

and covered with concrete and Portland cement.

The Commissioner of Public Works has not forgotten the ladies, as they will have a large room, finished in walnut, all to themselves, handsomely fitted up, not far from the entrance to their special gallery in the chamber.

The contractors boast that but few accidents have occurred during the six years in which the building has been in course of erection, and the three deaths that did occur were wholly due to the carelessness of the victims.

The floors are all double; two thicknesses of asbestos, acting as a deafener and protection from fire, being placed between each floor.

The main corridors are both lofty, light and wide, and are finished throughout in white oak, with a profusion of carving. They are roofed over with amber-colored glass, which sheds a subdued and restful light below.

Thus Ontario's new Parliament Buildings stand completed, a credit to the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. C. F. Fraser, who has exercised the closest oversight over the construction; and to Sir Oliver Mowat, whose Government has erected them in a comparatively few years and at a very reasonable cost. The noble pile is a worthy successor to its historical predecessors.

DOUBT.

Ah sad and dark sometimes the day,
 And fierce the pain that eats the heart !
 Our fairest flowers fade away,
 Our dearest hopes depart !
 Oh, burning fear ! oh, hideous dread !
 What if this dark contracting ball
 Hold all the past, hold all the dead ?
 What if these years be all ?

Sad then is love, hopeless is pain,
 Wildly fantastic, human-kind,
 As shapes that flit across the brain
 Of one from childhood blind !
 And what is laughter, what is wine,
 And song, and dance, and kiss, and jest,
 Save tears of thrice-embittered brine,
 And mockery at best ?

Ah, if our flesh is all—if years
 Quench all the suns in turn, and pass
 Across the firmament of spheres
 Like breath upon a glass :
 Then, O my heart ! cease, cease to beat,
 Clot the red flood, and end the strife !
 If life is but of hands and feet,
 How cruel a jest is life.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

OWEN SOUND.