, which must, without doubt, render it a very useful accompaniment to Gray's and Wood's Manuals of Botany, which contain little more than verbal description of plants, and which are, in consequence, very unsatisfactory for use in plant determination. It is, however, to be regretted that the publishers have not succeeded in producing a better book. They claim to give "truthful portraits," and to give "each flower just as it looks in nature." But, of the many thousands of specimens of wild Indian Turnips (Jack-in-the-pulpit) which I have seen, not one is represented by the figure (30) of that plant given in number two of "The Wild Flowers of Canada." The same remark applies to the figures of the columbine, cat-mint, and some others. Many of them are too highly coloured, and it is not too much to say that all of them lack proper finish. As in the case of the illustrations, so with the reading accompanying them. Exaggeration and imperfection are evident. That Canada has very beautiful and interesting wild flowers, we are quite certain. But the statement that Canada "has the loveliest wild flowers in the universe" is not correct, and it should be omitted from a work of this kind. It would be much better if greater clearness and accuracy marked those parts of the work that treat of fertilization and roots. It would also be better if less space was given to mythology and the "language of flowers." There is surely an abundance of interesting, useful and practical knowledge of plants more

worthy to be presented to the general reader than the "language of flowers," or mythical stories, or even the derivation of technical terms. But probably the greatest fault of all is the lack of arrangement. The flower of the barberry family is placed with that of the figwort family, and the lily with the crowfoot! Again, the wild ginger (*Asarum Canadense*), which blooms in May, is coupled with the monkey-flower (*Mimulus ringens*), which blooms in July and August. Other flowers that bloom in June stand beside those that open in May or July. The employment of an arrangement, based either upon structural characters or upon the time of flowering, would have made the work much more convenient for amateur and student. Let us hope that an improvement in this respect may be made in the future numbers of this much-needed publication. H. M.

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Personal.

Our attention has been called to an error in our issue of the 5th April, which we regret should have occurred: It was stated that, "At the present time there is fixed to the wall at the entrance of the library of Parliament a handsome brass tablet which commemorates this interesting voyage of the *Savannah*, and owes its origin to the energy of Mr. Sanford Fleming." *Savannah* was written in mistake for *The Royal William*. Further we beg to apologize to Dr. Fleming for having misprinted his Christian name, which we well know is *Sanford*.

Mr L. J. Forget, on Saturday, entered upon his duties as chairman of the Montreal Stock Exchange, Mr. George W. Hamilton was elected vice-president, and Mr. W. R. Miller of R. Moat & Co., was made secretary-treasurer. The executive committee includes, besides the newly-elected officers, Messrs. J. R. Meeker and H. Gordon Strathy, who were re-elected.

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A Tragedy Recalled.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO HAS SUFFERED DEEP AFFLICTION.

Intense Mental Strain and Sleepless Nights Brought Her Almost to the Verge of the Grave—Help Came When Hope Had Almost Fled.

Mrs. Sarah Wood, widow of the late Alex. Wood, of North Elmsley, Lanark Co., has had more sorrow than usually falls to the lot of human beings, and it is no wonder that, under the intense mental strain, she was completely prostrated, and her friends are rejoicing with her that she has again been restored to health. To a reporter she told the following story:—"Until about three years ago I had always been in good health, except for occasional spasmodic headaches which had bothered me for some years. I am now sixty-three years of age, and my troubles came as much by mental anguish and sleepless nights as by overtaxing my physical system. Two years ago last August my son, W. J. Wood, was killed on the C.P.R. in a collision, and his lifeless, mangled body was brought home. Six weeks later my sister, Mrs. Lucky, of Kitley, was foully murdered. During those days I was taking care of my youngest daughter, Mrs. O. Bissell, near Merrickville, who was ill with consumption and who died four months later. Few people have been called upon to undergo so much affliction, and with sleepless nights and days of labour I became reduced almost to a living skeleton. In the fall of 1894 I was obliged to take to my bed, where I lay for several weeks hovering between life and death. During this time I was under the care of a doctor, but his treatment did not help me much. My head now continually troubled me and a severe pain in my back, just above my left hip, caused me great agony. I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to give them a trial. Before the second box was entirely gone my headache

disappeared and I found myself growing stronger, and, after taking the pills for a time longer, the pain in my back disappeared also. I then felt so well that I decided to visit another daughter who lives near Merrickville, determining to take the Pink Pills until thoroughly restored. In passing through Smith's Falls, I procured more pills, but found afterwards they were a counterfeit, as I did not then know that they were not sold in bulk. The result was that my old infirmities began to return and I began to mistrust that the pills were not genuine, and sent into Merrickville for more. A comparison soon showed that, while both pills were colored Pink, the ones I got in Smith's Falls were spurious, for they were not exactly the same shape and did not look the same when the two were compared. As soon as I began the use of the genuine Pink Pills I began to grow better, and after the use of a few more boxes, found myself entirely cured, and I am now enjoying as good health as ever I did in my life. I believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been in my grave, and I am glad to give my testimony, hoping that some poor sufferer may be made well as I was."

Mrs. Wood's unfortunate experience with imitation Pink Pills make it necessary to again impress upon the public that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, by the dozen, hundred, or ounce, or in any shape except in the company's boxes, every one of which is enclosed in a wrapper printed in red ink, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If these Pills are offered in any other form, even if pink in color, they are imitations and should be promptly refused. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. Imitations are worthless and may be dangerous to health.

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