

willing to sacrifice his time for a monetary consideration, and furnish bonds that he would not change his views to suit each locality, he would fill the position acceptably, and we therefore take much pleasure in placing him in nomination; but we are afraid this gentleman's record as a "lightning change artist" will go against him.

Upon the wings of summer, comes, stealing once more into our editorial nostrils, the everlasting aroma of the Johnson Street Sewer. As we rambled down one day upon the premises of the E. & N. Railway, with a view to settling our noon-day meal, we saw a lady peer over the railing. She staggered, and to parody the parody:

"With the whiff and wind of that fell sewer,
The unnerved lady falls."

When a sewer gets strong enough to unbalance mortals at a reasonable distance, it is time for the proprietors thereof to take note of the fact and abate the nuisance.

From the many communications received at this office on the subject of eternal punishment we are forced to conclude that there a great number of people in this city who have a thorough knowledge of the topography of that region over which the Prince of Darkness is Supreme Ruler. Hitherto it has been a tradition over in James Bay that the members of the opposition were really the only ones who could speak authoritatively on the subject, inasmuch as they have had a long and varied experience in dissecting a superior article of Hades hurled across the floor of the House from the Government side.

ENGLISH SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Though the London season is still in its infancy, everything indicates that it will be the dulllest season known for many years. Shopkeepers and purveyors of popular amusement are in despair.

Canadians can scarcely form a conception of the positively withering effects the example set by royalty in staying away from London has on fashionable frivolities. Well-known Americans, who arrived in London expecting to find the season in full swing, were disappointed with its dullness, and hurried on to Paris.

It is a matter of common talk in London that Prince George's be-

trothal to Princess Mary of Teck will be formally announced very soon. Everything that club gossip and drawing-room chat can accomplish is being done to familiarize the British public with this idea. Society journals print detailed accounts of the time the young couple spend in each other's society at Cannes.

Another topic of general conversation is the Queen's unconcealed anxiety about the Prince of Wales' health. The truth is that since the death of the Duke of Clarence, the Prince has become a prey to an almost insane fear that the succession may pass out of the male line of his family. He broods over this possibility day and night, and will never have a moment's peace until Prince George is married, and it is placed beyond doubt that the succession through George is assured. The Prince has grown moody and hippish, and is in constant terror of his own life and that of his son. The Princess, on the other hand, has got over her affliction much more rapidly, and is proving a genuine helpmate to her husband.

The usual royal festivities will be crowded into a few weeks. The result will be a tremendous crush of people. Few outsiders get invitations. Nearly two thousand invitations will be issued to each of the two state concerts, the first in the latter part of May, the second early in June.

Invitations to the May Drawing-Rooms are also to be limited as closely as possible.

The Royal Academy was formally opened May 2. A picture which caused most talk, apart from its artistic merits, was the Marchioness of Lorne's portrait of Paderewski. Unfortunately for the Princess Louise's work, which is exhibited in the New Gallery, the same show contains a portrait of this famous pianist by Alma Tadema.

Next to this portrait, Shannon's portrait of Lady Skelmersdale, an American, painted by an American, carries off the honors of the New Gallery.

Prince George, eldest living son of the Prince of Wales, will wed Princess Mary Victoria, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The young Prince has a reputation for heartiness and lack of display which has endeared him to English men, and he is accounted an excellent sailor, a quality that in the greatest maritime nation of the world could not fail to bring him popularity. His full name is George Frederick Ernest Albert, and he was born at Marlborough House in June, 1865. At the end of the cruise of the *Bacchante*, the two young princes published a book about it. It was written partly by Prince Albert Victor (the late Duke of Clarence) and partly by Prince Albert. Prince George wrote like a fun-loving young midshipman and spoke of his brother as "Eddie." It is said that while on this cruise Prince George once threw himself on a transom in the gun-room of the *Bacchante* and said: "Eddie, get down your violin and play 'God Save Your Grandmother.'" Wherever Prince George went, he was popular and was "up to" all sorts of pranks common to young middies.

Mrs. Langtry has gone to Paris to buy dresses for her role as a courtesan in Wyndham's new play.

THE NEW VERSION.

Now it came to pass on a certain day that Ananias II. and Jack the Capper were standing together on a great rock on the ironbound coast of Bogusburg.

For Jack the Capper had grown wealthy in Bogusburg lots, and stood in the presence of the King.

Now Ananias II. was king of Bogusburg.

And Ananias did wear a hat of great length—the like of which was never seen in Bogusburg—which did shine as the noon-day sun. And the people did veil their faces to look upon the king.

And it came to pass as Ananias II. and Jack the Capper conversed together, that Jack the Capper said unto Ananias: "Let us go down together even unto the mighty dry-dock which Nature hath hewn out of the rock, that we may be clean."

And after that they had disrobed and given the hat of great length together with the costly garments (which had been purchased with Bogusburg lots) into the hands of Gehazi, the page, they went down together unto the mighty dry-dock which Nature had hewn out of the rock and were made clean.

R. B.