



A cargo of bushels of buckwheat is expected in Prince Edward county this year.

Five thousand pounds of fresh salmon were shipped from New Westminster within one week.

Vancouver, B.C., has \$1,125,000 in buildings this year, and \$600,000 worth is already for next year.

Immigration reports show 62,000 settlers this year, an increase of 10,000 over the same period last year.

A new ferry wharf in connection with the Intercolonial Railway at Levis has just been completed at a cost of \$25,000.

The casting of the Ryerson statue in New York, is completed and highly satisfactory, and has been shipped to Toronto.

Spring Hill, N. S., is going on ahead as fast as Calgary or Vancouver. Only 15 years ago it had a population of a score, and now has 6,000.

An advance of ten cents per sack in flour took place throughout Manitoba last week, strong bakers being quoted at \$3.10. Wheat is quoted at \$1.08 at Brandon.

Victoria is on the most northerly bend of the North Saskatchewan River, five degrees north of the U. S. line. It has fields of oats yielding 100 bushels to the acre.

The Battleford Indians, it is understood, will have over 50,000 bushels of grain for sale this autumn. They comprise the Crees and Stonies who rose under Poundmaker in 1885.

There is a movement on foot at Vancouver to establish a street railway company, composed of local business men. The proposed company, it is said, will have ample capital, and will probably adopt electricity as the motive power for propelling the cars.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

XIV.

BURLESQUES AND GROTESQUES.

In the last number a sample of the New Virelay (*Virelai Nouveau*), from Austin Dobson, was given. This form is written in two rhymes. "Its first stanza serves as a refrain for the later ones, but its initial verse is only a couplet, and the two lines close each stanza alternately until the last, where they appear both together, but in inverse order." The French model is "Le Rimeur Rebuté," beginning thus:—

Adieu vous dy, triste Lyre,
C'est trop apprêter à rire.

and ending with the inversion:—

C'est trop apprêter à rire,
Adieu vous dy, triste Lyre.

We shall now give a few odds and ends by way of conclusion to these papers. The first is a "Young Poet's Advice," satirical, of course, by C. P. Cranch:—

You should study the bards of our day
Who in England are now all the rage;
You should try to be piquant and gay;
Your lines are too solemn and sage.
You should try to fill only a page,
Or two at the most, with your lay;
And receive the quaint verse of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

Study Lang, Gosse and Dobson, I pray,—
That their rhymes and their fancies engage
Your thought to be witty as they.
You must stand on the popular stage.
In the bars of an old-fashioned cage
We must prison the birds of our May,
To carol the notes of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

Now this is a 'Ballade,' I say,
So one stanza more to our page,
But the 'vers de Société'
If you can are the best for fair 'wage.'
Though the purists may fall in a rage
That two rhymes go thrice in one lay,
You may passably echo an age
That is fading forgotten away.

ENVOY.

Bard—heed not the seer and the sage,
'Afflatus' and Nature don't pay;
But stick to the forms of an age
That is fading forgotten away.

In "Culture in the Slums," by W. E. Henley, who excels in his sketches of London low life and

Cockney slang, we have this bit inscribed to an Intense Poet, an English "Realist," so to speak:—

"O crikey Bill!" she ses to me, she ses,
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.
Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!
For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."
Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess
How prime!—to have a guide in love's distrsss
Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,
"O crikey Bill!"

For in such rorty wise doth love express
His blooming views and asks for your address,
And makes it right, and does the gay and free.
I kissed her—I did so! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
"O crikey Bill!"

"Malapropos" is a Rondeau imitated from the French of Count Anthony Hamilton by G. H., in "The Lute":—

Malapropos do English wits revive
The Rondeau, which our beauties hear with scorn;
Hide in an extinct form a heart alive,
And woo bright lasses, whom they wish to wive
Malapropos, with girlish verse outworn.

More fondly would those rosebuds of the morn
Unfold to airs—gay, playful, amative,—
Even Astrophel five phrases would contrive
Malapropos.

O dazzling youth, to fashion's follies sworn,
Would you their breasts with love's sweet pains were torn?
Rondeau and Ballade to the Devil drive;
Use honest English when for them you strive,
Since never to their hearts would thus arrive
Malapropos.

We shall give the last sample from the best of all the Anglo-Provençalists, Austin Dobson. It is entitled "The Street Singer," and is a vilanelle from a window, on a subject in which we are all interested.

He stands at the kerb and sings,
'Tis a doleful tune and slow,
Ah me, if I had but wings!

He bends to the coin one flings,
But he never attempts to go,—
He stands at the kerb and sings.

The conjuror comes with his rings,
And the Punch-and-Judy show,
Ah me, if I had but wings!

They pass like all fugitive things—
They fade and they pass, but lo!
He stands at the kerb and sings.

All the magic that music brings
Is lost when he mangles it so—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

But the worst is a thought that stings,
There is nothing at hand to throw!
He stands at the kerb and sings—
Ah me, if I had but wings!

With this, the series of "Quaint Fancies and Rhymes," which has been running regularly for over three months, is brought to a close. The editor is pleased to know that the selections of odd and beautiful poems have afforded pleasure and interest to a large circle of discriminating readers. As a parting tribute, the editor repeats what he said in the first paper of the whole—that he has been mainly indebted for his material to Mr. Gleeson White's invaluable little manual.

MILITIA NOTES.

Lord Stanley has intimated his intention of giving a prize to the best behaved soldier of Col. Turnbull's Cavalry School.

The three hut barracks constructed for the Department of Militia, at Workpoint, near Victoria, the site purchased by the Minister of Militia last year, have been completed.

Yesterday Capt. Rivers, of "A" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, was married in St. George's Cathedral to Miss Gildersleeve, daughter of ex-Mayor Gildersleeve.

Dr. Hanaran, of Stratford, Ont., has been appointed a surgeon in the permanent Militia force. His present duties will be in connection with "D" School of Infantry, stationed at London.

The Mounted Police have placed a patrol on the International boundary of Manitoba to prevent further stealing of timber and evasions of customs duty by settlers of Dakota, who have plundered the province in the past.

As a warning to deserters from "A" Battery, the District Court Martial at Kingston has sent Gunner Thomas Goodburn to gaol for one year at hard labour for desertion and larceny. There have been few desertions during the past month.



Governor and Mrs. McLellan held their first reception last week.

Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the west coast of Newfoundland, has been visiting Nova Scotia.

The State of Wisconsin wants to place a statue of Father Marquette in the House of Representatives, Washington.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has been spending some weeks in Halifax, has returned to his beautiful home at Ottawa.

First Lieutenant Thomson of H. M. S. Emerald, blew his brains out with an explosive bullet at Twillingate, Nfld., last week.

Hon. Mr. Smart, Minister of Public Works, Manitoba, was dangerously ill of typhoid fever at his father's home in Brockville.

The banquet to Mr. R. S. White, member-elect for Cardwell, in this city, on last Thursday, was a most successful demonstration.

A statement is made that Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., will be made an Imperial Privy Councillor, in the room of the late Sir John Rose.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal, is confined to the house with his throat trouble. He will probably leave for Europe in about fourteen days.

Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, is convalescent. He had been dangerously ill in India from typhoid fever. Lady Dufferin was with him.

Hon. James Gibb Ross, Senator for the Saguenay division, Quebec's most prominent business man and millionaire, died at Holland House, St. Foye road, last week, aged seventy.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, who has been absent from Canada for over a year, will pass through Montreal next week from England, and stop here several days, and then proceed to New York.

"Ah," said an old Liberal the other day, sadly and solemnly, "what a lot of sins Sir John Macdonald will have to answer for;" and then he paused a moment and added, with a long breath and a faint twinkle in his eye, "but what a lot of fun he has had."

CRUEL SPRING.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)

Oft at her window from my own
I watched her, in the months of frost;
Each to the other was unknown,
And through the air our kisses cross'd.
We peeped the leafless lindens through,
And tracked each other from each pane—
Vile Spring! their shade thou dost renew,
Oh! wherefore wilt thou come again?

Behind those lindens' leafy screen
That angel's form will soon be lost:
The crumbs no longer will be seen
She flung to robins in the frost.
They call'd her, and their sport below
Became love's signal for us twain:
Nought seems so beautiful as snow,
O hateful Spring! why come again?

Without thee I could see her smile,
When rising with the sun's first ray,
Fresh, as they paint Aurora, while
She opens the curtains of the day.
Without thee, I could say each night,
"My Star has ceased awhile to reign;"
She sleeps—her lamp has veiled its light;
Vile Spring! why wilt thou come again?

'Tis Winter that my prayers implore—
Would that the hailstones' tinkling sound
My ears could listen to, once more,
As from the casement they rebound!
Flowers, zephyrs, lengthening days I spurn,
Thine ancient empire I disdain!
For her sweet smiles alone I yearn—
Vile Spring! why wilt thou come again?

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

BEAUTIFUL EYES—Somebody ought to write a novel about people with opaque eyes, these black or dark blue eyes which are transparent as so many Swiss pebbles. There are eyes of intensely passionate natures, strong for good or evil, but with tendencies the wrong way, the eyes of born devils in human shape. When such dull, dark eyes show the red light that comes of caution, insanity in its first stages is at work on the brain; and such a man or woman needs life long care, or some crisis of trouble may lead to an outbreak of madness. It is the eye of one likely in frenzy to commit manslaughter.