

LETTER FROM LONDON.

W. My Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., May 11th, 1894.

The gossipmongers have been busy this week with talk of a pending dissolution, and the near approach of a general election last night, however, has quieted them for the time. The Government secured a new lease of life by a majority, small it is true, but still larger than they anticipated. The old ship has weathered another storm, although it would be useless to deny that there was a nasty sea on, and it was well known on board that breakers were ahead. The Redmondites had declared their determination to vote in a body against the Government and grave fears were entertained as to the solidarity of the Nationalist vote. It was an open secret that strong pressure was being brought to bear upon several of them by their constituents to vote against the second reading of a bill which was to bear so hard upon one of Ireland's chief industries; but to their credit, be it said, they stood true and by their loyalty saved the Government. It will not be too much to hope that this staunch fidelity on their part at a trying time will not be forgotten by the Liberals when laws affecting some of Ireland's dearest interests are under consideration in the House.

Yesterday could scarcely be called a working day at Westminster; and yet everyone was about somewhere or other. The Chamber was full; the lobby was crowded; and it was difficult to find a seat either in the library or smoking room. Still interest seemed wanting at any rate for some time after questions and few members seemed to care much about discussing the Bill before the House. Only one topic of conversation found listeners, and that was the approaching division. Men gathered in the lobby and the corridors, and seemed to delight in trying to make all sorts of calculations out of facts and figures, which would not bear close examination. There was, too, an air of smartness about certain members which gave them the appearance of wedding guests; the almost summerlike trousers, black frock coat, and button hole bouquets, certainly betokened that a function of some kind had been going on.

The absence of Mr. Asquith from the front bench explained the riddle to the initiated. It was his wedding to Miss Tennant that caused the lobby to wear so gay an aspect. By the way *Punch* this week has a joke on the marriage. An Irishman is represented as saying: "Sure the ceremony must remind him of 'Tennant Rites,' and the question of 'Home Rule' will be settled afterwards. St. George's is not an ideal church to be married in; but it seats many people, and on this occasion was full almost to overcrowding. Fully an hour before the service was timed to commence the galleries were crowded with spectators, mostly ladies; and outside were still more crowds who were unable to gain admission. On each side of the altar (how Catholic it all seems!) huge palms towered over banks of lilies, the pure whiteness of which was unrelieved by even the faintest tinge of colour. On the altar, too, lilies were arranged in profusion on each side of a large cross composed exclusively of white flowers. To the Parliamentary on-looker, it seemed as if the House of Lords and the House of Commons had met on the same front bench. Lord Rosebery and Lord Coventry, Mr. John Morley and Sir H. James, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Arnold Morley, were interesting couples. But all eyes were turned in the direction of Mr. Gladstone, who in spite of the rain, had come out to see his protegee married. The first verse of the hymn 'Oh, Perfect Love' was being sung, and the members of the bridal process-

attention was distracted by loud cheering in the street outside. Shortly afterwards it was explained by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were shown to seats in the nave.

The wedding presents were exceptionally rich and numerous. They numbered close on 450, and everyone who is anyone seems to have sent something to the brilliant collection. The Prince of Wales sent a sapphire and diamond brooch, and Mr. Gladstone seven volumes of his "Gleanings," with the inscription, "To Margaret Tennant, from W. E. Gladstone, with warm recollections and fervent hopes. Sit Deus illuminatio tuo."

Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, there was a pathetic fitness in his presence at the meeting called to consider the proposed monument to Sir Andrew Clarke. Sir Andrew was Mr. Gladstone's physician and most devoted friend. His death is to the venerable statesman an irreparable loss. It was noticed that Mr. Gladstone was not the same man when the vigilant guardianship of the faithful expert who knew him so well was withdrawn. The intimacy of their personal relations was largely due to identity of spirit. Both were workers of the undaunted type. Mr. Gladstone told a story at the meeting of some friend of Sir Andrew Clarke's who had con-doled with him on the approaching end of a holiday. "I love my profession," said Clarke, simply. It was no hardship for him to tear himself from recreation and return to the busy round of duty. In this he was exactly akin to Mr. Gladstone, who, even now the great burdens and responsibilities of the Empire are withdrawn from him, is still the prodigious workman. Age, the decay of sight, the loss of friends, make no difference in this respect to that marvellous energy of mind and body. In his eighty-fifth year Mr. Gladstone is still incapable of idleness. Many strenuous workers have loved idleness in season for its own sake; Mr. Gladstone never. He has found his recreation in varying the form of toil. There is no doubt that the fragmentary translations of Horace, just published, are part of a considerable work in which the late Prime Minister was wont to spend precious leisure in the midst of the most laborious occupation of State affairs. To throw off a political crisis by doing a page of Horace into English was infinite ease and refreshment to a giant amongst toilers. It is natural that he should cherish the memory of a man after his own heart - a man who shed lustre even on a profession which enjoys a peculiar fame in the cause of humanity. Sir Andrew Clarke had that infinite virtue in a physician of broad and sagacious counsel. To many of his patients he gave a moral tonic much more potent than any prescriptions made up at the chemist's. He had studied life deeply, and his wisdom carried healing as well as his professional advice. Such a man is worthy to be honoured by those who mourn his death.

The other day I was one of a number who went to hear one of our "apostle of light and leading" lectures on the art of conversation. But I am afraid I learned but little therefrom. We were told that there was a great difference between conversing and talking. Conversation, it seems, is discussion without argument. Discussion is the life of conversation, but argument is its death. How far you may discuss a point in a general company without endeavouring to confute an adversary is a delicate problem which the lecturer indicated without attempting to solve. In the old days when conversation was supposed to flourish, the eminent persons who shone in it certainly did not observe this golden rule. From Dr. Johnson to Charles Lamb, they had no scruple in confuting one another. Johnson's exploits in this line are too well known

to be cited, and Lamb's desire to feel a gentleman's bumps on an historic occasion could scarcely have ministered to social harmony. Macaulay never conversed without argument, and at Sam Rogor's celebrated breakfast the guests, figuratively speaking, often pelted one another with the outlery. We are constantly told that conversation is a lost art, but there is strong reason to believe, that the art, whatever it was, bore little resemblance to that we were asked to subscribe to at the lecture.

A Limerick telegram states that Lord Ely lies ill at Toroo, the Mousell family seat, and that very little hope is entertained of his recovery. He is in his eighty-second year.

In a letter by Robert Southey, recently published in London, there appears an extraordinary piece of conceit. He compares therein his own dull poem "Madoc" with Scott's "Lay of the Last Minister," and actually adds this peacock sentence: "But my scorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered."

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton



weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective

Trusts Corporation

OF ONTARIO
And Safe Deposit Vaults.
Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.
Hon. J. C. AINSIE, P.C., President.
Hon. Sir R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.,
Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.
N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.
A. E. FLUMMER, - Manager.

Kenny's Celebrated HAIR RESTORER.

A valuable East India Remedy. Restores the bald head; stimulates the scalp to a healthy action; keeps the head cool; removes dandruff, strengthens and prevents the hair from falling out; preserves and makes it pliable, soft and silky. It has no equal for the prevention and cure of baldness. Hundreds testify to its efficacy.
50 cents and \$1 per bottle.
Or 6 large bottles for \$5.
Circulars and testimonials forwarded on application to all parts of Canada and United States.
870 1/2 College Street, Toronto.
For sale by Druggists and Manufacturer.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Toronto General AND SAFE DEPOSIT Trusts Co. VAULTS,

— CORNER —
YONGE AND COLBORNE STS., TORONTO.

Capital, - - - - \$1,000,000
Guarantee and Reserve Funds, \$225,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q.C., LL.D., President.
E. A. Meredith, LL.D.,
John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., } Vice-Pres'ts.

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc., and for the faithful performance of all such duties its capital and surplus are liable.

ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSURED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAMES OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

The protection of the Company's vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

SAFES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The services of Solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. LANGMUIR, MANAGER.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of May, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE	DUE.
G. T. R. East	8.00 a.m.	7.15 p.m.
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 a.m.	7.35 p.m.
G. T. R. West	7.30 a.m.	12.40 p.m.
N. and N. W.	7.30 a.m.	10.05 p.m.
T. G. and B.	7.00 a.m.	10.55 p.m.
Midland	7.00 a.m.	12.30 p.m.
O. V. R.	7.00 a.m.	12.15 p.m.
G. W. R.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 p.m.
	10.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
	6.15 a.m.	10.30 p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 a.m.	12.00 p.m.
		4.00 p.m.
U.S. West'n States	6.15 a.m.	12.00 p.m.
		10.30 p.m.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at 8 a.m., and on Saturday at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

WESTERN Assurance Company.

INCORPORATED 1851.
CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000.

Fire and Marine.
Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT: A. H. SMITH, Esq.
VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq.
DIRECTORS: Hon. S. C. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., Geo. McMurrich, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., J. J. KENNY, Managing Director

SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, Oale, Hoskin and Croelms. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces, by sail or steam. On Cargo by post to British Ports.

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS N. TLYON, TORONTO