

combe, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. To their series of the "Questions of the Day" they will add "Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation." By James Douglas.

In addition to his now well-known work on Parliamentary Procedure and Government, Dr. Bourinot has also prepared a practical manual for the use of public meetings, corporate companies societies, conventions, synods, and municipal councils, which will be issued by The Carswell Co., Toronto, and must prove invaluable to the large body of persons interested in this country in the conduct of public business. Canadians owe much to the industry of this writer.

The *Canadian Gazette* has the following item: Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the Barren Grounds Explorer, is, in association with his brother, about to publish a book on his adventures. It should be an interesting volume. As to the Esquimaux, Mr. Tyrrell says he found them quite friendly, and ever anxious to barter their possessions for wares of civilized manufacture. When bartering some nicely-made deerskin coats, the Esquimaux named their own price, and got it—five needles for each coat.

The death of Professor Robertson Smith, Librarian of the University of Cambridge for the past eight years, associate editor of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and author of "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," "The Prophets of Israel and their place in History to the close of the Eighth Century, B.C.," and other learned works removes one of the most noted theological scholars of the day. Dr. Smith was a traveller, a linguist and a fearless advocate of views which, though founded on investigation and research, were to many distasteful and unpopular.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SPRING SONG.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows burgeoning
In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the troling rapture the robin wakes
On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
Of the vivid Maryland-yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage,
Where the tender plants in the frames are
set,
Where kneels my love Armitage,
Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
Through the early night.

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in *Scribner*.

THE JAGUAR.

The lordly Jaguar is the king of all the American *Felidae*, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow-countryman—provided he does not make himself too numerous! Of all the great cats now living, he is second in size only to the lion and the Bengal tiger. South of the United States he is universally called *el Tigre* (tee'gree), which is simply the Spanish for tiger. He has the big chest and loins, thick neck, big arms and legs and bullet head of a heavy-weight prize-fighter, clothed in the most gorgeous skin ever given to any animal of the cat family. He is the most stocky in build of all the cats, being very different in shape from the more lithe and flat-bodied lion, tiger and puma.

But it is his glorious colors that first attract the beholder's attention, and hold it longest. On a ground color of rich golden yellow, which is darkest on the back and shoulders and grows paler as it descends to the legs, are arranged with regular irregularity large rosettes of black and brown. These rosettes are the prominent distinguishing character of the Jaguar, by which any child can recognize him instantly wherever found. The head, top of the back, base of the tail, lower joints of the legs, and the feet are plentifully besprinkled with round black spots, not rosettes. Ordinarily the eyes are light yellow, to match the body color; but when the animal becomes enraged, they turn the color of green fire and then it is high time to get out of the way.

The Jaguar is an *édition de luxe*, bound in black and gold.—W. T. Hornaday, in *St Nicholas*.

KEENE AT THE GRAND.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene, the prominent tragedian, made his annual appearance at the Grand last week. His presentation of several standard dramas—"Richelieu," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III"—was welcomed with delight by a large class of theatre-goers. Apropos to the foregoing, the following story told by a friend of the actor, is interesting as illustrating the vicissitudes of stage life:—"I will never forget the time that I saw Tom Keene play 'Richard III,' in Macor, Ga. He had come from Atlanta, and had checked his baggage, which in some way had been carried on. There was no possibility of its being returned in time for the performance, and at first it was thought that his date would have to be cancelled, but the actor was finally persuaded to play without the costumes and special scenery. Butcher knives were used instead of swords and the actors were all dressed in citizen's clothes. Roars of laughter greeted them when they first appeared on the stage, but when an explanation was made by the manager of the opera house the people took it in good humor and enjoyed it better on account of its novelty. For my part, I do not believe that I ever saw Keene act as well as he did that night, with his citizen's clothes and butcher knife. At the close of the performance he received a genuine ovation."

Sardon's comedy, "Americans Abroad," is being presented at the Grand this week by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, which fact is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the performance.

A NEW BRUNSWICK STORY.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The One Suffering From General Debility and the Other From the After Effects of Typhoid Fever were Gradually Growing Weaker When a Cure Came—Both Now Restored to Perfect Health.

From the Newcastle, N.B., Union-Advocate.

Quite recently there came to the knowledge of the proprietor of the Union Advocate, two cases of residents of Newcastle having been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these were thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant their being published in the interests of humanity, if the parties interested had no objection to the facts being published. Consequently a reporter of this paper called upon the parties and obtained from them cheerfully all the particulars. Mr. and Mrs. Hammill removed from Fort Fairfield, Maine, to Newcastle, N.B., about fourteen months ago. For two years previous Mrs. Hammill had been in a very poor state of health and was steadily growing weaker and running down, until she was unable to do the necessary work about the house, and the little she did used her up completely. Pains in the back and limbs, weakness, dizzi-

ness and other disagreeable symptoms troubled her. For some time she was under treatment of several doctors at Fort Fairfield, and also since she moved here. But they effected no improvement to her run down system and she was gradually growing worse and had given up all hope of regaining her health. Having read accounts of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she decided last July to try them and see if she could be benefitted thereby. She purchased some from Mr. H. H. Johnstone, druggist, and commenced to take them and has since continued to take them with, to her, wonderful results. She had taken but a few boxes when a gradual improvement seemed to be taking place. The pains in her back and limbs left her as did the other unpleasant symptoms, and at the present time she is as well as ever she was and without feeling the tiredness and exhaustion of her former state.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to Newcastle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed, not knowing how to obtain relief. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him and he had a better appetite and enjoyed his food with a relish he had not had before. He continued taking the Pills for some time and is to day fully restored to his old-time health and strength. Mr. Hammill was very willing to tell of the benefits both he and his wife had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the hope that their experience might lead others to test the benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy.

The gratifying results following the use of Pink Pills in the case of Mrs. Hammill prove their unequalled powers as a blood builder and nerve tonic. There are many throughout the land suffering in silence as did Mrs. Hammill, who can readily find relief in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, driving out pains in the back and limbs, weakness and other disagreeable symptoms which make life a burden. They also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., and in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.