

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Per. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

What theatre cannot that be admitted into?

If more women, following Miranda and her sister Perdita, seemed to think it worth while to take men at their best, and to believe in their poor lords' ideals, would the earth grow young again? But they show us they think scorn of that pleasant land, and prefer to snub generous reverence into conventional civil insolence. And in such a world Miranda is immodest.

Fredericton, N. B.

W. F. STOCKLEY.

IF I WERE QUEEN.

ROUNDEL.

"If I were Queen," she muses, "many a thing
My regal power would bring to pass—I ween
I'd touch the people's life on every string,
If I were Queen!"

I listen closely, thus perchance to glean
Some items of the wondrous change would spring
If she upon the nation's throne were seen.

Her sweet lips part, her hands together cling,
Low-voiced, she murmurs—while I, listening, lean—
"I think, I think I know who would be King,
If I were Queen!"

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PARIS LETTER.

TO be kicked from the dog-days into mid-winter, without as much as "By your leave!" from the weather clerk, is enough to make a fellow join the anarchists. The suburbs of Paris had been covered with a snow of a different character—the white blossoms of the cherry, apricot, and plum trees, when on Good Friday night Jack Frost wickedly, and in a fit of jealousy doubtless, fell back on his dredging-box, and has continued more or less his pitiless besprinklings. He has spoiled the two great spring holidays, Easter Sunday and Monday. It is to be feared the sudden snap of cold will cause incalculable damage in the infant world of vegetation. The buds were opening into rich delicate green leaves; the flowers were traitorously tempted to venture beyond prudence, to arrive earlier for admiration. Imagine natural lilac covered with snow. The van guard of the swallows has indulged in a Moscow retreat, but bees and butterflies that ventured on excursions during the false canicular days we have enjoyed, must be in as uncomfortable a situation relatively as the rheumatism who cast off their flannel and emancipated themselves from sticks and crutches.

The workingmen of Paris, in their Hygienic Congress now sitting, have taken a new departure. Saturated with all the isms, and over-dosed with utopias, they have called in the aid of recognized scientists of authorized standing to shed the light of their knowledge and experience on those questions affecting the health, alimentation and pocket of the labouring classes in the fullest meaning of the word. The movement is fresh for France, for it is in contemplation to apply the principle to the large centres of industry. The truth is, the honest *ouvrier* is fatigued with being fed on mind-bogism and disgusted at being merely made a tool of and a counter by scheming politicians. He demands other pabulum, and Professor Gautier, of the Faculty of Medicine, has, following in the foot-steps of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumez, supplied the want. The Lancy Trade Hall was crammed by intelligent workmen, whose repeated applause not only indicated their pleasure, but proved that the aim of the organizers was sound and "met a want."

Professor Gautier handled four subjects: bread, wine, meat, and water. His revelations were startling to more than work people. Imagine the bakers adulterating the bread as publicans and sinners do wine—by the addition of water. Well-baked bread ought not to contain more than 34 per cent. of water; the baker arranges that it shall contain 9 per cent. more by over-heating the oven, forcing the loaves to crust rapidly, and so preventing the heat to reach the soft in the centre, which thus not only remains moist, but fails to destroy the microbes natural to the flour, the water, and the leaven. Besides, as the ordinary bread is sold by weight, the purchaser has to pay for a nine per cent. of water, which is not a staff of life. As Parisians consume 900 tons of bread daily, the total of the fraud is a serious diminution in the nutrition of the population. Well made bread ought to be porous, and the pores ought to be large, say like gruyère cheese. Cut a slice of bread, place it in the cupboard during eight days; if at the end of that time it loses one-fourth of its weight it has been watered.

In Brussels bread can be purchased at 26 and 32 centimes per 2½ lbs., and leave a marginal profit, since 10 tons daily are sold at these prices. In Paris, a baker sup-

plies 14 tons of bread per day to hospices, schools, etc., at the price of 32 centimes per 2½ lbs., while allowing a profit of 5 centimes on the latter quantity. Now the ordinary baker charges 47 centimes for the same weight. Moral, urges Professor Gautier: "Workmen, establish co-operative bakeries." Respecting meat, the Professor asserted, that of first quality contained 39 per cent. of water, while in second-class meat it amounted to 60; conclusion, buy only the best meat. He recommends the flesh of horse, mule, and ass; also of meat preserved by frozen processes. The butchers ought to be as rich as "Ebrew Jews"; their profits range from 100 to 150 per cent.

As for wine, there is nothing new to reveal as regards this necessary of life; it is manufactured from everything, even from grapes. Passing to the Seine water the Professor expects that one of the great conquests of the twentieth century will be, that of cities having no longer to drink their own pollutions. He enumerated as existing in Seine water the several kinds of bacilli—members of the great microbe family whose very names would crack the trumpet of fame; they include the bacillus not only of typhoid fever but also of cholera, perhaps too of the Russian influenza and of parrot tuberculosis. Paris consumes 454,000 cubic metres of water per day; only a good one-fourth of this quantity is drinkable. When the Seine enters Paris, it contains 1,250 microbes per cubic inch; when it quits the city the same volume contains 290,000 animalcules. Hence the necessity of boiling the water before drinking it, and of buying only loaves whose interior is well baked.

May-day Labour Fête keeps public opinion from stagnating. So many little dynamite explosions are being indulged in that people must be excused from not feeling perfectly tranquil. In creating apprehension, the anarchists are certainly victorious. Only the public ought not to give way to fear. "When bad men combine, the good must associate." Society is still able to protect itself. The French Government will leave nothing to chance for the upholding of law and order on the first of May, and as a proof of its resolution, it will by then have Ravachol and his four co-anarchists disposed of by a Paris jury.

Whether from faith or curiosity the churches were never so crowded to witness the floral decorations connected with the Passion. Outside of the sacred edifices quite a new traffic has sprung up, that of selling flowers—just as "box" is sold on Palm Sunday—and the sermons of popular Lenten preachers, the Rev. Père Didon above all, as well as their portraits. On Good Friday the butchers were fortunate in having the last of the March summer days for their annual twenty-four hours' vacation. The usages and customs connected with Easter eggs are evidently on the decline; the toy and bon-bon shops did not display marked originality in the way of egg-ideas, proof that there is no encouraging demand for these products. In the rural districts, the time-honoured processions and gatherings connected with egg ceremonies are nearly extinct. However, it is not so very long since the inhabitants of Buttermore gave up praying for Queen Anne. In Normandy and in Alsace the children still make a house-to-house quest for eggs; they display a floral crucifix, and chant some sacred verses in season.

The "protecticides," as the authors of the new tariff which is in a fair way to ruin France are rather clumsily nicknamed, must commence to feel uncomfortable at the eloquence of the revenue returns. During the month of March the exportations have diminished by 74,000,000 frs., and principally, not only to foreign countries, but chiefly of manufactured goods. By next autumn the ultra-protectionists will have a stiff account of their stewardship to settle, if they cannot secure new markets and fresh clients for France.

Hail, rain, snow, blizzard, or cyclone, would not prevent Parisians from being present at the opening of the Gingerbread-Fair on Easter Sunday. It is the great *première* for the populace; to be enjoyed on the present occasion, amateurs of novelties had to face cold, sleet, and mud. There are no marked celebrities in gingerbread to be seen; there is the inevitable marshal, in gala costume worked in variegated comfits; there is an old man in a white beard, perhaps intended to suggest Deputy Meline, the French McKinley; and there is the inevitable pig. But the true feature of the fair—the latter extends from the Place de la Nation to Vincennes, a distance of two miles—must be found in the shows and the "art galleries." There are four wild-beast exhibitions; that where "Nelly Edith" acts as a "human barrier between the lions and their tamers," is in great vogue; so is the menagerie, where royally stalks the "giant tiger, Caesar," who devoured it appears ten Hindoos before being caught; and "Coralie," the famous lioness, that twice attempted to gobble up her keeper to show her gratitude. The "museums" have all for a hero, Ravachol, who evidently cannot be served up in too many forms to the popular taste; he is in a cage, Timour-Tartar fashion; in his cell, preaching anarchy to his keepers; then as a skeleton, as he is expected to look, in the Dupuytren Museum. Z.

FOR several years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the Castle Ruheleben, in Berlin. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. Last spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription: "India sends greetings to Germany."

THE RAMBLER.

WE heard some time ago that the taste for dialect writing had subsided. There are traces of it still, however, in current fiction and serials, and we must only hope that time, healer of all evils, will also rectify this one. Just what dialect is, or what its allotted part should be in a story or novel, would require a lengthy paper to adequately define, for, in one sense, nearly every novelist of rank has employed it and it takes various forms and meanings, sometimes pleasing and sometimes the reverse. Dialect may be freely translated as *idiom*, and of idiom, especially in the British novel, there is no end. Captious critics have asserted that in fifty years from now the idiom or dialect of the cockney Dickens will be unintelligible to the great mass of readers, and the same observation might be made with regard to the Scotch of Waverley, the provincialism of Hardy and Blackmore, the New England English of Miss Wilkins, the incorrigible grammar of Whitcomb Riley. Probably the survival of the fittest means, in this regard, the survival of what is technically most correct and intrinsically most important. But I firmly believe that one needs to be peculiarly and subtly constituted to thoroughly enjoy and assimilate continuous and allopathic dialect. It makes too great a demand on the system. The very look of the page disconcerts one. It is neither French nor Latin; it is neither Dutch nor Greek; it is English of a certain kind, but not the kind you speak—and the page dances before you, with crowding commas and inane dashes and apostrophes and hyphens innumerable as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and thus is "Paradise Lost" a lost paradise indeed—that is to say, a good book spoilt. However, you may be a dialect-lover, and this sort of thing will then mightily appeal to you. An old man lying on his death-bed talks thus to his Master: "I most knowed ye was on'y a-tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. I was a—fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers drefle good to fishermen,—drefle good to—everybody; died—for 'em, didn't ye?—Please wait—on—the bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'crosst. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can—do it;—don't ye mind—'bout me, sir. I'll get acrost."

This is, of course, only a mild specimen of the New England English, and it certainly bears a remarkable likeness to the vernacular of poor Jo, who had never been taught "nothink," but who assimilated when it came the teachings of the Gospel story. By the way, the poems of Whitcomb Riley are somewhat to blame for the grammatical lapses of childhood in the present day. Reciters of "Little Orphant Annie" are so numerous, and such gems of speech as "useter" and "gwineter" are so frequently met with in the poets' corner of the daily paper that deflections need not be wondered at. But the tendency needs to be checked.

A friend not long out from England said to me the other day, "What a series of Arabian Nights Entertainments Toronto could furnish, couldn't it?"—and I immediately demanded an explanation since I had observed nothing vividly Oriental, say—about King and Yonge Streets, or the Park on Sunday. The idea haunting my friend was the omnipresence of the *genus* barber. He is quite correct. Toronto is given over to barber-shops in common with many transatlantic towns. Go in what direction you will, the velvet chair, the lathered profile, the white blouse and the shining razor, confront you. Does no one shave himself here then, asks the Englishman? I reply—doubtless many, but that it is the custom of the country to go out to be shaved and forms a part of many men's daily duties.

An author of whom I do not happen to have ever heard, Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart., is advertised in a leading provincial paper as contributing a series of short tales of a "Surprising, Supernatural, Detective and Romantic Character" under the general title of "Scenes from Life's Stage." Some of the titles are "A Black Pin," "The 9.45 Express," "The Clank of the Shoe," "A Distinguished Visitor," "In the Deer Park," "The Major," "The Lion's Bride," "A Modern Frankenstein," "Three Lives," "A Suburban Drama." It is easy to see what course Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart., has followed. In "A Black Pen" he favours Gaboriau. "The 9.45 Express" is probably after Sims and Jones. "The Clank of the Shoe" is weak—what shoe, and why clank? "The Distinguished Visitor" is weaker, but very likely comes under the head of "Surprising," the visitor turning out to be some long-lost Australian felon or Russian spy. "In the Deer Park" savours of romance; the meeting beneath the old oaks and chestnuts of Richmond, the flight, the *denouement*, the tragic collapse of the lovers. "The Major" is uninviting and difficult to place; it is probably analytical, a sop to the critic Cerberus. "The Lion's Bride" is direct and healthy, after Rider Haggard. "Frankenstein" will of course be supernatural and weird with telling modern touches thrown in here and there. "Three Lives" may not prove so dull as they sound, for they are doubtless patterned on Miss Broughton's amiable family of sisters who have done duty so often and so well. As for "The Suburban Drama" it is the poorest title of the lot, for it reveals too much; it can only be a suburban drama after all, a kind of Farjeon-Robinson-Baring-