

has entertained such a notion, to drop it and retire gracefully at the end of the present year with the stock of glory he has accumulated at home and abroad. He should let well enough a Ioan.

WE sometimes hear about the "Conflict of Religion and Science," and it has been learnedly argued by Principal Dawson and others that there is no such conflict. This point is set at rest, since Mr. John L. Sullivan was anointed with holy water by one of his pals just before going into the ring to fight Kilrain. Mr. Sullivan, we are told, is a very religious man, and it really looks that way. So was the fellow who murdered the laborer and ate the lunch in his dinner pail, rejecting the meat because it was a Friday.

THE *Globe* jibes at the "*Empire, Mail, Montreal Gazette* and other Conservative organs" because they have remained silent on the Foster-Chisholm case. We can assure the *Globe* that it has gained nothing in public respect by its own course in the matter, as it has been only too evident that the making of political capital and not a regard for domestic purity is the motive which has actuated it. Nor should it surprise an editor who at this time of day describes the *Mail* as a Government organ that the public has little confidence in his honesty and good faith where politics are in any degree concerned.

THE average Toronto man will learn with pride and pleasure, through Mr. Dudley Warner's article in *Harper's Magazine* that the new park on our island is one of the prettiest places in the world—a delightful retreat for a summer afternoon. Then, if he thinks of it, he will, on the first available opportunity take the ferry boat and go over and see for himself. For the average Toronto man, who has helped to pay for the park, has never paid it a visit!

UNDER the new law relating to capital punishment in New York State newspapers are prohibited from publishing sensational or detailed accounts of executions. If a similar enactment were made to cover descriptions of prize fights, and in fact all that appears under the head of "the ring" in the "sporting" departments of the press, it would be a vast gain to civilization. Our own truly good dailies would be rendered more fit for family use.

A SWEET ROMANCE.

"THIS night," exclaimed Don John de Balladoux, "I shall know my fate from the beautiful lips of Eleanor. If—as I would fain believe—she returns my love, and answers me 'yes,' then it is bliss unutterable, I shall be the happiest man on earth; if the answer is 'no,' then indeed am I undone. But she shall never know what a wound she has given me. I will school my features that they betray me not, and going from her presence I will, in some distant land, end a life that will no longer be worth living!"

The shades of evening had fallen upon hill and dale. Lady Eleanor sat at the grand piano gently caressing the keys; which under the witchery of her touch seemed to sob forth the accents of love. She was thinking of Don John, whose name was sweeter to her even than the caramel that was even now nestling within her lovely mouth as she mused.

Suddenly in the hall she heard the well-known step, and her heart gave a great bound. Then the voice of a menial at the door announced 'Don John de Balladoux!'

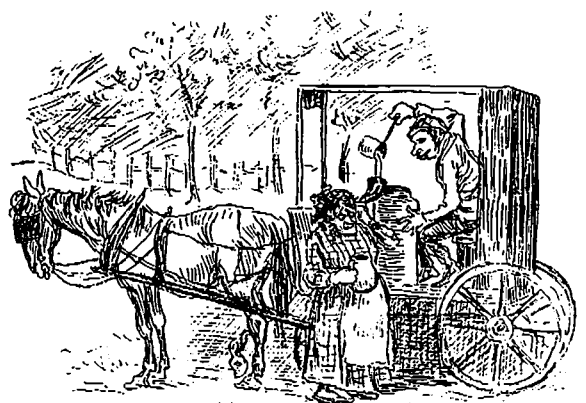
A look of earnest purpose was in his eyes and alternate lights and shades of hope and fear flitted over his features, as he advanced and greeted the fair lady. To his greeting she made no reply.

"Why thus silent, Lady Eleanor? Am I not welcome?" he asked in a voice full of apprehension.

A troubled look in her eyes, and a sorry smile upon her lips was the enigmatical answer.

"I have come," said Don John, growing suddenly bold, "to ask you, Eleanor, to be my wife. I have long loved you; do not tell me I have misread your feelings toward me—you reciprocate my passion, you will be mine?"

Lady Eleanor looked confused, but remained silent. "What? You answer me nothing? Ah! it is the overwhelming joy of the moment that forbids utterance. Is it not so?" And Don John advanced and grasped her white hand in his.



WHEN DEAF MEETS BLIND.

OLD LADY (who is hard of hearing)—"I want to get a pint of milk. How much is it?" (Puts up her ear-trumpet.)

MILKMAN (who is near sighted)—"Six cents, mum." (Pours out the lacteal fluid, and old lady is on her ear instantly.)

"Speak to me, dearest. Say something—I cannot endure this suspense!"

Her lips moved, and again the troubled look came over her face, but she spoke no syllable. Don John dropped her hand.

"You do not love me or you would at least say one word to tell me so!"

Still she spoke not.

"Enough!" exclaimed he, for his Norman blood was up. "This is meant for silent contempt. I understand. It is enough. I leave you forever. Farewell!"

So saying he strode from the castle and disappeared in the gloom. Lady Eleanor stood as one paralyzed for a brief space, and seemed to be struggling with her emotions. Then with a shriek that rent the night air she flew to the door and screamed:

"Come back Don John de Balladoux! I do love you!"

Too late, alas! he had gone forever. In a distant clime he died without knowing that it was a gummy caramel and not a false heart which held Lady Eleanor silent on that fateful night!