...Speaker's ... Library and Other Accessories.

THE Province of Ontario has good reasons for being proud of her new Legislative Buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto. They form the most striking and imposing block of buildings in the city, the second noblest structure in the Dominion, and one of the most complete and admirably adapted legislative and departmental edifices upon this continent or in the world. A more appropriate or advantageous site could not have been selected, for the beauties of the partially wooded park add grace and grandeur to the pile, and, as viewed from University avenue or from any of the other coigns of vantage in the neighborhood, it makes up a colossal monument to the one hundred years' progress of the great province of Ontario. This effective structure, greatly aided in appearance by the material used in the construction, viz., Credit valley sandstone, reddish brown in color, with its pronounced central pavilion, turreted angles of moderate height, flanked by long, retreating intermediate wings, which terminate in projecting corner pavilions, giving emphasis to the departmental wing to the east and the legislative and library wing to the west, takes rank with the most successful public buildings on the American continent, and is certainly one of the most interesting and impressive in the Canadian Dominion. The architectural forms observed in general outline show the principles of the classical and Roman schools, while the decoration and details of construction partake of the Celtic and Indo-Germanic.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT, PREMIER.

The Principal Front.

To the south, centring on University avenue, is the best single facade, its central pavilion appropriately expressing civic authority by the externalizing and centralizing of the legislative chamber and its dependencies, an expression of purpose hitherto overlooked in the designing of buildings of this character. This stately pavilion measures 120 feet by 116 feet, and 185 feet high, boldly treated on three sides with series of radiating arches, sturdy, clustered columns, accentuated angle turrets and quiet field of walls, delightfully enriched with carvings in many of its parts and surfaces. The whole is crowned by a pyramidal roof with elongated domical turrets at each angle, taking the place of the stereotyped dome or tower.

The base or lower storey forms the chief entrance, prolonged to a breadth of some 65 feet, composed of three arches flanked by the base walls of the accented angles. Here is concentrated a wealth of enrichment, great roll mouldings, each differently treated, carved clustered capitals, wall bands and friezes, appropriately suiting the character of the building. The grand entrance archway is made finely and most practically effective by an approach of successive platforms and short flight of steps, which gives dignified accord between porch, loggia and steps. Above the chief entrance porch, the central arch of which is 18 feet wide by 24 feet high, are three very large arched windows, which light the legislative chamber from the south. Above these windows stretches

The Great Sculptured Frieze

—a carved surface 69 feet long and 15 feet deep, in low relief, peopled with symbolic sculpture, so disposed and grouped as to conform to the four circular windows introduced therein, and in the center the seal of the province. This well designed allegorical treatment of freize not only enhances the refinement and purity of the architectural screen below, but most appropriately expresses the power and authority which has its throne beneath those roofs.

On either side of this grand central pavilion are the east and west intermediate wings and corner pavilions, stretching out this principal facade to a length of 483 feet. Each section is in proper scale and proportion to the legislative pavilion, preserving the same dignified symmetry between part and part, and yet varying in the successive storeys and in general massing, so as to clearly indicate the relative importance and purposes of the different apartments.

The East and West Facades.

The east and west facades, each of 258 feet in extent, manifest solidity relieved by ranges of great, round-headed window arches and extremely impressive covered entrances and driveways, consisting of three massive archways projecting from the walls of the building and supported on large circular, buttressed piers.

The north facade with its boiler house treated with cloister effect and flanked by the east and west intermediate wings, which are very pronounced, while at the northern terminal of either wing are gently accented entrance to the speaker's apartments on the west and to the departmental wing on the east. The chimney and extraction shafts, arranged in harmony with the series of pyramidal roofs, form most pleasing skylines, and produce an effect from the wooden park to the north which is grateful to the beholder in the careful simplicity of its lines and the studied breadth of its general treatment.

The Internal Arrangements.

The buildings in plan form a double letter E, covering an area exceeding 76,000 square feet. In its principal features the arrangement is the same on all floors, excepting as regards the grand staircase, which is one flight only, beginning on the ground floor and leading direct to the spacious lobby of the legislative chamber. This staircase, with its ample dark slate treads, red tessellated, paved platforms and richly treated wrought and cast iron metal work, is consonant in feeling with its surroundings, well disposed and thoroughly lighted. Two other large public stairways in either wing give access to each of the storeys, and four electric power passenger elevators are conveniently arranged in various parts of the structure.

Entering the building by the central or grand entrance the visitor finds himself in a spacious hall leading direct to the main staircase, to the legislative chamber, which is, as has been already stated, the predominating feature of the pile.

The Legislative Chamber.

Its dimensions are 82x65 feet, and 50 feet high. The speaker's dais, executed in San Domingo mahogany, richly carved, is placed at the south end, with the press gallery immediately behind and forming, as it were, a part thereof. The speaker's gallery, treated in uniformity, runs across the opposite or north end, and on either side are located the ladies' and visitors' galleries. These latter are greatly increased in beauty by the massive arcades fronting them, and they are admirably successful as ... sight lines, as every member on the floor

... that school ... treatment. ... ceiling is taken up ... of the arms of the ... coloring of the fields being ... with diapers of maple leaves and the framing a beautiful scroll, through which is entwined a maple branch. The novelty of the design has been criticised on account of the disregard of the wood ribbing, the lines breaking through it at all points, but a glance at the design of the wood ribs shows that a careful following of each panel with a border would have produced a heavy and monotonous effect. The freer treatment adopted is justified by many of the finest examples of European ceiling work. The large eight-foot cove contains an upright design in Romanesque foliage, with medallion forms in the center of each panel formed by the carved trusses. This cove has been deservedly admired for the skilful handling of strong color displayed.

Colossal Sculptured Figures.

In the spandrils formed by the window arches and tympanum arches of the north and south walls are four colossal groups of figures representing "Moderation," "Power," "Justice" and "Wisdom," surrounded by heavy scrolls, while in the spandrils on the east and west walls two figures carry tablets, on which are inscribed the dates "1792" and "1892," the years respectively in which the legislature was inaugurated and the centenary of the same. The beautifully modelled enrichment of the arches is treated in warm tones, wiped with transparent color and resembling somewhat a stained or antique marble.

The main walls are simply panelled with a gold border, and are a rich yellow brown.

The whole scheme is of course studied mainly for a night effect, but when the broad glare of light from the vast south windows is subdued the day effect will be equally satisfactory.

The Departments.

The departmental quarters occupy the whole of the east wing and east central section of the buildings, and on the ground floor overflow into the west central section, where the crown lands section of the administration has its home. Hon. A. S. Hardy, the commissoner, with his personal staff, occupies the suit in the east corner pavilion, and the many branches of this extensive department, including the sales and free grants, the surveys, patents and roads, the woods and forests, accounts, and the mining bureau, are accommodated in the offices on either side. The northern end of the eastern extension is given up to Hon. Mr. Dryden and his department of agriculture, the bureau of industries and the offices of the inspector of factories.

HON. C. F. FRASER.

The mezzanine, or first floor, is occupied as to the east wing by the offices of the attorney-general and his staff in the corner pavilion, with the council chamber adjoining, and to the north in the same wing are the quarters of Hon. J. M. Gibson, provincial secretary; the inspector of asylums and prisons, the department of insurance, and the office of the inspector of division courts.

The second floor of the east wing accommodates the public works department in the corner pavilion, where the offices of Hon. C. F. Fraser and his staff are located. The provincial treasurer, Hon. Richard Harcourt, has his quarters in the northern portion of the same floor, while the license department, the department of the administration of justice and the offices of the registrar-general are provided for in the northern portion of the east central section.

Above these, in the attic pavilion, the draughtsmen of the architect's and engineer's departments have a local habitation.

The Central Section.

The ground floor of the central section, west of the main entrance, is given up, as already stated, to the overflow from the crown lands department. Above this, on the front floor, are the postoffice, members' hat and coat rooms, and members' lobbies; and the corresponding section on the second floor is utilized for the approaches and ante-rooms to the several galleries of the legislative chamber and the ladies' retiring rooms.

The West Wing.

The ground floor of the west wing is arranged for committee rooms; Mr. Speaker's apartments, with separate private entrance; the Queen's printer's quarters, etc. On the firstfloor are the balance of the speaker's suite; members' smoking room, dining and reception rooms; the library and librarian's quarters; the reading room, and additional committee rooms; and the second floor is devoted to reporters' rooms and housekeeper's quarters.

The basement also provides no inconsiderable accommodation, in addition to the boiler house, furnished with six multitubular steel boilers, and machinery for the manipulation of the vast and intricate heating, ventilating and electric lighting system, which supplies the whole building.

Here are located the carpenter's shop, and quarters for the mechanical engineer and the plumber. Under the speaker's quarters in the west wing are placed the restaurant, kitchens, caterer's departments and living rooms, and the laundry. There are also five spacious vaults for the storages of the deeds and documents of the crown lands department, and storage rooms for the Queen's printer and the postmaster.

Historical.

The question of new parliament building was first mooted in 1877, and in 1880, the Commissioner of Public Works, one Hon. C. F. Fraser, obtained from the legislature an initial grant of $500,000 toward their erection. That sum being found insufficient, $250,000 additional was voted in 1885, which was further added to in 1887 by $300,000. A final grant of $200,000 brought the total up to $1,250,000. Mr. R. A. Waite, of Buffalo, was the architect. The work of excavation was begun in 1886.

Points in a Line or Two.

Four large electric elevators of the very latest design are in service.

The Legislative Chamber is 81x66 feet, with a ceiling 50 feet high.

The roof line of the middle pavilion is 180 feet from the pavement.

The southwestern tower will have a large illuminated clock ten feet in diameter.

A magnificent bird's-eye view of the city, country and lake may be had from the towers.

There are 22,000 superficial feet of plate glass in the building, the weight of which is fifty tons.

The buildings cover four acres—the extreme ground measurements being 461 ft. 2 in. by 135 ft. 6 in.

Only three deaths resulted from accidents to workmen while the buildings were in course of construction.

The ladies have a large, handsomely fitted up room all to themselves, not far from their special entrance to the chamber.

Sept. 21, 1892, was the date when the Commissioner of Public Works laid the keystone of the east arch in the main entrance.

The building is equipped with thirteen large fireproof vaults, fitted with iron frames and tin filling cases, thus ensuring almost absolute safety from fire.

Ample fire protection has been provided—a six-inch water main runs through from street to street, and hydrants are placed in the basement and on each floor.

... main entrance ... carved in stone of ... Governor, Chief Justice ... Sandfield Macdonald. On ... are the portraits of Hon. T. ... Major General Brock, Robert ..., and Matthew Crooks Cameron.

AMBASSADOR PAUNCEFOTE.

Great Britain Raises the Rank of Her United States Minister.

The United States Department of State has received official information that Queen Victoria has raised the rank of Sir Julian

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

Pauncefote, her representative in Washington, from that of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to that of Ambassador, and that his credentials as such are on their way. Under the provisions of the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill of March 1, 1893, President Cleveland is authorized to confer the same rank upon the U.S. representative at London. As an Ambassador, however, is the personal representative of a sovereign, the United States is in a quandary, some newspapers arguing strongly that it would be un-democratic to follow Great Britain's precedent. Sir Julian Pauncefote is the first Minister to Washington to hold the title of Ambassador, but it is probable that France, Germany, Russia and Austria will follow England's example.

THE SPIRIT OF EASTER.

Oh lily-crowned angel of Easter,
Spirit of gladness and light,
Touched by the glory of Heaven,
Pause in thy jubilant flight,
And sing to us echoing carols,
Sing till our hearts shall grow strong,
Till their happy pulsations shall measure
The time of thy rapturous song.

Till Faith, resurrected, shall greet us
With smiles on her radiant face;
While Love reaches out of the darkness
To hold us in clinging embrace;
Till Hope, happy Hope, shall awaken,
From the languor of purposeless dreams,
And move us to earnest endeavor
By whispers on glorious themes.

O beauteous spirit, touch gently
Our souls with thy quickening breath,
Till out into life and its duties
They leap from this torpor of death;
Abide till our hearts shall discover
The blessings that circle us now,
And our thoughts grow as pure as the lilies
That droop o'er thy radiant brow!

CLAUDIA THARIN.

AN EASTER BRIDAL

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The Easter blooms were still fresh and fair about the chancel, and where Lilia stood with the lovely things massed behind her, she was half absorbed into their whiteness, her own loveliness as white, her own face as radiant, her eyes full of strange sweet light, as if she were looking in the eyes of a supernal spirt. It hardly seemed, indeed, as if the only spirit that she saw was the soul that had been born again in Lawrence Rivers as he gazed upon Rose Lothian in her bridal beauty.

Rose Lothian's beauty had always been bridal beauty to Lawrence. He had meant to marry her when he first saw her, almost a dozen years ago, a slip of a girl, slim as a reed, shy, elusive, laughing, blushing, thinking of anything but love till love surprised her. Fluttering here, there, and everywhere, like a silver-winged fritillary, always in the air before him but never lighting, whether hindered by herself or by the jealous care of the relative she visited in the city, he sought in vain the chance to speak to her of his wishes. One midnight, going along with a party of friends who had been dining much too gayly, he saw a brougham come dashing down a side street. In turning the corner the driver's hat flew off. The man drew up his horses and left the box to regain his hat. In another moment Lawrence, exchanging laughs with his comrades, had climbed to the box, gathered up the reins, and dashed off, the driver running after and shouting with all his lungs, but the whole equipage was out of sight before a policeman could be found. It was a silly affair, of course, that but for the exhilaration of the sharp night air after the wine would not have happened. As soon as he had driven through two or three empty streets he saw its folly. He began to wonder if there were people inside, and whether he should get down and leave them to their fate, and, if not, whither he should drive. And at the same time a woman's voice with a maid's accent called from the window of the carriage: "John! John! where are you driving? This is not the way to the Brunswick." And thanking his fortunate stars, he turned about without a word, pulled his hat over his eyes, and made for the Brunswick at a rattling gait, bringing up with a flourish, and holding his whip erect, and trusting that Rose Lothian and her aunt's maid would alight without assistance. But, after the total depravity of inanimate things, the carriage door would not open; there was not a soul near; there was nothing for it but to open the door himself and trust to luck. And then Rose Lothian holding a coin in her fingers, and just about to drop it in his palm, started, looked him full in the face a moment, and said, "Pray come in, Dr. Rivers, and explain John's cruel behavior to my aunt." And then and there he had to explain the stupid matter to her instead, and throw himself on her mercy. "Really," she made answer, after a moment's survey of his flushed countenance, and with a dignity one would not have expected of her sixteen years, "I am so dull I fail to see the brilliancy of such an exploit. Forgive you? I have nothing to forgive. It is John's forgiveness that you want. There must be some one about who will see to the horses till he returns." And she passed, and left him as if he had been withered by her innocent scorn. John's forgiveness indeed!

The next time he saw her she returned with Lilia and her aunt from a European journey, and he was established as colleague with her father in the wide practice of a country physician, invaluable to the older doctor, with his fresh knowledge, his active youth, his acute intelligence, and his courageous and adventurous spirit. He had sought the position against the advice of all his friends, who regarded the city as the place for his talent, for no other reason than Rose herself. A young physician on whom an older one relies does not legitimately amuse himself as other people may. Rose, in her gayeties, was all but inaccessible to him; but he, in his preoccupations, seemed equally remote to her. Occasionally, however, he came down the river in his canoe, and on the sands near the lighthouse made one of the company, whose life he became, and who were one and all his allies, attracted, if not by the blue wildfire of his eyes, by his comeliness, like that of some typical young Norse, yet by his sunny temper and his sparkle of wit; or he joined a riding party across country, with his great black horse Dragoner, a powerful brute that none but he could master, and on whose back he worked off the superabundant vitality that not even the fatigues of his profession could reduce. Much more frequently he brought his pipe, by permission, to the piazza on the soft spring and summer evenings, and formal and stately toward Rose, kept the others absorbed in the charm of what he had to say, or else listened to Maurice playing on his violin within, the lamp-light transfiguring his face and falling on Lilia's in a glory, while the doctor and Rose sat outside with him, the doctor grumbling about the new electric light that had trailed out from the city lately to the edge of the suburban town, destroying night; but both of them, nevertheless, enjoying the night and the music and ... formed with their measur...

the breath of ... and thyme to the rhythm of the strain.

And distant as he was to Rose, his manner was as indifferent to him; fluttering gayly round others, she had no quip or prank for him; she came dancing along at any time, singing the words that always seemed to be running in her memory—

"In some sweet year,
Of some sweet sphere,
Afar from here,
I wait you, dear"—

as lightly as if he were but the assistant pestling drugs in her father's office. She never turned to him with a glance when the burden of Maurice's violin grew too beautiful for words; she never gave him the chance to please her; and she had hardly ever been alone with him a moment. One evening, as they sat on the piazza, a stroller paused—for they were near the highway—and looked at them, and asked for money. Dr. Lothian had just been called in; Lawrence was dismissing the tramp with a curt word, when Rose took out her little purse to look for some pennies. In an instant the man had snatched it; but in another instant a blow from Lawrence sent the man reeling and the purse scattering. Then, as the creature slunk away, Lawrence stooped to gather the silver.

"Is it all there?" he asked.

"There—there is one piece missing," she murmured.

"Well," he said, "it can't be far."

"'Afar from here,
I wait you, dear,'"

he hummed. "On, I beg your pardon! What is this? No; a bit of moonshine."

Rose, however, still went looking up and down the walk outside the gate.

"Well, never mind," he said; "let it be, to surprise some urchin with whole continents of taffy to-morrow."

"But I wouldn't lose it for anything," she exclaimed, before she thought; and she went along, bending over turf and pebbles, with a heightening color in her cheek. "Ah, here it is!" and she stooped and caught up the bit of silver, and dropped it in her pocket so swiftly that one might have said it was with a singular air of secrecy.

"I suppose it is your lucky penny," he said. "But why did you do that so furtively? Why are you blushing about it so, pray? And now why are you laughing? Are you one of the damsels that Spenser stole from Tasso, that laughter to her blushing gave more

"INDEED MAURICE WAS A SORT OF INCARNATE MUSIC IN HIMSELF."

grace, and blushing to her laughter? I have always suspected it." How sweet and strong the music throbbed now, playing with passion of love and death across their lightness!

"As if one could see a blush by moonlight!" she said, in an irritated way. "And why should I be blushing?"

"Why indeed? Unless—I believe it is the sixpence you broke with some—"

"It is the piece of money I was going to give the driver of my aunt's carriage a year and a half ago," she exclaimed, in a swift and sudden transport of imprudence.

And then, as if the world had rolled over the other way, "Oh, Rose, do you remember that?" he cried.

"Do you suppose I have forgotten it?"

"I hoped you had, and now you destroy all hope."

She hesitated, looked at him, fiery and splendid in the moonshine, just on the edge of dejection; again the music came pulsing with its story of joy and shadow of sorrow. "I—don't—see—why," she said. And then suddenly they disappeared where the boughs bent all about them, and the tones of the violin came to them like the wail of the south wind in the dusky depth of the leaves it lifted to let the moonbeams through.

"I should never have dared tell you—at least not yet—that I meant you to be my wife if I had to storm the gates of heaven for you, had it not been for Maurice's violin," he said, when they parted that night. "Don't you remember that when the prophet wanted to feel the spirit of the Lord he called for a minstrel?" And he looked back at her standing in the full light, with the soft glow in her brown eyes, the flush on her cheek, the smile about her dimpled mouth, the darkness of down-dropping hair disordered on his breast, and thanked the spell of moonlight and of music that had melted all her mood and broken her reserves and made her his, and knew he did not deserve her, and loved her all the more because he did not.

It seemed to Rose then, in her gladness over Lawrence's coming, her sadness over his going, her outlook on his every motion, her sense of possession, her delight at his mastery, her pleasure in his lordly grace and graciousness and splendid beauty, and in his talent, which her father called pre-eminent, that no one had ever had a lover before. Lilia and Maurice—ah, well, they were different. They had tumbled together as babies; they had played together as children; they had gone hand in hand as youth and maiden. They were now simply one soul in two bodies; they could all but read one another's thoughts. There had been no doubt or hesitations or coquetries or stoning of citadels there. There had been no formal proposal or acceptance possibly; it had all been taken for granted since they could remember. "When we are married," they said long ago, without having asked each other if that should ever be; anything else would have been disloyalty. Maurice had just made a great sacrifice; he had given up his desire to devote his life to music, since his father was unhappy at the thought of his not following the profession of the law and continuing the family tradition of generations. And now he and Lilia, every night after he came back from town, gave the greater part of the evening to violin and song, she at the piano, and now and then carrying the strain along with her rich contralto tones that had in them the resonance of softly clashing silver bells. Indeed, Maurice was a sort of incarnate music in himself. In his slender frame all was harmonious line and curve; in his face, with its wonderful delicacy, its pallor, its gypsy black hair, its eyes like midnight stars, strange tunes and involved measures seemed wrought out; and his nature, his inner being, was dominated by that order, that secret of music which is the secret of the song the stars sing together.

But as time went on with her engagement, Rose looked at Lilia and her lover with something like envy at that repose of blessed calm and certainty which was theirs. Lilia, for instance, knew that Maurice would be with her at the hour he gave; if he were not, she was quiet and glad still in the assurance that it was all right now, and would be all right when he did come. But Rose herself—of course a physician could not command all his time; he was at the beck and call of pain and suffering through all the country-side. But the time that he could command—not half of that was he spending either with Rose or with his books. Now that he had made sure of her, he remembered that there were other pleasures in the world than her society, and he sought them. "You see," he said, when he saw that she was disturbed, "time is short. When we are husband and wife"—and he looked at her with a certain roguish shyness that won away all her displeasure—"I shall have to settle down into the good family man. And isn't it better for me to have my fling now?"

"I don't see any need of that," Rose ... rested her head on his shoulder

"Not I. Take it as I go along; the better way. No, I shall never be that dummy, the good family man. The world is too full, too large, too rich. I must make the most of it. Other stars after this. But here, the whole of this!"

"You are the whole of it to me," she said, lifting her face.

"And when you are so beautiful, with the tears spinning off those lashes like a night shower across stars, you eclipse and cover all the rest of it for me. But, my little Rose, you couldn't care so much for me if I were one tone of one string; if I were that good dummy we spoke of. How tired of me you would become! I hold you just by reason of these things you don't approve. And, anyway, you can't change the spots of the leopard."

"There is no leopard in the case," she murmured. "The only thing is that I can't believe you love me when you could be with me, and be with Maurice and Lilia and my father too, and you prefer to play bowls with common idlers, and to sit in the tavern talking with people not fit for you to know."

"That is just what I say. It takes all sorts of people to make a world—and I acquaint myself with the world. Of course they are not fit for you to know. But if I extract all the honey there is in every flower and bring it to you, why do you exact more?"

"I have all the honey I want," she said, half pouting, half laughing.

"Then what are you complaining of?" he asked, laughing too. "Can't you trust me, Rose?"

And there, smiling in each other's eyes, love uppermost once more, it ended for the time. But only for the time. Presently there was discontent abroad that the young physician was not to be found where he should be, and was neglecting his patients and rumor of strange things was brought to the old colleague, who took it upon him gravely and gently to deal with the reprobate. But Lawrence drew himself up with dignity, and declined to have his personal habits made the subject of conversation. Then things ran more smoothly for a little. Club rooms and the tavern saw less of Lawrence, and Dragoner took him and Maurice on long spins into the country, and as he saw more and more of the lofty purity and stainless quality of Maurice, a gloom began to oppress him, as if he saw a gulf between them.

"What is the use?" he said to Maurice. "Why not take your pleasure where you can get it?"

"It isn't pleasure," said Maurice; "it is insanity."

"'Death is the end of life,'" hummed Lawrence, "'Ah, why should life all labor be?'"

"Are you going downward with the beasts, then, Lawrence?"

"I tend that way," he said, carelessly. "Come, now, Maurice; you're the only thing that staggers me. You're the finest development of matter I know, and what freak of the gods makes you destructible? If it wasn't that I can't tell where you end and spirit begins, I'd give the whole thing up, and go to the dogs my own way."

"And Rose?"

"Yes," said Lawrence, his face darkening, "Rose. Sometimes I think it will end by her throwing me over. And the best thing for her. And then facilis! The fact is, I've had a fatal push, thrust, impetus, given to me somewhere—"

"There is no such impetus. It was all in your letting go in those medical student days. All the impetus there is lies in the dust of which we are made, or rather that is always pulling us back."

"Much pulling back it has done for you, Maurice."

"Ah, you don't know! But then I had Lilia."

"And I have Rose, and am losing her," cried the other. "I am losing her, and myself too, because I have no power over this devil of thirst in me, this love of chance in dice and cards, these mad excitements in which only I am alive, and which are my master."

"There is always one moment in which you are master; the last moment before the fall. Plant your will there, Lawrence. Say it is Rose, home, children, health, happiness, respect, success. Say it is loftier life beyond this—"

There were tears in Lawrence's eyes, but they dashed away like a sun-shower in the laugh that rose to his lips. "Maurice, now man to man and no paltering," said he, "do you really look out for a life beyond this?"

"As I look for life beyond this moment here. Has creation worked from firemist up to this for nothing? It is nothing if it ends here, Lawrence."

"Yes. It is a long way from protoplasm to you, Maurice," he assented, with a sigh.

"And it is a long way from me to the angel Dante would have painted; to the cherub who 'points to God with his paired half-moon wings'; but I am on the way.

'A few adhering rivets loosed, upsprings
The angel, sparkles off his mail, and rings
Whirled from each delicatest limb.'

Do you suppose the hum an race came to flower in the man who wrote those words to end there? Impossible! He is going on. I am going on. Angel, or spirit, or man. Don't make me wait for you, Lawrence."

"You will have to wait," exclaimed Lawrence, with half a sob. "You will have to wait the eternal years themselves before I catch up with you, Maurice."

And perhaps it was because he felt so badly about it that the old doctor was sent for that night to take charge of a critical case where his young colleague evidently did not know what he was doing.

Affairs were going rapidly from bad to worse, and Rose saw the way beginning to close round her with a terrible darkness.

"Well," he said, when she spoke of her foreboding, "are you going to send me adrift, Rose?"

"No," she answered. "When I could not live without you."

"Then be patient till I have had my fling out, as I told you. Don't you suppose I would stop if I could? There comes an end to everything." And he went away singing:

"'God help me! Save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart
Far worse than death to me.'"

How fine he was when he looked at her with the smile flashing round his glittering teeth and out of the blue fire of his eye, with the light on his close-cropped yellow curls, with his head like that of some young Greek god! And she found herself singing over again,

"'In some sweet year,
In some sweet sphere,
Afar from here,
I wait you, dear.'"

Yes. But what was this he said? And then a quick indignation burned through her to think of the ruin he was making. She must wait for him to destroy himself, and when sin was impossible by reason of wasted mind and body and strength, receive him as if all were right. Her life must be shadowed, her happiness set at naught, her youth lost, her heart broken, while he destroyed himself with drinking bouts and poker chips. In a flame of anger she called him back, and said as much.

"Yes," he answered, gloomily; "that is about it. You are a part of me. I don't see that you can help it."

"I will help it!" she exclaimed. "I will not be a part of waste and sin and corruption and—" And she rushed out of the room and the spell of his presence.

"Do you mean it, Rose?" he cried.

And when no answer came, and she did not return, and no face all asparkle with laughs and blushes and tears looked in the door again, as often after their jars, even when he had waited a long while, he took up his hat and left the house.

It was a very disordered individual that Maurice found that evening coming out of the public-house and going toward his phaeton where Dragoner stood pawing the ground, and one entirely unfit to guide that infuriated animal.

"Get in! Get in!" he cried to Maurice. And in spite of an endeavor to expostulate, and request that he would send the horse round to the stables and walk home with him, and perhaps in order to avoid a scene in that place, and perhaps thinking he might control Lawrence if once beside him in the open air, Maurice found himself presently in the phaeton and whirling away, with Dragoner pulling at the bit wild for flight, and Lawrence wilder still in a fury of half-delirious words.

"Now I will show you what the creature's made of," he said. "De Soto shod his horse with silver. Dragoner is shod with fire. I'm in great trouble, Maurice. Dragoner is all I have to take me out of trouble. It is the old dragon himself that carries people into high mountains. Dragoner can do better than that, for if he stopped short he would carry us into eternity. Go, go, go, you winged wonder!"

And suddenly a team, dashing out of the deep blackness of shadow into the glare of the electric light, crashed upon them with a shock as of two worlds coming together. One second the great brute rose with all his wild outlines black and mighty in the light, and then indeed two worlds had crashed together, this world and that dark unknown one beyond; for when Maurice was lifted from the roadside, where he had been thrown, he was quite dead.

The next day a curt note addressed to Dr. Lawrence Rivers informed him that his professional connection was severed, and his relation to Dr. Lothian's family was at an end.

"I am dead too," cried Lawrence, in despair. "And the places that knew me shall know me no more. Oh, Rose! oh, Rose! oh, Rose!" And leaving everything as it was, with Rose's ring still upon his finger, Lawrence Rivers disappeared that day, and whether he were in life or death no one in all that region round about could say.

With the shock and the bewilderment, they said, Lilia was benumbed at first. But was it not, indeed, that she was exalted? Possibly the habit of a whole lifetime went with her still, and to her

"CAN'T YOU TRUST ME, ROSE?"

sublimated perceptions Maurice was still beside her. That terrible word "never" had no meaning for her. If she wept, none saw her tears. And she refused with horror to wear crape, as an act of infidelity. "Do not call it an accident," she said once. "There are no accidents. It is harder for Lawrence than for you and me. Do you think I hold him responsible? He loved Maurice; he would rather it had been himself. And Lawrence is as dear to me to-day as he was before it all." The only evidence of sharp pain she gave was when she unstrung Maurice's violin and the strings uttered a harsh vibration to her fingers, and she hid her face and her ears, shivering from head to foot. "You suffer more than I, my poor Rose," she said later, clasping her sister, for she was the one who had all the strength. At twenty years her being was desolated. All the fair uses of this life were closed to her, the sweet earth made void and its pleasant habits forbidden, and by some heaven-born force she rose superior to all that loss and deprivation.

"I have not lost him," she simply answered, if any would condole with her, and there was no more to be said. Only when she played or sang or listened to music, you saw that she was with her lover still. "It is what music is for," she said to Rose long afterward. "It seems to me that music is the speech of the soul, the voice of those emotions too lofty for mortal words. These resonances and reverberations that go out into space and reach from spirit to spirit are the plane of the communion of saints. I meet Maurice there."

But she said nothing of such as this in the early time, but bent all her powers to the consoling of Rose, who, wrapped in sorrow, felt not only that she had lost Lawrence and her love, but that he himself was lost, plunged in what hell of despair and sin she knew not; Lawrence, whose wrong-doing had been the death of Maurice, and the destruction of all Lilia's hopes and joys. And that was more to her than all the rest. She felt, with Lilia, that simple loss was light and slight beside this fact of the wrong done, the life taken, the joy annihilated, the misery created, the sin and guilt of it all. Although Lilia forgave, she could not. She could overlook the injury to herself, to him; but when she looked at Lilia, she could forgive no more. And yet she loved him still with all her heart. How she lived through that year she never knew. Torn this way and that by these various passions of love and grief, of shame and horror, of longing and suspense as well, she lost consciousness at last in a fever which threatened her reason, and which, both Lilia and her father hoped, had burned out all the body of her emotion, and left her only a memory of them.

And after that the days and the years went on with a slow, sad monotony. The two sisters made the way smooth for their father, helped him in the care of cases too poor for the hire of nurses, went now and then for a visit to their aunt at the Brunswick in town, when they heard the music they desired, and came back to their father, their flowers, their books, their colorless and eventless lives.

And in all this time no word of Lawrence. Could he have been so utterly lost if he were alive? Rose came at last to think of him too as dead, but never with Lilia's repose and confidence, and always with a wild unsatisfied longing after him, after the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice.

One year passed thus, and another—nine of them in all: and Rose in her twenty-seventh year was lovelier than in her early days, the pensive droop of lid and lip only adding to the charm of blush and glance, of snowy brow and dusky eye. Perhaps it was because she held that there are no accidents that Lilia's eye was caught one day, when glancing at an old newspaper that came across her way, by the name of Rivers, and then as she looked more closely, by mention of the heroic conduct of a physician of that name in a plague-stricken Southern city. That night, Rose, all unconscious, having gone up-stairs, oppressed with she knew not what gloom and depression, but one that seemed to belong to the late Lenten days, Lilia had a long hour's conversation in his study with the old doctor, he reluctant, she insistent. "It may not be he," her father said. "And if it is, it was only his professional duty. And let her alone; she is happy now."

"Far from it," said Lilia. "Hungry and forlorn, but making the best of life. And there is no risk; if he is still the same, all is as before. But if there has been a change, and there must have been if this story is true, then the king shall have his own again, and Rose will be happy. Sometimes I think she would be happier with him, and as his wife, whether there has been a change or not."

"Lilia," said her father, looking down at her with a hand on either shoulder, "you are an angel!"

"Oh no," she answered, with the smile she always had for him, unconsciously using Maurice's own words, "only, with all the rest of you, on the way to be one."

And the next day the doctor, after considerable grumbling and mumbling, for Rose's benefit, as to the folly of having medical conventions so far away, announced that he was going on a journey, and might be gone ten days.

There was a sense of spring in the air now, of long high sunlight and blue skies, snow melting on distant hills, swelling buds and glances of robins' wings, and that freshness of hope in every heart that comes on the thrill sweeping through the old planet with the pulse of her vernal equinox. It was Easter, and Rose had helped Lilia dress the church, and had massed the lilies round the chancel there as never before; and she had trembled to the glad pealing of the organ, and had bowed herself in prayer with the others, and yet she could not have told why that Easter day had given Lilia such heavenly peace, and left her so full of unrest. Knowing nothing, either, of a telegram her sister had received that afternoon, Rose wondered what new spell had come over Lilia, what guise of light and gladness, and why she spoke so much of Lawrence—of Lawrence, whom she herself vainly strove to forget.

"Why should you forget him?" said Lilia. "If he came in this door would he like it that you forgot?"

"He cannot come in this door," said Rose. "You know he must be dead."

"Would you rather one told you he lived, or that he came and stood before you himself? You would feel then that he was more a spirit than a mortal?" persisted the other, putting on the fire the last splinters of the drift-wood they had brought from the beach last year.

"Lilia, how can you torment me so?" cried Rose. "I believe that I should die of joy either way."

But Lilia bent then and kissed her sister's forehead, and went softly out of the room, holding the door open a moment and closing it gently behind her. And when Rose glanced up again, there, leaning an arm on the mantel, irradiated by the reflection of the fire, and gazing down at her with a smile where inexpressible joy and melancholy mingled, stood Lawrence—Lawrence, yet not the same Lawrence; the features of the Greek god still, and still the blue flame in the eye, but the short curls close to the head all a crop of iron gray; the great frame broadened and strengthened—the tenderness and sadness of the smile—ah! it was quite another Lawrence; the same flesh and blood, but, quite another life and love.

"Oh, Lawrence!" she cried, "you are risen from the dead!"

"But all those that are risen from the dead do not deserve heaven," he said.

"And how you have suffered!" she whispered.

"They do suffer who are in the grave with their sins," he said. "If rising out of them is rising from the dead— If it is really I— For from the moment I looked on Maurice's white face, and knew what I had done, I have been another man."

She was motionless because it was impossible to move. He too was silent again, the burden too much for speech. "A graceless wretch before," he said, huskily, in a moment or two, "from that hour I have lived not unworthy of you. Your father came for me. Lilia has given me the kiss of peace—Lilia living her life of an angel here in communion with angels there. But you, Rose, oh! how can you forgive me?"

"Oh, Lawrence," she cried, "how much more I love you for it all!" And then they were in each other's arms, the drift-wood fire scattering about them its swift flashes of the breaking lustres of ruby and sapphire and emerald from the flames brighter for the storm and wreck and deep seas of which they were born, as their own love and joy were stronger for the sorrows that had broken over them.

"It is sweeter, it is dearer, than that night ten years ago under the summer trees," murmured Lawrence. "It is like a new betrothal beyond the grave, the grave of your griefs, for you shall never shed another tear—the grave of my ill-doing. It borrows from the eternal, for this renewing of our love is the mortal putting on immortality."

And those who on Easter-Monday were bidden to the wedding festival, and heard the solemnity and strength of Lawrence's tones, felt as Rose had felt, as if he were one risen from the dead indeed. And looking at Lilia, white and radiant against the white and radiant lilies, her face the cast of that sweet sorrow which is so near immortal joy, they could have believed that she saw not those two lovers kneeling with the earth glories of many colors falling over them through the stained altar glass, but that white star-spirit of her love so long one of the angels that in heaven do always behold the face of the Father.

SLEEPY SONG.

Now the day is growing long
Baby needs her sleepy song:
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, my baby, my own.

Folded in her blanket white,
She will dream that day is night;
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, my baby, my own.

Closer shut your eyes of blue,
Let no ray of light peep through;
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, my baby, my own.

When the day is growing long,
Baby needs her sleepy song:
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, bye, bye,
Sleep, my baby, my own.

—Cora A. Matson, in Good Housekeeping.

Little Tide in the Mediterranean.

It is not correct to say, although such a remark is frequently made, that the Mediterranean has no tide, as there is a daily rise and fall of the water due to the action of the moon, but it is of very small dimensions. It is not entirely owing to the landlocked position of this sea that its tide is so small (although, according to the Brooklyn Eagle, this circumstance has much to do with it), for Hudson and Baffin's bays and the Red sea, have well marked tides, due to the fact that their mouths are open in the direction of the tidal current, while the entrance to the Mediterranean at Gibraltar is at right angles to it; thus but a small portion of the tide passes through from the Atlantic, not sufficient to produce any marked difference in its level. Besides this, its dimensions are too limited to allow of the moon's action being equally exerted upon it, when in the direct line of her attraction, so that the equilibrium of the surface is not greatly disturbed. The highest tidal rise in the Mediterranean occurs to the east of Sicily, where a wave flows up the Adriatic, elevating the water nearly four feet at new and full moon and half that amount at neap tides. At Antium regular tides have been found, in the summer, rising to fourteen inches, and a tide was observed at Toulon rising a foot about three and a half hours after the moon had passed the meridian. In the east of the sea tides are felt, and also slightly in the Grecian archipelago, but the general level only fluctuates a few inches. The soldiers of Alexander were alarmed on beholding the high tide at the mouth of the Indus and the troops of Cæsar were similarly affected by a like spectacle on the English coasts, their previous knowledge of oceanic phenomena having been confined to the comparatively tideless seas of Italy and Greece.

How a Sabre Cut Feels.

"I hardly know how it feels to be shot, but I well realize how it feels to be cut," said O. D. Reeves, of Indianapolis. "Do you see this scar? That was done at Nashville," and he held up his left hand, which was almost encircled by a deep scar. "The boys were ordered to charge, and I had emptied my pistols and had just drawn my sabre when I saw bearing down upon me one of the largest men I ever saw. Our horses were both going at full speed, and he was headed directly for me. He launched his blow first, and I instinctively threw up my hand and lowered my head. The sabre struck my hand, which fell helplessly to my side. The man flew past me and I turned my horse to one side and rode far enough away to examine my wound. No blood escaped, neither did I feel any pain until the wound was dressed a half hour later. The reaction set in, and the strongest opiates were used for days to give me relief from pain.—St. Louis Republic.

Captivated Them All.

Clara—I see that Sadie Swansdown took the prize at the foreman's fancy hop.

Maude—What did she impersonate?

Clara—A pair of hose.—Cloak Review.

He Had Been There.

His Honor.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Witness.—Yes—it's human nature.

CAN YOU DO IT?

SIX and FIVE make ELEVEN, but who by adding Five more straight marks to the above Six can make

NINE

Cut out the above puzzle and fill in with pencil or pen five straight marks so that it will read NINE, enclose same with 10 three-cent stamps or 30 cents in silver to THE CHEMICAL SUPPLY CO., 170 Yonge St., Toronto, Can., to pay for One Package of **Platz Pearl Pellets for Pallid People**, and you may receive a reward worth many times your trouble.

The proprietors of **Platz Pearl Pellets for Pallid People** having decided upon awarding a series of useful and valuable premiums as the best means of advertising this wonderful remedy, make the following liberal offer:

To the first person sending in a correct solution to the above puzzle will be presented an **Elegant Rosewood Piano** valued at **$300; to the second correct answer,** a **Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch** valued at **$85; to the third,** a **Diamond Ring; to the fourth,** choice of **Black Silk Dress Pattern** or **Suit of Clothes** made by first-class tailor; **to the fifth,** a **Coin Silver Watch; to the sixth,** a **silver Five-O'clock Tea Set; seventh,** a **Solid Gold Brooch; Eighth, Parlor Lamp;** To the **Next Ten** correct answers will be given a **Life-size Crayon Portrait of Self or Friend.**

To the sender of letter bearing latest post-mark received previous to April 15th, will be given **Free Transportation to the World's Fair, Chicago and First-class Hotel Accomodation for Two Weeks.**

To the second correct answer to the last, **Ladies' or Gents Gold Watch.** To the third from last, $10 in cash.

If there should be as many as one hundred persons sending correct answers, each will receive a valuable prize. Names of those receiving leading prizes will be sent to each contestant at the close of the competition. Extra premiums will be awarded to all who are willing to assist in the advertising and introduction of this medicine. Our object in offering these valuable prizes is to increase the popularity of our preparations. **Perfect impartiality will be observed in awarding these prizes.**

CONDITIONS.

The conditions under which these prizes will be awarded are that each person answering above puzzle must enclose 10 three-cent stamps or thirty cents in silver for One Package of **Platz Pearl Pellets for Pallid People.** You pay for the medicine; we give you the presents. Here is an opportunity for the bright ones. **Answer to-day** and you may win one of the leading prizes.

The spring of the year is the time when everyone needs a tonic. Especially is this true of this year when we are threatened with a visit of an epidemic. Fortify yourself by a thorough cleansing of the blood. **As a tonic Platz Pearl Pellets** have no equal. **As a blood purifier** and preventative against "spring diseases" caused by impurities of the blood, they stand foremost among the thousands of remedies offered to the public.

Young Men should use them. **Young Women** cannot afford to be without them. **Middle-aged Men** find in them new life and vigor. **Middle-aged Women** praise their virtues. **To the Aged: Platz Pearl Pellets for Pallid People** bring sound and refreshing sleep, strength to the nerves, cheerfulness to the mind and ease to the body, so that the weight of years bears less heavily as the thread of life lengthens.

In order that our friends living at a distance may have an equal chance in this competition with our home patrons, we have decided that the date stamped by the postmaster shall determine the time sent. Successful competitors in this contest who object to publicity and prefer not to have their names made known, shall have their wishes respected.

This is our initial prize competition, a series of which will be given through the months of April, May, June and July. In order that each succeeding competition may be more largely patronized, it shall be our endeavor to keep perfect faith with the public, and award all prizes promptly and impartially. We desire our patrons and the public generally to understand that these prize competitions are gotten up solely for the purpose of advertising and introducing this wonderful medicine into as many of our Canadian homes as possible during the next three months; and to give all who wish to do so, an opportunity to test the merits of Platz Pearl Pellets, and receive a reward for assisting to introduce them into other homes.

All communications promptly answered. Prizes awarded same day answers are received.

Address all letters: (9) **CHEMICAL SUPPLY CO., 170 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.**

Count the Dots

In our last competition, in which we had a circle containing 545 dots, we had answers ranging from 300 to 2,000,000. On the whole, however, our customers counted better than we expected. At the close of the competition the winners were notified of their success, and the presents awarded just as we advertised. As a proof of this and as an evidence that we have kept perfect faith with our patrons, we will send a complete list of winners (excepting those objecting to publicity) to any address on receipt of a 3 cent stamp to pay postage. We do this instead of publishing them on account of the list being so very large. In our present competition we present the above star and ask our customers to count the dots as they did with those in the circle. With it we make this offer:—

To the first three persons sending in the correct answer we will give each an elegant **GOLD WATCH,** with **ELGIN, WALTHAM, DUEBER HAMPDEN,** or other first-class movement. We will give the same to the senders of the three correct answers, who are equally far from the first and the last, while the persons sending in the last three correct answers will each be given watches exactly similar to the other six. **THIS MAKES NINE GOLD WATCHES, EACH OF WHICH IS VALUED AT $100,** that will positively be given away. A sample watch is now on exhibition at our office, and can be seen by any person interested; so if our sincerity is doubted the person may call, or have a friend do so, and see that they are all we claim. Remember each one is first-class and will be accompanied by a guarantee from the maker. **WE PRESENT GOLD WATCHES** in this competition in preference to **PURSES OF GOLD** because as a rule they last longer, and can, for years afterwards, be shown by the delighted possessors as an evidence that we do exactly as we promise. The watches will be presented in ladies' or gentlemen's sizes as desired. In addition we will give **ONE HUNDRED EXTRA PRESENTS** such as **SILK DRESS PATTERNS, VALUABLE PIECES OF JEWELLERY, USEFUL AND PRETTY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, ETC.,** for intermediate correct answers. Should there be no correct answers, the presents will be distributed among those whose answers are nearest the correct number. Each answer must be accompanied by 50 cents in silver or stamps to pay for a box of Dr. Marz's Health Pills. We sell you the pills and give you the present. To any person who is dissatisfied and does not find the Pills exactly as we represent them, we will return their money. Our sole object in making this extraordinary offer is to introduce this excellent remedy into every home in America.

AS A TONIC Health Pills have no equal. The tired brain-worker and worn-out business man finds them especially adapted to his case. They give new life and energy, and make hard work easy. **DR. MARZ'S HEALTH PILLS STRENGTHEN THE BODY AND BRIGHTEN THE BRAIN.**

YOUNG MEN Who suffer from excesses of youth, nocturnal emissions, mental worry, over-work or sleeplessness, should use Health Pills. They will stop your troubles, give you energy and strength, and make you yourself again.

YOUNG WOMEN Pale and tired, who suffer from female weakness, scantiness, suppression of their sickness, headache, whites, pain in the back and bearing down pains, should use Health Pills. They restore the monthlies in all cases, build up the system, enrich the blood and make the face plump, bright and rosy.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN Suffering from premature decay, kidney or bladder troubles the results of youthful follies, loss of energy, mental worry or over-work, should use Health Pills. They act especially upon the bladder and kidneys, and restore the vigor of youth to all failing organs, both physical and mental.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN Suffering from "change of life," headaches, pains in the womb, constipation, piles, irregularities and mental depression, should use Health Pills. They relieve all these symptoms, purify the blood, strengthen the nerves, regulate the bowels, and assist Nature in every way.

TO THE AGED Health Pills yield sound and refreshing sleep, give strength to the nerves, cheerfulness to the mind and ease to the body, so that the weight of years bears less heavily as the thread of life lengthens.

If the persons among whom we decide to distribute our presents object to publicity, and desire that no mention be made of their names, we will respect their wishes in the matter and forward presents to any address mentioned without the knowledge of even a third person. All communications addressed to us will be promptly answered and all correspondence regarded as sacredly confidential. In writing, address **THE PARISIAN MEDICAL CO.** (Canadian Branch), **33 to 34 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.**

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION