

of the town that has the distinguished honour of being her birthplace.

Now, regarding the one who is, and ever will be, shrouded in my "heart of hearts," whose love, which he once cherished for me, is as sacred as the memory of her who loved him "too well," I can only say this much. He has prospered in his career, and is spoken of as one of the rising men of the day. I have heard that he is considered cold in his manner, reserved in his demeanour, and rigidly formal in his conduct. If this is the case, how unlike he is to the Frank of well-remembered, happier days! Though reckoned an excellent *parti*, no woman has been known to captivate him. The world cannot divine the cause of his being such a confirmed bachelor in his ways and habits, and I, who could, do not intend to enlighten the world. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that my last refusal completely hardened his nature towards my sex, and that his cold and stoical behaviour towards all women is due to his love-disappointment. His disbelief in our truth and sincerity has made that high, generous nature hard and indifferent. And I am the unhappy cause of all this! I am convinced that he will never woo me again. Well, the "painful riddle" of circumstances shall never be unravelled by me. And, besides, it is too late now to undeceive one another. We are both of us long past the age when it is usual to indulge in the ecstasy of devotion. The fitful glow and glamour of love become the season of youth when

"A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

and not to the waning, chilling period of age. So I have come to the conclusion to "let the dead past bury its dead." We may never meet again on this side of eternity. His last bitter words on that terrible day of my despair may never be revoked in this world. Let it be so. When all secrets are revealed he will know the truth. Till then, I can only fold to my soul one comforting thought, one sweet assurance—that I have never swerved from my duty; and so I have kept my trust, my truth, and my troth for evermore!

"While Memory watches o'er the end and review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew."

Have I now given you good reason for remaining an old maid?

Let me hope I have done so.

THE END.

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF ART.

The illustrations of the Ontario School of Art which we publish to-day, are by some of the students who wished to try their hands at a little pictorial work as a relaxation after, and a test of the result of, the session's more sober and severely matter-of-fact course of drawing. The work done during the school term is, as becomes a school mainly supported by Government, of a strictly practical character, calculated to lay a solid foundation for good artistic work in the future, but for the present inclining the students to form a modest estimate of themselves rather than stimulating them to immediate production.

The Ontario School of Art is still in its infancy. The advantages it offers are being multiplied every year, and the quality of the work done has increased steadily in value, but the greater number of the students are yet occupied with mere elementary work, and the highest class in oils, to which none but advanced students are admitted, is small.

The school was started, in 1876, by the Ontario Society of Artists, assisted by a grant from the Government of Ontario. But the grant was small, and for the past three years the school has owed its existence, for at its necessarily low rate of charge it could not be self-supporting, mainly to the Ontario Society of Artists, and to a few individuals among its members. Now, however, that its success has placed it so high above the level of an experiment, and that its importance to the future of art manufacture in Canada is so recognizable, the Government grant has been largely increased, and the school may be said to be permanently established.

The students are as a rule preparing themselves to be designers, engravers, photograph painters, architects, teachers of drawing and artists. Some amateurs there are too, but inclined to take life seriously, and for the most part probably cultivating their talent that it may be useful to them in some definite way, or that they may have it to fall back upon as a *dernier resort*. In any case, if fate allows them to sign themselves "amateur" through life, there is strong presumption that they will not be found among the ranks of the army of amateurs who carry about sketch books at summer resorts and distribute representations of nature, blotisque if they are bold, skinny if cautious, false in any case, as souvenirs among their hotel acquaintances; nor will they be found, it may be hoped, among the still more abominable band of æsthetic decorators who flood the country with bad art in the shape of plaques, platters, screens, carved woodwork and sham oyster shells decorated with correct high art subjects—stocks as a rule. Amateur work our friends will probably do, both from nature and, doubtless, in conventional design; but besides having their taste formed upon a solid basis, they will have had the casual advantage of learning to draw—a power apparently not essential to the ordinary amateur. The writer had once the pleasure of sitting beside a young lady, well educated too, with none of

that sort of nonsense about her which Mr. Sparkler objected to, whilst she sketched a landscape. Venturing to criticize her preliminary outline a little she replied, "Oh! I can't do outlines. Wait till I get to the colouring."

After the preliminary purification in straight lines and geometrical figures, which, though interesting in their way to one who is bent on training eye and hand, cannot be said to be exactly beautiful, the exercises in design which follow, (to go no further than the freehand outline class) have an intrinsic beauty which no one can help feeling and delighting in, who has any real taste for art. From the freehand outline class, after a slight introduction to the Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Moorish styles of design, the student is passed on to instruction in Perspective, Light and Shade, and Figure Drawing. There is also a class in water colours, under the direction of the President of the Canadian Academy, and an oil class. But the main energy of the school is at present expended upon drawing in black and white. The most important class is the antique class, which is occupied in making careful shaded drawings in crayon from the antique. To this class the gold and silver medals of the school are awarded.

The presentation of prizes at the close of this year's session took place on Saturday, April 24th, at the Exhibition Rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The rooms were on this occasion decorated with the pupils' work during the past term, hundreds of yards of outline, and many square feet of shaded drawings. The drawings are said to exhibit decided improvement upon the work of preceding years, showing that the school is steadily increasing in efficiency. The prizes and certificates were presented by the President of the Canadian Academy. Some parting advice was given to the students by the artists teaching at the school, and Mr. Goldwin Smith addressed the audience.

The gold medal for this year, for the best shaded drawing of a full length figure from the antique, was awarded to Miss Walker, of Belleville. The silver medal to Mr. George Reid, of Wingham, for the best shaded drawing of a head. Two other prizes were given by the school, for the best ornamental design in outline, done in school, which was won by J. Lawson, Toronto; and for the best charcoal time sketch, won by T. T. Willing, Toronto. Two special prizes were given, for a time outline from the antique cast, won by F. W. Tupling, Toronto; and one, presented by Mr. Goldwin Smith, for the best original design for a Christmas card from a subject exclusively Canadian. This was also won by Mr. Willing.

The charcoal time sketch, mentioned above, is a very attractive style of drawing. A class for picturesque sketching in charcoal is held on one afternoon in every week, and one evening for the night class. It forms an agreeable and wholesome relaxation from the laborious accuracy of the rest of the week and is deservedly popular. All look forward with interest to "Charcoal day." Only two hours are allowed, and the drawing must be done inside of them. Hence the scene is one of brisk activity. The afternoon class forms the subject of one of our illustrations. It is the advanced class which is represented. The elementary class is indulged in another room with old boxes and barrels from the wine merchants downstairs, tastefully grouped and flowing over recklessly with red baize. The advanced class rejoices in a draped lay figure, and as the term advances is exalted to the living model, in the shape of a news boy at twenty-five cents the sitting. We give a separate illustration of one who was suffering from a bad toothache during the time he sat. We think our artist has caught well his self-absorbed expression and total absence of interest in the very novel scene about him. Some of the ladies petitioned for a little girl as a model—they are so much prettier. So one touzle-haired youngster was tried, and given a twenty-four ounce apple to hold that she might have a pleasant expression—thereby causing some poetic soul to label her drawing "Anticipation." Two or three were tried but were found to be rather a nuisance. They could not sit still for the two hours, no small matter by the way, the length of a good long church service; try it yourself the next time you have a sermon reaching up to seven-tenths and lastly. The boys can sit out the time very well, though they must earn their twenty-five cents in the process. One ambitious youth, who insisted on laying himself out for a neck ache by holding his head too upright, shed tears before it was over. But he never budged an inch; he sat like a statue with teeth and hands clenched and the tears rolling down his cheeks. With the girls it is necessary to chalk out their position on the back of the chair and let them get down to rest. Of course, it is all up with their precious folds then. There is no repeating a fold, they are the children of accident; there is no use urging them, folds "must be humoured not drove."

From the other illustrations it may be gathered that the life of the art student is not without variety and amusement. There is a long intermission in the middle of the day. Many bring their luncheon with them and eat it at the school. At first it was usually eaten in haste and gloomy separation for want of a social centre, until some female mind discovered that water can be boiled at a base burner stove. A co-operative little pot (which would be soon hot) was immediately started, and the next day several champions of progress were to be seen proudly floating their inventive minds in Epps' cocoa out of the water colour class tumblers. Luncheon around the stove speedily became an institution of the

school. The gentlemen were sometimes invited to share the comforts of the little pot. Our illustration represents one endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the circle of pot holders.

That group of three, by the way, in the right hand corner above, is not a picture on the wall, but Mr. Frazer, Mr. Matthews and Mr. O'Brien, members of the School Council, holding a consultation evidently very important, but the subject unknown. The group was merely inserted out of his sketch-book by the artist, in the fullness of his generosity, that the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS might get as much as possible for their money; and also, doubtless, that he might work off some of the plethora of sketches that he has accumulated by strolling about the school at odd times in search of the picturesque. He has become notorious and liable to constant suspicion. Behold him in our illustration, taken off in a rapid act of surreptitious sketching.

Our last illustration represents the mutual criticism upon which the students have to depend out of class hours. It gives rise to much discussion, argument, quotation, enquiry and origination of ideas. An envious lawyer, who dropped in one day, said he would like to be an art student, there is so much standing about and looking at things. It is quite possible to talk too much over the work, but there is no denying the utility of mental friction. Ideas rubbed together sometimes produce a spark of truth.

The Art School is over now, to begin again next October. Meanwhile the students are dispersed pretty widely. If they follow the advice of their instructors, they will occupy themselves during the summer in making careful studies of plants that will be useful to them in the future for design. The most advanced may, perhaps, try their hand at landscape, modestly it is to be hoped, and with due regard for truth, bearing in mind Ruskin's excellent advice—"You need never hope to get on, if you are in the least anxious that the drawing you are actually at work upon should look nice when it is done. All you have to care about is to make it right, and learn as much in doing it as possible."

VARIETIES.

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM.—Why do we give the name of folly to that courage of a youthful heart which makes it endure all things, and which gives it strength to live in misery, in a desert, in a cabin, provided that it be not separated from the object of its love? Are not sacrifices still sacrifices, even if the object be only ideal? Are the sacrifices which men are daily making for the pursuit of wealth, glory or ambition, more real and more meritorious? And even if it be true that youth sometimes errs by misplacing these warm affections, do we who blame it err less frequently? No! leave to youth its noble enthusiasm of feeling, instead of stifling it by your raileries; direct it towards the good, the beautiful, and the true, instead of allowing it to exhaust itself on trifles. The cares of life, love deceived and friendship betrayed, will come soon enough to chill this ardent heart; too soon will come the time when reason and experience will touch all around with their freezing breath, when man will be tempted to believe no longer that happiness can be found on earth.

WRITING IN ANCIENT GREECE.—Professor Paley, in *Fraser's Magazine*, takes the novel ground that writing was not used among the Greeks for literary purposes till the age of Plato. He draws attention to the distinction, which has been too little noticed, between the use of writing for public or state purposes and the use of it for book-making. He insists on "the total absence from the Greek vocabulary of all words and terms connected with pen-and-ink writing till a comparatively late period." He suggests that the great development of sculpture and oratory among the Greeks was mainly due to their having no outlet for their intelligence and genius in literature, and thinks that a passage in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes (1,113) points to books being at that time a novelty. He suggests that the well-known work of Hekataeus may have been handed down orally; at all events, there is no proof that written works of Hekataeus and Hellanikus were in existence. He further disputes the view that Thucydides was acquainted with Herodotus, and notes that Thucydides is either obliged or contented to fall back on inferences, memory and hearsay for the sources of his history.

WAS "SHYLOCK" A JEW?—Under the heading, "Was the historical Shylock a Jew?" the *Colony Gazette* extracts the following story from the work of Gregorio Leti, the biographer of Pope Sixtus V.—In the year 1587, or ten years before the date of Shakespeare's famous production, a good Catholic and respectable merchant of Rome, by name Paul Secchie, is told that Francis Drake has conquered St. Domingo, and gained great booty there. He imparts the news to a Jewish tradesman, one Simon Clueda, who declined, however, to believe it. Eventually the two made a wager on the subject. The Jew bet a pound of his own flesh that the story was false, against 1,000 scudi laid by his opponent that it was true. The terms of the wager were that the Christian merchant was, if the winner, himself to cut off a pound of the Jew's flesh from any part of his person he chose to select. The story of Drake's successes was soon confirmed. In vain the Jew offered 1,000 scudi. The Christian swore he would have his bond. In his extremity the Jew had recourse to the Governor of Rome, who,

in his turn, reported the matter to the Pope. His Holiness then played the Portia as we know it. He did not, however, insist upon the conversion of the Jew, but condemned both parties to the galleys, from which fate he only escaped by the payment of 2,000 each to an hospital.

A RECKLESS ADVENTURE OVER THE ICE.—Early on a morning of last week, one Jean Bte. Labischere, a one-armed individual, from Caughnawaga, walked to Laprairie, at which place a number of people endeavoured to dissuade him from endangering his life by attempting to cross the ice to Montreal. Labischere, however, started, carrying a long pole to assist him on his journey. Proceeding carefully for a short distance, he came to a sudden stop at a place where he found the ice detached and floating down in huge cakes. An instant later he made the unpleasant discovery that the ice upon which he stood was also in motion, and gradually crumbling to pieces. With his pole he moved the detached ice here and there, and by means of blocking it up in a few places gathering it in others and springing from piece to piece was enabled to cross in safety. By the time he reached the Victoria Bridge, fully four hundred people were gathered on the shore watching his movements and speculating upon his chances. Close by one of the piers he experienced the greatest difficulty met with during the entire trip. Owing to the floating ice, he was fully twenty minutes in passing under the bridge, which led many people to believe he was lost. He ultimately reached the city in safety, though thoroughly exhausted, after a nine hours' tramp, the greater portion of which was spent upon the ice.

COMPETITION HARMFUL.—A paper on "Architectural Competition," read at the institute of British architects, had for its object to show the harmful effects of competition on the profession at large, and suggest to the institute to "take some practical steps to remedy the evils acknowledged to exist." In the discussion that followed Prof. Kerr made a few remarks, which may perhaps be allowed a place in such a summary as the present. Having protested against the notion that competition favours modest merit, the professor said: "Modesty will wait; it is immodesty that will not. Merit can wait; it is demerit that cannot. The man who, in professional life, is the most fortunate, is he who starts without false aids, without fallacious incentives, without self-conceit and without hurry. Waiting patiently, working diligently and walking uprightly until he has reached the age of matured usefulness alone can permanently hold, because it alone is worthy to hold it. In plain language, at the age of forty (which is recognized as the earliest period at which a man may expect to acquire a position in a profession as distinguished from a trade) he finds himself beginning to know the world well; youth has passed into full manhood, and he has five-and-twenty years before him during which to employ his energies at their best, and to win respect for a meritorious old age."

TEARS AS A WEAPON.—Tears, chemically considered, are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime. Poetically considered, they are drops splashed into the eyes from the deep springs of the soul, into which a weight of sorrow has fallen. Physiologically they are the overflow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles. It is our present purpose to consider them as a weapon of attack and defence. They are the last resource of the gentler sex, the emotional "last ditch," as it were. To use them with effect, therefore, requires a certain judgment. They should not lightly be resorted to. If the lady appeals to these moist arguments on all occasions, they soon lose their virtue. She simply becomes a damp nuisance. Another important requisite is that they should be used æsthetically. It is the theory that tears, pearly tears, flow down the cheek; but in practice it is found that they usually dribble down the nose. The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of raw look at the end. It may be laid down as a rule that the woman who uses her handkerchief at this moment is lost.

The dignity and effectiveness of tears is gone as soon as the mopping business begins. A light hysterical snuffle may be permitted if artistically executed with a gasp or sob, but no polishing off of eyelid or proboscis is admissible. The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrant in the face, and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smile. If the head is bent forward the tears will run down the nose and drop off the end, and that spoils the whole thing. Let us, for example, suppose that the fire-operator wants a spring bonnet, a duck or love of a bonnet. The stern and heartless tyrant refuses, and even speaks in an unfeeling manner about bills. The skilful practitioner will not sulk or complain. She will look up at him smilingly and pleadingly, and softly remark that she will continue to wear her old winter bonnet; then her chin will twitch, and a faint tremor will be heard in her voice, and tears, idle tears, will flow one by one down her cheeks. Thereupon the stern tyrant opens his pocket-book.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

"To smn it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their own benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."