

received at Southampton, but it is said that the metal has just been sold to a French firm. Veels vithin veels, Mr. Bull.

One of the marked features about the autumn manoeuvres is the preceding of each regiment, whether cavalry or infantry, by five or ten bicyclists; they look odd, wheeling at slow march pace. In and around Paris the bi and tri-cyclists are developing into a road inconvenience.

Thieves are brisk in breaking through and stealing in apartments unoccupied for the summer in Paris. A gentleman before he left for the country dressed up a dummy figure, and suspended it from the roof of the bed with back to the window. Thieves forced the door; on entering believed they were in presence of a suicide and decamped. While talking over the scare in a wine shop a detective overheard the exploit and was able to arrest one of the burglars.

All the Guignols or Baby Shows in the Champs Elysées now perform Russian pieces. The historical gendarme is a Cossack, and even the jupes of the Mère Gigogne shelter only young Tartars. Of 732 parodies of the Russian Hymn—which is deemed too religious—only three have been licensed. One song promises that with the aid of Russia, France will put down all tyranny. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

THERE can be little doubt that if you have never attended the Industrial Exhibition held at Toronto, Canada, you have not *lived* in the proper and full sense of the word. It is not all of life to live—in London or Vienna or Chicago—to be a thorough cosmopolite you must have taken in "the Fair" as well. There is that about it which, if not exactly precious enough to be dubbed—oh ye budding novelists—local colour, is still characteristic and representative in its way. Of course, it is not the Carnival—either of New Orleans or of Venice. It bears little resemblance to the Games of ancient Greece, nor is it at all like the recreations of feudal days, when upon the green there met and cantered knight and squire, maiden and lady of high degree. And yet, in some ways, it may be compared to all of these forms of relaxation and entertainment. The situation of the capacious buildings is surely one which Greece herself could not rival. The air and the view of the broad, blue lake produce rare exhilaration. The crowd is good-humoured and well dressed; you note very little rascality, obscenity, drunkenness. That seems a rough knot of men lying there upon the ground, kicking up heels and smoking and laughing, yet if you venture to sit down near them they will draw away and probably fall into dull silence. Then there are the old crusted features of all such undertakings, which, like good wine, are ever the better for keeping, such as the immortal clown driving a hog through the crowd, or the equally futile but oratorical Cheap-Jack advertising his wares *à la Marigold*. Orpheus with his lute are nowhere visible, but he sends a very good substitute in the person of "Prof." Woodward and his seals. Maid Marian and Atalanta are represented both in the "ring" and out of it by professional and non-professional riders, archers, runners. You may sup your fill of horrors if you choose, and yet may cultivate a taste for Natural History by doing Morris and the Manitoba Exhibit one after the other. With respect to the balloon, we have naturally a great ascendancy over the Greek, and as for the phonograph, we are whole centuries ahead of older countries of the present day, slow to display such a curiosity.

And yet, could I have seen Matthew Arnold and Ruskin perambulating arm-in-arm the length of the Main Building, well I know what their countenances would have expressed. They would have seen no sweetness, no light, no beauty, no symmetry anywhere. And I would have completed their isolation by requesting the two gentlemen in silk hats to play on separate pianos—very fine pianos, too—their celebrated arrangement of national airs, introducing the "Marseillaise," the "Wacht am Rhein," "Auld Lang Syne," and "The Maple Leaf for Ever." As they were trying not to listen, behind them would have stolen Mr. Oscar Wilde and Aphrodite out of "The Tinted Venus," also arm-in-arm and very much depressed. The goddess, wildly glaring at the stuccoed fountain and the biscuit boxes, the fur cloaks (alas! too terribly reminiscent!) and the stuffed animals, would have resented her introduction to the scene in some such words as the following:—

"I thought to find in the New World at least simplicity, purity of detail, freshness, imagination. But too well I know now that in truth all other gods are dead, and I, Aphrodite, even I, am the last, and left to mourn their passing. For what gods—living—might permit such sounds, such sights! The people—lo—they hurry, and push and jostle, and all the old grand calm hath fled. And the women—I hardly know in truth if they be women, except by their voices, and those are strangely harsh and rude. And they eat and drink all the time—strange drinks that I know not of, and things they call nuts, that are made by a man black as an Egyptian slave in a hissing oven of fire—and still they are not appeased, for then they repair straightway to another black, who giveth them Kan-di. Of a truth, I will not suffer myself to taste or touch this Kan-di, knowing not of what it is made nor what its uses. O for one ripe fig and a draught of crystal water from mine own spring!" The goddess, having been partially appeased with a banana, and having had her sweeping robes carefully pinned

up for her by one of Walter Baker's charming assistants in the Cocoa Department, would wearily have strolled on into the Art Gallery, but even "Col. Williams," failing to rouse her enthusiasms, Mr. Oscar Wilde would have been reduced to stationing her on the balcony there to wait for the fireworks, those being, as he explained, vivid representations of abstract colour, delightful and æsthetic in the extreme. We will gladly leave her there.

It must be admitted that a race—broadly Anglo-Saxon, that is—we have taken out a universal patent for hideousness. Many articles of modern manufacture, genuinely beautiful and useful in themselves, do not make for Beauty when grouped together. A cake of pale pink soap, that lies upon the palm of your hand, or upon the white of a marble slab, is both useful and beautiful, but I fail to see the fitness or charm of a house built of pink cakes of soap, or a cairn, or a cave, or a whole Crystal Palace of soap. Civilized man may not do without razors and a razor in its proper place, which is in your own hand and not another man's, if you will take my advice, is very good indeed, but stacks of razors, roses of razors, sheafs and aigrettes of razors are not particularly pleasing to the eye of the visitor and philosopher, although they very likely are gratifying exceedingly to the manufacturer and exhibitor. This latter fact reminds one that after all our great Industrial Show is set on foot by the practical for the practical, and that it is something to be proud of accordingly. As to sitting in a carpeted chariot, while millions of twinkling glass beads wave over your head to the tune of the "Sweet By-and-Bye," I did not aspire so high myself, but a number of excellent people, chiefly strangers, did, and I remarked a distinct acquisition of hauteur and general air when they got out again. For the time being, the Merry-go-Round was a species of circus, and they the performers.

Where were the Lady Patronesses of Miss Agnes Crawford's lecture on Delsarte last week? It was altogether too carefully prepared and pleasantly delivered a lecture to be read to so few people. Miss Crawford is an unaffected clever woman of the world who has a correct French accent and much charm of manner. There was nothing the least odd about the lecture, and those who attended, while not hearing much that was absolutely new, had their attention directed to great fundamental truths of being apt to be overlooked. But the lecturer should have cut out her little pleasantry as to the stiffness and angularity of English women, together with their "ungracious manners." This is an English colony, and we don't believe it—taking it as the *rule*. Miss Crawford has not met with the exceptions. By-the-way, a lady judged the St. Bernards at the Exhibition this week, Miss Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass. She stroked and patted the animals in quite orthodox professional manner.

A YACHTING SONG.

TRIM the sails, the breeze is fair!
See the white-caps o'er the bar!
Who with me to start will dare,
They the sons of Neptune are.
Ho! for yonder breaking foam;
Ho! for where the billows swell;
Ho! for this our heaving home,
Where but jolly sailors dwell.

See, the flutt'ring canvas fills;
To the leeward she careens—
So adieu, ye purple hills;
Now for other sport and scenes.
Ho! for where the driving spray
Soon shall sprinkle on the deck;
Hearties, can we not to-day
Laugh at aught that threatens wreck?

As the sheltered bay we clear,
How she curvets to the waves!
Straight before the wind we steer,
While the froth our bulwarks laves.
Ho! for such a vessel staunch;
Ho! for such a spread of sail;
Ho! on such a sea to launch;
Ho! for such a lively gale.

Here's a cheer for whence we came!
Here's a cheer for where we are!
One more yet, to waft the same
Right across the harbour bar!
Ho! for maids and heroes ashore;
Ho! for lovers here afloat;
Ho! my lads, and swell it more
In a high, stentorian note.

Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

A GENIUS at Muhlenberg, Pa., has completed a marvelous clock for exhibition at the Chicago Fair. Around the dial is a railway track, on which a miniature locomotive makes the round every five minutes. It requires a magnifying glass to see the delicate machinery. The oil cups at the journals are so small that nothing larger than a hair can be inserted. There is a headlight and bell, flag-holders on the pilot, whistle, and everything connected with a locomotive. It has a link motion under the engine to reverse it. The weight of the locomotive is one and a-quarter pounds, and it has been named "The Gem."

ART NOTES.

WE observe a few names added to the list of painters exhibiting at the Gallery in the Industrial, and, not being as yet members of our "Canadian Society of Artists," it would be an injustice, on that account, not to notice their work, especially so when it is seen that they are advanced in art. Mr. W. E. Atkinson, a Canadian, has some deserving works in oil, some of them from sketches in France, where he has been spending a couple of years at the "Art Schools." His principal studies are landscape. He is very happy in his composition, most attractive in his colouring, and we hope to see him a constant exhibitor. Miss S. S. Tully, a Canadian artist, studying at present in Paris, but shortly to be located in Toronto, has some interesting work which is good in composition. Number 165 represents a young lady at work with water-colours. There is in this work some choice bits of colour and excellent drawing. Her other works there are equally good in colour. W. Norton, an English painter, is represented by a couple of works in oil, which it would be well if many of our Canadian painters would take his example for doing, at least, good drawing. Take for example (No. 371), "Thames from London Bridge," and (No. 267) on the "Dutch Coast." But here again a great fault is in the hanging. Why place the best works in the Gallery beside atrocious daubs? Mr. Henry Martin exhibits an interesting water-colour, a marked improvement over nearly all the water-colours as regards landscape. Mr. Millard, once an old exhibitor, but now seldom seen in our exhibitions, is seen here with a water-colour, beautiful in effect, entitled "Dolwydellan Castle" (Wales). Mr. A. P. Coleman, with a sombre but poetical piece of work, entitled "Morning at the Landing Place." Few water-colours are seen on this wall with the depth of sentiments of this simple composition. Miss Laura Muntz in her picture 197, "The Only Son of His Mother," etc., etc., shows careful training and skill in treatment. It is undoubtedly a picture that ought to attract admirers of the figure. A great fault in the "Art Department" is the want of originality. We miss several names that once shone prominently—Homer Watson, Brymner, P. F. Woodcock, Blair Bruce and D. Fowler—whose masterly works added a separate charm to the department of water-colours.

Mrs. POTTER PALMER has called upon women sculptors to send designs in the form of miniature models of the sculpture work for the women's building at the Chicago fair. The designs must be delivered to Mrs. Palmer's office before Nov. 15 next. One is a group of figures in high relief to fill the pediment over the main entrance forty-five feet long at the base line and seven feet in the centre. The second design of groups of statuary stands free above the attic cornice, resting on the base, five feet long, three feet deep and two feet high, sixty feet from the ground. These groups consist of a central winged figure, standing about ten feet high to the tip of the wings, and supported by smaller sitting figures. The compositions should be typical of woman and woman's work in history. Each design submitted must be accompanied by an estimate of cost, with full-sized plaster models, delivered at Jackson Park, and the authoress of the design accepted will receive the contract for the execution of these full-sized models.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE Conservatory School of Elocution, under the direction of Mr. S. H. Clark, opens its first session at its rooms in the Young Men's Christian Association building on Tuesday next, the 22nd inst. The course embraces a thorough study of vocal culture and expression. Also the Delsarte system of physical and æsthetic gymnastics. Miss MacGillivray, a lady of most artistic attainments and reputation, will have charge of the Delsarte classes.

A REMARKABLY pleasing Organ Concert was given in the Bond Street Congregational Church on the evening of the 7th inst. The performer on the occasion was Mr. J. Lewis Browne, an organist of great ability and of fine musical culture. The selections were varied, affording excellent opportunity for testing the skill and attainments of the player. The works of Beethoven, Bach, Handel and other great masters were put under contribution and the effect was all that even the fastidious critic might desire. Mr. Browne was ably assisted by Misses Cauter and Lane, the former singing with excellent effect the "Morning Hymn," by Costa, and "Jerusalem," by Parker. Miss Lane sang very pleasingly the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's "Faust." The entire entertainment was most cordially received and highly appreciated by the large audience assembled.

AGNES HUNTINGDON is coming to America.

ROBERT MANTELL's new play is "The Louisianian."

NORDICA, the prima donna, is booked to sail from Liverpool to America, but her trip is not definitely settled.

MISS ROSE COGHLAN is one of the best actresses now before the public, and she believes that she has secured in "Dorothy's Dilemma" a comedy suited to her abilities.

M. PADEREWSKI, although only thirty years of age, is a widower. He married when but nineteen, and has a son of about eight years who, rumour says, possesses remarkable musical talent.