

extends a hearty welcome to the new-comer, and wishes it all success.

The selling price of the new paper is ten cents.

A VISION.

I see men laughing, love-making, labouring,
See strong men battling, ay, and also tippling,
See the great river of Romance flowing; then
Close a *Book*, waking. The Enchanter's name? 'Tis
Kipling.

We are born into trouble—and it is our only legacy that is not contested.

"The Idler's Club" discussion in the April number of *The Idler*, is on an extremely interesting subject, viz., "Who should be Laureate?" and it contains some very interesting contributions on the subject, by the leading literary men of England. The majority of the writers favour Mr. Swinburnes claims, (as is, indeed, fit and proper) though there are many voices raised in support of Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, Robert Buchanan, John Davidson, and indeed a host of others. Oscar Wildes opinion of the matter is characteristic.

"Mr. Swinburne is already the Poet Laureate of England. The fact that his appointment to this high post has not been degraded by official confirma-