

OR . . . THESE!

Letter Clips, Twine Boxes, Memo Tablets, Cheque Cutters, Cheque Blotters, Erasers, Letter Openers, Paper Knives, Book Markers, Blotters, Mucilage Pots, Pen Wipers, Calendars, Letter Scales, Sponge Dishes, Call Bells, Ink Wells, Engagement Tablets, Rulers, Pencils, Seals, Gold Pens, etc., etc., and scores of other choice pieces for the Davenport or Library Table.

RYRIE BROS.,

JEWELERS,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

"Something new every day"
is the unailing custom at
"Diamond Hall."

pleasing, the color is poor. Mrs. Reid's autumn woodland is hazily bright and soft, and the "Interior" is a harmony in dull tones with much careful drawing; Mrs. Dignum's landscape, with tent, is a good effect. Among other pleasing work may be mentioned: "An October Interior" by A. Claffin, "Evening" by M. J. Hemsted, "Sunset by the Lake" by M. Plewes, "Pratt's Neck" by A. Stikman, and "Manitoba Sunset" by C. Munson. Far and away the best pen and ink work is by M. Grayson Smith: two sketches of cathedral interiors of which too much praise could not be said. D. E. Clark, E. Elliot, and Miss Palin have creditable work in the same line. Several examples of wood carving by Miss L. B. Tully were very fine.

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Publications Received.

- Thos Nelson Page: *The Burial of the Guns*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Wm. Foster Apthorp: *Musicians and Music Lovers*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Eugene Murray-Aaron: *Butterfly Hunters in the Carribees*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- J. Hampden Porter: *Wild Beasts*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- Henry Kingsley: *Austin Elliot*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.00.
- Agnes Kepplier: *In the Dozy Hours*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Frederic Harrison: *The Meaning of History*. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- H. E. Parkhurst: *The Bird's Calendar*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- W. E. Gladstone: *Odes of Horace*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Henry Kingsley: *Geoffrey Hamlyn*. New York: Scribners. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 2 vols. \$2.00.
- Lehmos: *Adventures of Ferdinand Tomasso*. New York: The Irving Company.
- Minnie E. Paul: *Ruby at School*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.00.
- Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.: *Chatterbox for 1894*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. \$1.25.
- Clara Erskine Clement: *Naples, the City of Parthenope*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Cloth \$3.00.

Thomas Hardy: *Life's Little Ironies*. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Violet Hunt, *The Maiden's Progress*. London: Geo. Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

George Gissing: *Denzel Quarrier*. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

Parts I and II: *St. Nicholas*, Vol. XXI. New York: The Century Co.

The Century, Vol. XLVIII. New York: The Century Co.

Thos. Hardy: *A Group of Noble Dames*. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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Readings from Current Literature.

PEARLS BY STRATEGY.

An extraordinary treasure, illustrating the successful manner in which these precious gems can sometimes be produced by the "strategical process," was lately shown by the Smithsonian Institution. This was a pearl, the size of a pigeon's egg, of an exquisite rose color, and the receptacle containing it was the original fresh-water mussel in which it had been formed. The nucleus of this wonderful stone was nothing more nor less than an oval lump of beeswax which had been placed and left for a few years between the valves of the mollusk, which had at once proceeded to coat it with the pink mure which secreted for lining its shell. The mussel was kept in an aquarium while engaged in its lengthy task. It belonged to a species common in American rivers, and it is suggested that the result of the experiment opens to everybody the possibility of establishing a small pearl factory for himself by keeping a tank full of mussels, and humbugging them into making "great pink pearls" for him. But the intending experimentalist is cautioned against avarice; the "nucleus" must be introduced well under the mantle of the creature, and, above all, it must not be too large. — *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A BRAVE OFFICER.

Though all our officers were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature. He exemplified the American poet's hero —

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in this case. In 1851, when crossing the Nubian Desert, from Korosko to Abu Hamed (where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884), Peel dismounted from his camel to give water, from his store, to a small dying bird! To this tender-hearted man it appeared our bluejackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four of us, two *Diamond's* and two *Queen's*, to set the example in the battery by always walking erect, and without undue haste. Next day, he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 lbs. came through the parapet and rolled into the centre of a small group of men, who immediately threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and, resting it on his chest, carried it back to the parapet, and stepping on to the banquette, rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved, and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun, when a shell burst on top of a magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior

lieutenant: "Shell burst in the magazine, sir." Now, Ridge, 1st Lieutenant H.M.S. *Diamond*, was as brave as he was efficient, and responded without concern: "Ay! ay! put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner, to stamp out the burning bags, and fill up the crater made by the explosion. Whilst so engaged, I felt some one alongside helping me, but did not look up; for with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow, in 1858. In the spring of 1855, Captain Peel was walking with Captain Wolesey, assistant engineer, one night up and down in rear of the 21-gun battery, when a mortar shell fell on the projection built up to shield the entrance of a magazine. The shell burst immediately, and as the sandbags caught fire the magazine man came tumbling out like a harlequin in a pantomime. Before anyone else moved, Peel was on the magazine pulling down the burning mass of bags, and was immediately joined by his companion. — *Sir Evelyn Wood, in the Fortnightly Review*.

SIR POWER PALMER.

Sir Power Palmer was very nearly killed in the racquet court at Murree the other day. Sir Power got a sharp knock in the eye and was rendered insensible, but from latest advices he was pulling round all right, although there is much anxiety as to whether he may not lose his sight altogether. General Palmer, who is now fifty-four years of age, has been thirty-seven years in the Indian Army, and has seen more rough work generally than almost any military man who has served in the East in his time. He went with Hodson's Horse throughout the Indian Mutiny Campaign, and commanded a regiment of Sikh Infantry in the North-West Frontier of India Campaign in 1863, where he greatly distinguished himself. Then he fought through the Abyssinian Campaign with the 10th Bengal Lancers, and in the Duffla Expedition on the Eastern Frontier. In 1876-77 he went on special duty with the Dutch troops in Acheen, and he also fought through the Afghan War in 1878-79. As if this were not enough of hard fighting he went out with the Soudan Expedition in 1885, and commanded the Camel Corps Mounted Infantry, 9th Bengal Cavalry, and 15th Sikhs in the successful affair at Dakul, and on returning to India did some fine work with the Expeditionary Force in the Chin Hills in 1892-93. He has often been commended in dispatches, and it is known of him that wherever there is tough work in action he is always to be found in the thick of it. This is just the sort of man, strangely enough, who often meets with a serious accident and even death in such simple ways as that which is just reported from India. — *Colonies and India*.

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Victoria's Conversazione will be held this evening. Among the artists are the Whitby Ladies, Varsity Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Clubs and Herr Klingensfeld, violinist. Preparations are nearing completion. Messrs. Foster and Pender are decorating the already beautiful halls in their finest style. Harry Webb will supply refreshments in his usual manner. The committee is doing all in its power to make the evening a very pleasant social event.

The Siberian millionaire, Ponomareff, whose death was announced at St. Petersburg some months ago, left a million rubles, with the direction that they should be placed in banks at compound interest for ninety-nine years, after which they are to be devoted to the construction and support of a Siberian university at Irkutsk, at which all instruction is to be given gratis.

The Chinese ambassador at London translated bicycle in a passport for Allen and Sachtleben, the *Century* travellers, as "a seat sitting, foot moving machine." The Chinese natives called it sometimes "yang ma" (foreign horse), sometimes "fei-chay" (flying-machine), and sometimes "sneezam chay" (self-moving cart.)