

when asked, call upon them at their homes in order that all who are interested in so important a step may learn all they possibly can before it is undertaken.

The Canada West Land Agency Company has, for the past three seasons, been earnestly engaged in this work as far as it can be done by a private corporation, but it must be manifest to those who understand this subject that to be thoroughly done it ought to be taken up by our Provincial Government. The eager demand in England for our Canadian Farm Journal shows how much information is desired.

Trusting that the discussion of this subject may lead to practical results in the immediate future,

I am, etc.,

J. R. ADAMSON, Manager, C. W. L. A. Co.

ALLEGED CONSERVATIVE CREED.

"A Reformer" who disagrees with "Bystander's" assertion that there is little difference between political parties in Canada, thus summarizes what he calls the Conservative creed:—

The Tories lay down the following principles and act on them:—

1. The labourer and all wage-earners must be subjected not merely to the fullest competition from the whole world, but to competition intensified by aided immigration.

2. Certain capitalists must be relieved from such competition.

3. When rich capitalists go to buy from the labourer they must be allowed to buy in the cheapest market.

4. When labourers go to buy from capitalists they must be prevented by severe penalties from so buying.

5. The people, as a whole, must not be allowed to make the best possible exchange they can for their labour, but must be driven by penalties to make exchanges with certain individuals.

6. Canadians are unfit for freedom and have not common sense enough to know where to buy and sell.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

[Being a reply by a correspondent "with a grievance," to the sonnet "A Brace of Fortunes," in THE WEEK of April 3rd.]

Your nose will be red
From a cold in the head,
If you marry a Fred,
And you'll live in a cellar rheumatic.
And you'll ride to the mart
Not in cab but in cart,
And your drink will be very "dram"-atic.
And you'll wish you were dead,
If you marry a Fred.

II.

In the shops you'll have "tick,"
And of ribbons the pick,
If you marry a Dick,
A strong-armed and long-headed fellow.
Not over æsthetic,
Not ultra poetic,
But with voice loving, tender and mellow.
Give a kick to Fred'rick,
And get wed to a Dick.

Ottawa, 9th April, 1884.

R. J. W

A MODEL WOMAN.

—I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbours down
When she goes out to tea.

She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.

She never beats a salesman down
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some—
But just remember this, my friends,
The woman's deaf and dumb.

A WISELY ANONYMOUS POET.

DR. SAMUEL O. RISLEY, one of the most eminent oculists in Philadelphia, says that the result of three years' careful examination of the eyes of public school children shows that almost five per cent. of the pupils in the primary schools are short-sighted, and that this increases in the upper grades until it is as high as twenty per cent.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

X.

"I AM very glad to see you," Pauline was telling her aunt, a little later. She felt, while she spoke them, that her words were the merest polite falsehood. "I did not suppose you would care to honour me this evening. . . . I mean all three of you," she added, with a rather mechanical smile in the direction of Miss Sallie and Courtlandt.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie promptly spoke. She was looking about her through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses while she did so. Her portliness was not without a modish majesty; folds of black, close-clinging, lace-like fabric fell about her large person with much grace of effect; her severe nose appeared to describe an even more definite arc than usual.

"Sallie and I had nothing for to-night," said Mrs. Poughkeepsie. "Lent began to-day, you know, and there wasn't even a dinner to go to."

"I am pleased to afford you a refuge in your social distress," returned Pauline. It flashed through her mind that circumstance was drawing upon her, to-night, for a good deal of bitter feeling. What subtle thunder was in the air ready to sour the milk of human kindness to its last drop?

"My dear," murmured her aunt, temporarily discontinuing her stares, and speaking more in reproach than conciliation, "you must not be so very quick to take offence when none is intended."

Pauline gave a laugh which she tried to make amiable. "It pleases me to think that no offence was intended," she declared.

"Your little party was by no means a *pis-aller* with me, dear Pauline," here stated Sallie, whatever it may have been in mamma's case. I really wanted so much, don't you know, to see these. . . . persons. The peculiar pause which Sallie managed to make before she pronounced the word "persons," and the gentle yet assertive accent which she managed to place upon the word itself, were both, in their way, beyond description. Not that either was of the import which would render description requisite, except from the point of view which considers all weightless trifles valuable.

Pauline bit her lip. She had long ago thought Sallie disqualified for contest by a native silliness. The girl had not a tithe of her mother's brains; she possessed all the servitude of an echo and all the imitativeness of a reflection. But like most weak things she had the power to wound, though her little sting was no doubt quite unintentional at present.

Courtlandt here spoke. He was perfectly his ordinary sober self as he said:

"I happened to drop in upon Aunt Cynthia to-night, and she brought me here. I believe that I come without an invitation. Don't I? I've forgotten."

"You haven't forgotten," contradicted Pauline, though not at all unpleasantly. "You know I didn't invite you, because I didn't think you would care to come. You gave me every reason to think so."

"That was very rude," commented Sallie, with a rebuking look at Courtlandt. She had a great idea of manners, but her reverence was quite theoretical, as more than one ineligible and undesirable young gentleman knew, whom she had chosen to freeze at parties with the blank, indifferent regard of a sphinx. "It is so odd, really, Pauline," she went on, with her supercilious drawl, which produced a more irritating effect upon her cousin because apparently so spontaneous and unaffected—"it is so odd to meet people whom one does not know. I have always been accustomed to go to places where I knew everybody, and bowed, and had them come up and speak."

Pauline busied herself for an instant in smoothing the creases of her long gloves between wrist and elbow. "Don't you find it rather pleasant, Sallie," she said, "to procure an occasional change?"

"It ought to be refreshing," struck in Courtlandt, neutrally.

"You can have people talk to you this evening, if you wish," pursued Pauline, while a certain sense that she was being persecuted by her relatives waged war with a decorous recognition of who and where she was.

Before Sallie could answer, Mrs. Poughkeepsie, who had ceased her determined survey, said in her naturally high, cool, suave tones:

"Oh, of course we want you to present some of them to us, Pauline, dear. We came for that, Sallie and I. We want to see what has made you so fond of them. They are all immensely clever, of course. But one can listen and be instructed, if one does not talk. Do they expect you to talk, by the way? Will they not be quite willing to do all the talking themselves? I have heard. . . . I don't just remember when or how. . . . that they usually *are* willing."

"My dear Aunt Cynthia," said Pauline, in a low but not wholly composed voice, "you speak of my guests as if they were the inmates of a menagerie."

Mrs. Poughkeepsie threw back her head a very little. The motion made a jewel of great price and fine lustre shoot sparks of pale fire from the black lace shrouding her ample bosom. She laughed at the same moment, and by no means ill-naturedly. "I am sure they wouldn't like to have you suggest anything so dreadful," she said—"you, their protectress and patroness."

"I am neither," affirmed Pauline, stoutly.

Mrs. Poughkeepsie lifted her brow in surprise. She almost lifted her august shoulders as well. "Then pray what are you, my dear?" she asked.

"Their hostess—and their equal," asserted Pauline. She spoke with momentary seriousness, but immediately afterward she chose to assume an air of careless raillery.