

STATUE TO SHAKESPEARE.

On the 10th October was unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon the statue of Shakespeare, presented, designed and executed by Lord Ronald Gower, brother to the Duke of Sutherland. It has been several years in preparation, and is entirely Shakesperian in character, with a life size figure of the poet on a pedestal surrounded by four of his greatest creations—namely, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff and Prince Hal. The statue is placed in the grounds surrounding the memorial buildings, within a few yards of Shakespeare's residence. The pedestal is of Bath stone, sixteen feet high, and elaborately carved. A life-size seated bronze figure of Shakespeare surmounts it. The face bears a striking resemblance to the portrait shown at his birthplace, and the effect is rendered more striking by the sculptor having adopted as a costume a doublet covered by a loose, sleeveless gown, such as distinguishes the portrait. Shakespeare's gaze is directed toward the church where lie his remains.

The four Shakesperian figures stand on projecting bases. Hamlet is seated, with a dejected expression of visage, musing over Yorick's skull. The other seated figure is that of Falstaff. An empty wine cup is in the left hand, the right being raised, with the forefinger extended. Lady Macbeth is represented rubbing her hands to remove the indelible bloodstains. The face is hard and cruel, but a shadow of remorse is to be remarked in it. Prince Hal is trying on his father's crown. The memorial is decorated with four laurel chaplets and masks typical of comedy and tragedy. It is the generous tribute of a true artist to a poet's fame.

There was an immense gathering, including many visitors from London and the large provincial cities, and a perfect multitude from within a radius of twenty miles. The monument was gracefully unveiled, amid cheers and music, by Lady Hodgson, wife of the Mayor of that city, who is a daughter of the Chief Justice of New South Wales. Sir Arthur Hodgson, the Mayor of Stratford, who was once a distinguished official in Queensland, where he made an immense fortune, felicitously accepted the statue, and was pleasantly seconded by Sir Philip Canliffe Owen.

Oscar Wilde, the orator of the day, made a terse and poetic speech. Lord Ronald Gower made a few modest, neat remarks in thanks, and then a large number of invited guests were given a princely luncheon by the Mayor, in the picture gallery of the memorial hall.

Miss Ada Rehan dominated the entertainment, gorgeously dressed as Katherine—that is to say, her portrait recently presented by Augustin Daly looked down upon the table, surrounded by pictures of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Charles Kean, John Philip Kemble, Farren Phelps, Edwin Booth and others. Mr. George Augustus Sala responded to the toast "The Drama."

Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, spoke for Shakespeare's birthplace, and remarked, "Since the visit of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly here our people have read more about Bacon and loved Shakespeare better than ever." Oscar Wilde recited an ode of four lines, which, referring to the bronze figures, read thus:

Hear Royal Henry chide his self-crowned heir,
The guilty Queen moan for her white hands' stain,
Or Falstaff troll some roystering refrain,
Or Hamlet play with his whole soul's despair.

The newly elected member for Montreal East, Mr. Lepine, will be the youngest member of the House of Commons, 28, yet he will represent the most populous constituency in the Dominion, and the largest manufacturing centre. He is a printer by trade, but being a pledged prohibitionist, takes no "stick" in his drinks, though he may have several "sticks" in his "takes."

The Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., formerly Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, and who is an honorary canon of Canterbury Cathedral and the writer of many devotional books, the only surviving brother of Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, the oldest living baronet, who is in his 94th year, was born at Broome Park, near Canterbury, and has just completed his 80th year.

MILITIA NOTES.

It is reported that the invention of Captain Greville Harsten, of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, for converting the Martini rifle into a magazine weapon, has been adopted by the Small Arms Committee for the British Army.

General Goodenough, who has come to Canada to advise the British Government as to the best way of defending Victoria and Vancouver against invasion, passed through Montreal, accompanied by his A. D. C., Capt. Fox, R.A.

Lieut.-Col. James Poyntz, of Windsor, aged 90, who is one of the few remaining veterans of the Peninsular war, has just received a letter from Gen. Ponsonby, at the command of Queen Victoria, inclosing one of Her Majesty's jubilee medals.

Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, the centenarian father of the British navy, has sent to Judge Shannon, of Halifax, an enlarged photograph of himself, done in oil, which he has presented to Judge Shannon as a token of his regard, and also as a souvenir of his attachment to his native city, "dear old Halifax," as he calls it in his accompanying letter. The veteran admiral, the sole survivor of the victors of the Shannon in its famous engagement with the Chesapeake, is still at the head of the navy list of England, although now nearing the 99th year of his age.

THE IDYL OF BRENT FARM.

No father, no mother, my kinsfolk afar,
And so to my lot it befel
A hiring to be to her father for pay;
But I faithfully served him and well.
I loved her, just budding to womanhood then,
But neither by gesture nor words
Did I show of my love for the daughter of one
Who was master of farm lands and herds.

I toiled all the day, and I toiled half the night,
And diligent ever I wrought;
In daytime I deeded in the broad fields of earth,
And at night in the wide fields of thought.
For I said to myself in the depths of my soul:
"The fair and the blossoming rose
From the clod that is trampled in scorn at our feet
Right stately and beautiful grows."

As the spirit enlarges the body refines,
And knowledge creates self-respect;
So I looked unabashed upon others around,
And I carried my body erect.
Men noted the growth of my manner and mind,
And Brent, tho' to others so grim,
Gave me smiles and his confidence, till at last
I managed the farm lands for him.

In Beauty and sweetness Elizabeth grew;
I worshipped her, but from afar,
As a shepherd Chaldee his devotion might pay
To some bright and particular star.
Rich suitors were many who wooed her in vain—
Her gaze went right over their heads;
And Brent said to me, with a queer, crabbed smile—
"Joe, she'll pick out a man when she weds."

Yet the eye speaks the words that will shrink from the tongue;
She knew that I loved her, and she,
By blushes and tremor whenever we met,
Showed her growing affection for me.
It was madness. I felt he would never consent
She should wed with a penniless youth;
And I feared by the glance that he gave us one day,
That he knew or suspected the truth.

I could bear it no longer, the woe and despair,
The torture that gnawed at my breast;
I would leave the old farm, and its memories all,
And fortune pursue in the West.
I would grow with its growth, winning riches and name,
Would suffer no hindrance or let;
And in scenes that were new, and in sights that were strange,
My wild, hopeless passion forget.

So one night after supper when Lizzie sat nigh,
I told them my purpose and plan—
"My year will be up in a fortnight," I said,
"And the West is the place for a man."
Lizzie paled; but her father serenely observed,
"Your plan will not suit me, I fear;
For whenever you marry Elizabeth, Joe,
I expect you to both settle here."

She blushed, and I stammered—"I never have dared—"
Her father he nodded his head—
"I have watched you two young ones for six months or more,
And laughed at your folly," he said.
"If you will ramble West, ramble West if you will,
But better stay here while you may;
Talk over the thing with Elizabeth there—
The girl may have something to say."



Magistrate (to woman)—"You admit that you hit your husband with a stove-lid, and yet you claim that there are extenuating circumstances governing the case."

Woman—"Yes, sah, deh was a extenuatin' sarcumstance. De stove-lid warn't hot."

"What's the name of this play?" asked a young lady of her escort at Albaugh's last night at the close of an act.

"Siberia," he replied, as he started to go out.

"Thanks," she said, sarcastically, "I thought possibly it was Twobeeria." Then he didn't go out.

Mr. Chesley—"Quick, your decision, Louise!"

Miss de Leigh—"Why do you hurry me so?"

Mr. Chesley—"For two reasons. Professor Barnard says that a comet is approaching the earth at the rate of three million miles a day, and—er! ahem! I think I hear your mother coming too."

Smith—"Pretty good thing I overheard to-day. I must tell it to you." Jones—"Let's see. You overheard it."

S.—"Didn't I say so?" J.—"You did. But I want to be sure. If you simply heard it, I don't care to hear it—"

S.—"I overheard it." J.—"Then peg away, my boy, and give us the whole thing. I expect it's something rich."

A country editor publishes the following: "We hereby tender our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Pellet for his prompt and satisfactory action in our rather critical case last evening. Doc., you are a good one." "Our thanks are also due to our esteemed townsman, James Hawbuck, for a very luscious watermelon which he left on our desk at an early hour yesterday morning. Come again, Jim!"

Addle—"What kind of a hat?"

Fuddle—"Well, that wasn't stated, but I suppose an ordinary hat."

Addle—"See here, Fuddle, don't take any chances. Make it a man's hat. Suppose you should lose and your man should demand a hat for his wife. Where would you be?"

Caller—"I see that the house next door is closed, Mrs. Hobson. Have your neighbours gone to the country?"

Mrs. Hobson—"Oh, I haven't the faintest idea. I never give a thought to my neighbours; but I imagine so. An express waggon called yesterday and took away four trunks, two packing boxes, seven satchels and a baby carriage, and it was the shabbiest lot of baggage I ever saw."

"Shall our boys be whipped at school?" is the momentous question that has taken the place of "Is marriage a failure?" The fact that our boys are our boys and are here to whip proves that marriage is not a failure. As to whether the boys shall be whipped, that depends largely upon whose boy it is. Now, our neighbour's boy ought to be whipped, doubtless; but our boy—be careful how you strike our boy!

Maud—"Are you really engaged to Mr. Hawkins, Ethel?"

Ethel—"Yes. I hardly know whether I love him or not, but he was so earnest that somehow I could not refuse him."

Maud—"Yes, I know. When I refused him last summer he told me he was going to marry somebody or bust before Christmas."

"Wildred," said he, while his larynx quivered with tremulous pathos. "Have I offended you?"

"No, George, you have not."

"Then why are you so silent?"

"Do not ask me."

"But, darling, think you have spoken scarcely twenty words in the last hour. I cannot bear the gloomy quiet. Why do you not speak? Why do you not talk?"

"Because, George, I want fame. I am a woman, and I am trying to make a record."

"Amelia Sassafras," said Marcellus Roddy, with an accent of pain in his rich voice, "do you realize the anguish you have caused me by your refusal of my heart and hand? No, you are cold and passionless. You realize nothing."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roddy," said Amelia, haughtily. "Do you remember the ring you gave me? And the opera glasses? And the bracelets? And the gold thimble?" "I do remember them," moaned the wretched young man.

"Well," said Amelia, "I have realized on them all. I give you the pawn tickets and this bundle of letters. Farewell forever, Mr. Roddy."

The roses from the wild rose trees

Upon the grass are falling,

And geese in happy argosies

Fly southward, wildly calling.

Upon the top rail of the fence

The squirrels madly chatter,

And in the forest deep and dense,

The chestnuts gayly patter;

And Mary Jane will soon commence

To make the buckwheat batter.