CONFIDE IN YOUR WIFE.

She Should be a Trusted Partner in All Affairs.

A tactful wife will not demand confidences from her husband—it would be a case of driving the horse to water—but a wise husband will freely give them in small things as well as in great ones, appreciating that only by letting his wife feel that she is his trusted friend can he make return for the identity she gave up in marrying him—gave up gladly because she loved him, not because he was her master and willed her so to do.

There was a time when the wife knelt at her lord's feet and placed his instep on her head in token of submission and forever after looked up to him as the all-wise and all-powerful. But that was in an age remote. Woman is smarter now. She sees her husband's faults, as well as her own, and sheds by his side to uplift and help him by an intelligent knowledge of the factors which enter into his life; not by a blind doing of his will. He has no right to demand more than he is willing to give, and the best he can give is his confidence.

Don't think it is better to tell little comfortable white lies rather than the truth when you think the latter would cause her pain. It is a mistaken kindness. By so doing you plant distrust in her heart, and an untruth is not a good thing to keep for future reference. One can respect the truth, even if it hurts; a lie, never! Marion Harland, among other helpful things, writes to women: "You can better afford to lose your husband's love than his respect." This is equally true when applied to the man, for good rules work both ways. —*Chicago Herald.*

BREAD RIOTS IN AMSTERDAM

Mobs Try to Loot Shops and Many Are Injured.

An Amsterdam cable says: To-day the unemployed workingmen formed a procession and passed through a number of the principal streets, growing more noisy and demonstrative as it was found that the police did not interfere. Finally the mob, for into such the procession degenerated, stopped in front of a large bakery and attempted to take the place by storm. The police were on the alert, however, for anything of that sort, and a number of them were quickly on the scene and prevented the looting of the shop. The police allowed two of the men to enter the bakery and ask for bread. These men demanded food from the proprietors and met with a prompt and decided refusal. Then they returned to the street, and the mob marched on, yelling, shouting and threatening. Finally, they became so disorderly that 200 policemen attempted to disperse them. The mob resisted, and a desperate melee occurred, in which volleys of stones were thrown at the officers. Several of the gendarmes were quite badly injured. The police, with drawn swords, repeatedly charged the crowd, and inflicted many severe cuts on the rioters. The procession was finally broken up, but, even then, isolated batches of the rioters continued fighting for hours. The leaders of the mob were captured by the police.

The Turf.

The programme for the Ontario Jockey Club spring races has been announced. It is undoubtedly the best ever offered the Canadian public. To the usual races is added the Woodbine Nursery Stake. A most important feature is the increase in the value of the Toronto Cup, the added money of which will be $2,000, of which $300 mill go to second and $200 to third horse.

The meeting opens on Tuesday, May 23rd, and extends over the following Saturday. The order of the races has been somewhat changed from last year, as the following will show:

Tuesday's programme consists of the Trial Pound, value $400, for all ages, ¾ mile; the Woodbine Nursery Stakes, for 2 year-olds, $700 added, ½ mile; Woodbine Steeplechase, purse $500, about 2½ miles; the Woodstock Plate, for 3-year-olds, $700 added, 1½ miles; the Walker Cup, for 3-year-olds and upwards, property of Dominion resident owners, value $500, 1½ miles; Free Welter Handicap, for 3-year-olds and upwards, purse $400, 1½ miles. Wednesday—The Club House purse, for all ages, value $400, ¾ miles; Toronto Cup, for 3-year-olds and upwards, $2,000 added, 1½ miles; Red Coat Race, $1,000 added, about 2½ miles; The Queen's Plate, for all ages, provincial breds, probable value $1,000, 1½ miles; Handicap Steeplechase, $400 added, 2½ miles; The Hotel Plate, value $400, 1½ miles. Thursday—The Don purse, for all ages, value $400, ¾ mile; The Breeders' Stake, for 3-year-olds, $400 added, 1½ miles; The Royal Canadian Handicap purse, $500, 1½ miles, over six hurdles; the Juvenile Scurry, for 2-year-olds, $500 added, ½ mile; the El Padre Handicap, for all ages, value $1,000, 1½ miles; Helter Skelter Chase, purse $400, short steeplechase course. Friday—The Ladies' Purse, for all ages, value $400, ¾ mile; the All Comers' Stake, for 3-year-olds, 1½ miles (closed); Consolation race, value $500, 1 1-16 miles; the Flash Stakes, for all ages, $400 added, ⅝ mile; Hunters' Flat Handicap, purse $400, 1½ miles; 2-year-old race, value $400, ⅝ mile. Saturday—The Norway Purse, for all ages, value $400, ¾ mile; the Maple Stakes, for 3-year-olds, Canadian-bred fillies owned in the Dominion at time of starting, $500 added, 1½ miles; the Dominion Handicap, purse $750, for Dominion-bred horses, 1½ miles; Redcoat Steeplechase, barring first and second horses in that race the first day, $500 added, 2½ miles, twice over the water jump; the Tyro Purse Handicap, conditions announced on the morning of the day of the race, value $500; Consolation, selling race, purse $400, 1 mile.

The stake races have already closed. The other events close as follows: Queen's Plate, March 1st; Additions, May 1st; Woodstock Plate, Red Coat Race, Handicap Steeplechase, Juvenile Scurry, El Padre Handicap, Dominion Handicap, May 1st; Trial Purse, Woodbine Steeplechase, Walker Cup, Free Welter Handicap, Toronto Cup, Royal Canadian Handicap, Helter Skelter and Hunters' Flat, May 20th; Club House Purse and Hotel Plate, May 24th; Ladies Purse, Open Race Purse $500 and Flash Stakes, May 25th; Norway Purse, May 26th; and Consolation Purse, May 27th.

Electricity in Insanity.

The first systematic use of electricity in the treatment of diseases was made in France in 1845, when Benedict reported favorably of its use. Dr. Arndit, who has given special attention to the subject, asserts that electricity is an invaluable remedy in the treatment of insanity. In 1873, Dr. Williams, of Sussex Lunatic Asylum, reported favorably of its use in mental diseases. Dr. Barthelow states the treatment of physical disorders by electricity had been productive of very striking results. Drs Beard and Rockwell predicted that an important future is in store for the scientific and faithful use of electricity in public and private asylums and hospitals.

Ingrowing Nails.

An ingrown nail may be treated by cutting a V-shaped hole in the centre of the nail, or paring the same place thin with a sharp bit of glass. Painting the side of the nail with iodine has proved beneficial. A hard corn may be removed by frequently soaking in hot water, or by rubbing with saltpetre, or by acetic acid carefully applied. A soft corn is a more serious matter, but will yield to tincture of iron. A plaster of lard and iodine is said to reduce the painfulness of a bunion.

Lady Market Gardeners.

We note with pleasure that the two young ladies who, after a year's study of horticulture at Swanley College, took the first and third diplomas of this year, are intending to devote themselves to growing grapes, tomatoes, etc., in the Channel Islands. This is an excellent opening for the energies of many women who need occupation.—*Amateur Gardening, London.*

A small boy whose record for deportment at school had always stood at a hundred, came home one day with his standing reduced to ninety-eight. "What have you been doing, my son?" asked his mother. "Been doing?" replied the young hopeful. "Been doing just as I have been doing all along—only the teacher caught me this time."

The Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860. Now it is proposed that the son of the Prince of Wales shall visit the World's Fair at Chicago. Prince George is 28 years old. He entered the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1877, was made midshipman on the Canada in 1883 and promoted to be lieutenant in 1885. He was given command of the Thrush on the West India station in 1890, and was made commander in 1891.

A woman can endure more than a man because she has to.

"Where have you been, Tommy?" "Out in the stable giving my goat drawing lessons. I teached him how to draw a wagon

LONDON'S LATEST GOSSIP.

Queen Victoria Down on Shoddy and will Give No More Drawing-Rooms.

Dignity of Court to be Upheld—Happy Mountains Give Marie of Edinburgh Precious Metals—Francis of Teck to Marry a British Brewer's Daughter—A Duke's Mate Weds a Contractor Brewer's Eldest Girl—The Duchess of Portland Follows Queen Victoria's Lead and Eschews Democratic Snobs.

THE British Royal Family will be numerously represented at the French Riviera this season, and the exodus of English aristocrats bound for that balmier clime is now in full blast. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, will meet their yacht, the Osborne, at Marseilles and be conveyed thence to Cannes. The lively little Duchess of Albany, accompanied by her children, will spend the remaining winter weeks at the Villa Nevada, Cannes. The Duke and Duchess of Teck and the Princess May will be entertained by Lady Wolverton near by; and the Duchess of Connaught, whose health has not been good since her return from India, will stay with Madame de Falbe at her sumptuous residence, the Villa California. At the same time the Marchioness of Lorne will be the guest of Miss Alice de Rothschild at Grasse. The Duke of Cambridge has secured rooms at one of the leading hotels in Nice; while Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with the Princess and Prince of Battenberg, will be established at Florence at the palazzo of Lady Crawford.

VICTORIA'S ROYAL PONY CARRIAGE.

Queen Victoria has deigned to accept a newly-designed "donkey-pony" carriage. This new little vehicle is not to be used until Her Majesty gets to Florence, and a neat, little, zinc coach-house is to be erected at the Villa Palmeira for the reception of the new royal pony carriage, which travels in such a smooth, quiet manner that it will be necessary for the animals drawing the same to wear royal bells on the brow-bands of their bridles to prevent accidents.

HOLY! HOLY!! HOLY!!! NEW YEAR.

Queen Victoria in the private chapel at Osborne, with those she likes best round her, attended divine service on New Year's Eve to pray while the old year was passing away, and as the clock struck twelve Her Majesty said "Glory, Glory, Glory!" On New Year's day the Queen and the other members of the royal family received holy communion in the morning, and afterwards spent a very quiet day at Osborne, where the weather was exceedingly cold and raw. It is expected that 1893 will be a good one for the royal ones; but there will be more changes in the coming twelve months in the royal family than have ever before taken place.

HER MAJESTY A DEMON CHESS PLAYER.

Very few people are cognizant of the fact that Queen Victoria is for a woman an exceptionally fine chess-player. Quite three times a week during the winter months she indulges in this pastime. Her most doughty antagonist is her own daughter, Princess Christian, who, with all due deference be it said, wins the majority of games played. Her Majesty's Munshi, the Indian tutor of Royalty, is a very fine player, as most Hindoos of the higher caste are. He invariably gives His Royal Mistress the odds of the knight, at which odds she generally wins, but the Queen has a fatal love for the Muzio Gambit, which, as all chess players know, is an absolutely lost game for the attacking party.

GOOD BYE TO DRAWING-ROOMS.

Her Majesty has just decided that no more drawing-rooms are to be held. This decision is gall and wormwood to those who visit England in the hope of kissing the hand of royalty as well as to the immense numbers of toadies in the British domain whose one object in life is to boast that they have been presented to their Queen—or her representative. The last year's scandals have settled the matter. It will be remembered that disgraceful scenes then occurred and that ladies indulged in a free fight to gain access to the presence chamber and when they arrived there, many had their garments half torn from their backs. The Queen has decided that "Courts" only shall be held for the future, which means that only those will be present who are invited by royal command. This move on Her Majesty's part will effectually wipe out the plebeian element which of recent years has become predominant and tended to lower the dignity of the British court and militate against its prestige. The name of every debutante will be submitted to the Queen, and now that Her Majesty has taken the matter in hand there is little doubt that with her determination of character she will ruthlessly expunge the names of any persons who are not recommended to her by marrying in, and that, it appears, to what the handsome Francis of Teck now proposes doing. Nelly Bass is a particularly nice girl, and the only child of Lord Burton, so that she is not altogether a beggar. Should this marriage come off the bung magnates throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain will be proud indeed of the elevation of one of their own brewing to a place so near the imperial purple.

A BUDDING DUKE SPLICES A BRASSEY.

Lord Settrington, eldest son of the Earl of March, and heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Richmond, Gordon-Lennox and D'Aubigny, is engaged to Miss Hilda Brassey. When Lord Settrington's father married Miss Ricardo there was a terrible outcry on the part of all the dowagers, and the match was stigmatized as *mesalliance*. Members of the ducal family of Gordon-Lennox even thought fit to show the young Countess that they looked upon her as an intruder, and not by any means as one of themselves. The Brassey name over with the conqueror, so they say, but they "lay low" till railway times, and the name is more indicative of plenty of cash than of blueness of blood. The Brasseys are certainly getting on in the world when they marry into a house which is Royal de *plein quelle*, and if this sort of thing goes on Britishers may expect to see the wealthy and haughty houses of east and dry goods men and west end storekeepers descending to matrimonial alliances with the poor Howards, Talbots and Percys.

PORTLAND'S DUCHESS SHUNS OUT SHODDY.

The Duke of Portland recently celebrated at Welbeck his thirty-fifth birthday and the event gathered together quite a pleasant little family party, among whom Lady Belsover, whose property eventually falls to the Duke, was a conspicuous feature, though the Duchess nominally presided. The Duchess of Portland is being snubbed by a large section of society with extreme interest, some of whom by no means quite relish the determined attitude assumed by Her Grace as to the unbridled looseness in respect to the motto of *noblesse oblige* which prevails nowadays in society. The Duchess has received warm commendation from those whose opinion is of value, at the stand she is taking in closing up the ranks of the patrician class, somewhat disarranged of late by the inrush of democratic snobbism and would-be Bohemian laxity. It is a bold step for so young a woman, but Her Grace is a Duchess, a British Duchess, and her husband is wealthy, has held high office at court, and above all, she is pretty, so she carries with her a powerful clique.

WHEN THE DUKE BECAME A DUKE.

In 1879, when he was Mr. W. J. A. C. J. Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duke of Portland was serving as a subaltern officer in the Guards at the age of 22. On one bright morning, the overnight of which he was detailed for the duties of orderly officer of the day—it was the custom of his batman when calling him to bring his master a brandy-and-soda from the mess—he did so, on this morning, but on going to the mess man for the "S" and "B," he was told that his master, Mr. Cavendish, was the Duke of Portland, through the death of some outside cousin.

He went to the bedside of his master and said, "It's time to get up Your Grace; shall I put your soda-and-brandy on the chair? Up raised the head of the young Duke, and with his mouth wide open shouted to his servant, "What the devil do you mean by calling me 'Your Grace,' by George I'll report you to the Adjutant." "You are Your Grace really sir—sir," said the man; "for some Duke's dead, as is your fourth cousin." "Is that so?" says the young officer of the guards. "Yes, sir, Your Grace" said the batman. "Well then" said the Duke, "drink the soda and brandy yourself, and fetch me a bottle of champagne."

ROME SHAKEN UP.

Dynamite Bomb Sensation—A Battle With Peasants at Termini.

A Rome cable says: Dynamite bombs exploded almost simultaneously this afternoon before the Hotel d'Angleterre and in the garden of the proprietor's house in the Via San Claudio. The hotel was partly wrecked. Nobody was injured, although the hotel had more than 100 lodgers at the hour of the explosion. The proprietor said this evening that the hotel and contents were almost a total loss. The proprietor's house in the Via San Claudio was less damaged. Nobody was injured, as the family had left home for the afternoon. The proprietor of the hotel says that he is convinced that both explosions were caused by a man whom he discharged recently from his services.

There was a serious conflict at Termini, a seaport town of Sicily, between gendarmes and peasants. About 600 peasants, men and women, preceeded deliberately to seize and squat upon lands belonging to the commune, claiming the soil as their own. The authorities ordered the intruders to depart, but the latter paid no attention to the notice. Then gendarmes were called upon to eject the squatters. The peasants resisted, and a fierce struggle ensued. The gendarmes fired upon the peasants, killing eight of them and wounding twenty. A number of the peasants were taken prisoners and the others fled to the interior, swearing vengeance upon the gendarmes and the authorities.

A MOB'S VENGEANCE.

A Usurious Priest and His Family Butchered.

A Buda Pesth cable says: The peasants near Hunyad, Transylvania, had threatened since last summer to lynch the orthodox Greek priest in Hunyad, because by lending money at exorbitant prices he had acquired mortgages on half the small farms in the neighborhood. Despite the fact that the severest suffering has been caused in Transylvania by the bitter weather, and the poorer classes have been obliged to spend most of their money for fuel, the priest announced last week that five little farms mortgaged to him would be sold on Monday, as the owners had not paid their interest. He was warned on Sunday that the peasants would lynch him in case he carried out his announcement. Nevertheless, the sale was held and the five families were turned out. Two children and a woman died of exposure on Tuesday. On Wednesday afternoon fifty peasants armed with scythes and pitchforks surrounded the priest's house. Four men set fire to the house at the corners and guarded the doors and windows so that the priest and his wife and two small children could not leave before the building was well ablaze. Eventually the four men retreated, and the priest and his family ran out. The peasants at once struck them down, and pierced the bodies repeatedly with pitchforks, and threw the bodies into the flames.

A Bachelor's Reason.

The people of Wyoming who permit women to vote are apparently not in sympathy with the English bachelor of long ago, who got himself into a controversy on the subject of women's rights with his *vis a-vis* at dinner. After *proing* and *coning* for a few minutes, the lady asked: "Candidly, sir, why do you oppose giving the franchise to women?"

"You will excuse me for saying it, madam," he replied, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."

"But what evidence of woman's mental inferiority to man can you advance?" persisted the lady.

The bachelor thought a moment, and then answered, slowly: "A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frightful way in which they do up their back hair." —*Harper's Bazar.*

Robespierre's Essay on Crime.

A manuscript of Robespierre's has just found its way to the National Library under rather peculiar circumstances. A workman, in the employ of a rag merchant, was packing up a parcel of old paper when his attention was drawn to some sheets covered with writing which had become quite yellow through age. He sorted them carefully and took them to his *patron*, who on scrutinizing the manuscript discovered the signature of the notorious revolutionist. The "copy" proved to be an essay on crime, written for the Amiens Academy, which, in 1785, offered a prize for the best production on the subject. It may be interesting to learn that Robespierre did not obtain the reward in this particular competition, though in studying his subject he no doubt availed himself of information that was to serve him in good stead later on.

Lamp Wicks.

For obstinate lamp wicks. Sometimes the lamp wick obstinately refuses to be turned up in the ordinary manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other runs up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a thread near the selvedge, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner, the cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

"What's the matter, dear? asked Mr. Justwed as he came into the house and found his wife crying as if her heart would break. "I am so discouraged," she sobbed. "What has bothered my little wife?" "I worked all the afternoon making custard pies, because I knew you were so fond of them, and——and——" Here she began weeping hysterically again. "And what, darling?" "And they turned out to be sponge cakes."

A shoemaker has a card in his window reading: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this store."—*Bangkok Times.*

Hazel—I'm thinking of going into partnership with my laundryman. Nutie—What for? Hazel—I want to get back my collars and cuffs.

A BOHEMIAN MINE HORROR.

An Explosion Causes the Death of Eighty and Injures Many.

SEVERAL KILLED IN THE CAGE.

A Vienna cable says: The Rosenberg mine of the Fortschritt mine was far more serious than the reports this afternoon indicated. Despatches from Dux to-night say that eighty miners were killed and scores were injured. The explosion happened this morning when the shifts were changing. A cage full of miners had been lowered half-way down the shaft, when the ground trembled, a loud rumbling report was heard, and the cable attached to the cage gave such a lurch that the lowering machinery broke. A rush of air and dust from the pit's mouth, the sounds of crashing timbers, and the cries of the men in the cage gave warning to the men above of the extent of the disaster. Help was summoned, the machinery was repaired after a delay of half an hour, and the cage was raised. Ten of the occupants had been killed by the shock, ten had suffered fractures from which they cannot recover, five who had broken limbs and internal injuries will live. They had been half suffocated by the gas rising in the shaft, and said that no man could live below. An hour later the superintendent of the mine and five miners went down in the cage. They were unable to go more than 100 yards from the shaft into the gallery, but they found 14 dead bodies. Of the 50 men who were waiting for the cage ten had been killed and 40 had been partially crushed by falling timbers, or half suffocated by the foul air. A short distance from the shaft the superintendent found four bodies which had been crushed beyond recognition by a falling beam. The bodies and the injured were taken to the top, where the whole mining settlement had gathered to watch the work of rescue. The men who had been brought up from the bottom said that a few minutes after the explosion they had heard cries and groans from the mouth of the gallery about 300 yards from the shaft. There was heavy timber work at that place, and they believe that the men in this gallery had been imprisoned by the falling beams. They believed that some 40 men had been at work there. Shortly before the cage came down they said the cries ceased. Another rescue party went down at once, and after three of them had been carried back to the shaft unconscious, penetrated to the entrance of the gallery. The entrance was completely blocked by the wrecked woodwork. The rescue party could see several dead bodies on the other side of the timbers, but were unable to get at them, and returned to the top empty-handed. It is believed that all the men in the gallery were suffocated or killed by the shock of the explosion. Twelve miners who worked in the extreme interior of the mine on the night shift, and had not started for the shaft so soon as their companions, are also believed to be dead. Despite the apparent hopelessness of the situation, a rescue party is still in the mine, and thousands have gathered at the pit's mouth. When the extent of the disaster became known the women of the dead men's families attempted to mob the mine officials, accusing them of carelessness in the management of the mine and of indifference as to the fate of their husbands and brothers below. The mine officials sent to Dux for police, and three companies of soldiers are encamped in the fields around the pit's mouth to-night. The miners' families are still at watch, and probably will remain in the fields all night despite the inclemency of the weather.

A STUDY OF THE CAT.

Its Affection Difficult to Win and Easy to Lose.

A meeting of the Society for the Study of Comparative Psychology was held in the lecture-room of the Veterinary College, Union avenue, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., the President, Dr. Mills, in the chair. Mr. Stevens read a lengthy and somewhat humorous paper on "The Intelligence of the Cat." He thought the cat was entitled to more study than it usually received—this probably because it does not seek to win attention and affection as does the dog. The nature of the dog is open and demonstrative; that of the cat is reserved. It is easy to gain the affection of a dog and difficult to lose it. On the other hand, it is difficult to win the affection of a cat and easy to lose it. As with all our domestic animals, so with the cat, intelligence can only be developed in proportion to the kindness and good treatment shown towards it. He deprecated the practice of shutting out cats at night time. By this practice for generations certain of them can develop an hereditary habit of night prowling. Treated as they should be, they will soon abandon nocturnal wanderings. However, even in this, cats have individuality, and there are some curious and previous exceptions. Careful observation goes to show that the cat's native inclination is to hunt the mouse or the rat for sport rather than for food, and a cat that is well cared for is more likely to be successful as a sport seeker than a hungry grimalkin; firstly, because it is more alert, and secondly, because it is cleaner. A hungry and unhappy cat does not keep its coat clean, and the keen-nosed mouse can therefore easily sniff out its whereabouts. All cats have not the instinct for mousing. Some, having been deprived of their kittens, have been known to act as foster-mothers to young mice or rats; and not even the pangs of hunger will make a mouser of a cat that has not inherited the instinct of the form of sport—an instinct that seems to run in families—like the taste for fox hunting in human beings. —*Montreal Gazette.*

Lord Roberts and the Highlanders.

General Lord Roberts recently paid a splendid tribute to the heroism of the Highlanders. The General was entertained at a farewell dinner by the officers of the Highland Brigade, at which, in a speech of a singularly pathetic character, he took leave of them on his resignation of the Indian command. "As an Irishman," he said, "and speaking on this occasion, and in this company, I think I may venture to express my personal admiration for the kilted warriors of the North. Never shall I forget the 93rd Highlanders at Sikunder Bagh, or the 72nd Highlanders at Peiwar Kotal, or the 92nd Highlanders at Candahar. Nor shall I forget the advance in line of the 42nd, 79th and 93rd Highlanders going straight for the enemy's battery at Cawnpore. It was a splendid sight—one of the most heart-stirring military spectacles I have ever beheld." Then turning to matters more immediately concerning himself, Lord Roberts said: "The news received this morning that I am to be succeeded as Commander-in-Chief in India by that distinguished officer of a Highland regiment, Major-General Sir George White, will, I know, be as gratifying to you as it is to me. Sir George White's appointment warms me that my time for active service is drawing to a close."

Overheard in Berlin.

Wilhelm—Caprivi, why is it plain that Bismarck is himself no longer?

Caprivi—Your Imperial Royal Highness, I give it up. I never was much good at conundrums.

Wilhelm—Because, now that he has given up active life, he isn't Bizzy. See? Ha! ha!

Caprivi (suddenly, after three minutes' dead silence)—Ha! ha!

Fashionable Mother (languidly)—Well, Sarah, how is baby to-day? Maid—He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am. Fashionable Mother (still more languidly)—That was very negligent of you, Sarah. You ought not to let a young baby play with a knife.

The political student—Do you believe in annexation, Miss Smithers? Miss Smithers (somewhat sore)—Really—ah—but this is so sudden!

Hostess—Will you have a piece of pie, Georgie? Georgie—Yes'm; but please make it double size, because ma told me not to ask for two pieces.

Blifters—I wonder if Diggs has much money behind him? Spatts—He had the other day when I saw him—he was leaning against the Bank of England.

An old bachelor recently gave utterance to the following *jeu d'esprit*: He was introduced to a beautiful widow of the same name as himself. The introduction was in this wise: "Mr. Evans, permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Evans!" "Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor; "the very lady I have been in search of for the last forty years!"

He—Oh, I have a splendid story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before. She—Is it a really good story? He—Indeed it is. She (wearily)—Then you haven't told it to me before.

"Harold, papa calls you a fortune hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich." "So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."

ROBERT BURNS.

(Contributed by a fellow-countryman.)

"Our monarch's hindmost year but one
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast came frae the north,
Blew hansel in on Robin."

THE Scotch folks of Hamilton are to have a "Night of Burns" on the anniversary of Wednesday next, the anniversary of his birth. That is as it should be. Scotland's One Saint's Day has come round again, and it will be fittingly celebrated from one end of the Old Country to the other. Why not in that good Scotch town of Hamilton, Ontario? That little country of Scotland has not been unproductive of great and good men. If it wanted to furnish a Valhalla or illuminate a calendar it should not fail for lack of saints or heroes. The Scotch yield to no people in reverence for the great names of their country's history and literature. They are proud of their Wallace and their Bruce, their John Knox and their Walter Scott, and of scores and hundreds less distinguished, but perhaps not less worthy to be remembered. Yet there is but one in all the bright list of Scotland's heaven-born whom they have canonized, and whose memory the Scottish nation honor with something like ceremonial regularity and forms of worship. That one is not the knightly Bruce or the reverend Knox, though the former gave them national, and the latter religious, freedom; and the two together may be said to have made Scotland a nation. It is the jovial and reckless ploughman, the unsuccessful farmer, the broken-hearted excisman, the man whose life was, in a worldly sense, a failure, whom an eminent and well-known living fellow-countryman has called a moral bankrupt, who died at the age of 37 an outcast from the good society of Dumfries. The Scottish nation does not cherish the memory of Burns because he was a man of many sins and great sorrows; but the love that Scotland bears him would not be the love it is had the sins and sorrows not been there. Stern moralists see in his failings merely examples to be shunned, and yet sternest moralists would, on their account, shun not only his failings but his songs. Yet it is the simple truth that the unique place that Burns holds, and will hold forever, in every leal Scottish heart, is due to his errors and his misfortunes, hardly less than to his genius and his manliness. The worship of victorious virtue is rarely rapturous; the worship of sinless sorrow lifts man to the sphere of the divine; the worship of a heroic human being, struggling and overborne by sins and sorrows, occupies a middle position; it claims its devotees from every rank and class of humanity. "To dwell too much on the weaknesses of Burns' nature," says one, "is only less objectionable than the mistaking or ignoring of them, which is indulged in by his more fervid and foolish worshippers." If by "dwelling" on them too much the writer means merely censuring them, he is right. But who that loves Burns can forbear to dwell on his weaknesses? It is because he was weak as well as strong, a man of noble nature, yet carried away by passion, a great sinner as well as a sweet singer, that his songs "fit into every fold of the human heart," and that his manhood, as well as his writings, come close to every one of us and wins from us our love and sympathy.

To say this boldly is not to say that the weaknesses of Burns are in themselves anything but reprehensible. For his own sake they are to be deplored. He paid the penalty in his person. No man of whom there is any record suffered more fully in this life for his sins. Many far worse men than Burns contrive somehow, by a certain moral dexterity and social finesse, to escape, to all appearance, the proper consequence of their vices. There are men less pious in ecclesiastical seats of honor. There are more immoral men honored in the best society. Men as dissipated have often lived to old age. Many who have sown wild oats as recklessly as Burns have repented and reformed when they were older than he was at his death, and have enjoyed a happy and honored age. Burns had not the happy dexterity to evade the consequence of his failings. He seems never to have been able to escape a single penalty. Nor had he the faculty of concealment. If he sinned all the world knew, as all the world saw, his shame and his woes. He kept back nothing in the confessional; there was no curtailment of his penance; he paid the uttermost farthing. Trust on his own account his errors are deeply to be lamented; on their account they must be sternly blamed; but to us they are clear gain. The statement may shock not only severe moralists, but some who, though not severe, yet hold that Burns would not only have been a better man, but a greater poet, had he been gifted with more self control. He might; but he could not have moved our whole nature from top to bottom and been our brother in our lowest as in our highest experiences. And this is what Burns does and is. Our mixed human nature finds complete sympathy and kinship in Burns. He goes down with us to the deepest valley of humiliation; he walks with us in the commonest paths of life, and he snatches us up to the purest heights which mere human feeling can reach. The weakest and lowest is never made to feel that Burns is a superior being, claiming our admiration, but dwelling somewhere above us. Burns always either comes down to our level or lifts us up to his; or, rather, he comes down to our level and lifts us up to his own. And if the truth were known, there are very few who in their secret souls have not shaken hands with Burns in the dark depths of human experience. The purest saints have had their truant times when in heart and imagination, if not in actual deed, they have given way to nameless seductions, and have known the gloom of remorse. And so there are few who have not met with Burns in the shades, and have not felt that here is a man who knows the worst and the best that they know, and has felt the worst and the best they have felt; who is with them in the depths and on the heights, and whose song, even in the depths, can save them by reminding them that even there man is not lost to all that is beautiful, pure and divine. It was for us that Burns rejoiced and sinned and sorrowed, and therefore sane.

It is not, of course, by his weaknesses that Burns lays hold of us; it is a mean nature that takes pleasure in what are called his immoralities. It is because in the midst of his weaknesses he is still not only a glorious genius but a great and manly man. Above all, it is because in all our moods he sings to us, and sings as if he sang from within us. He makes melody in every heart, whether the strains be of joy or woe, of lofty aspiration, of mad passion or of mournful abasement. There is no poet more completely human than Burns, and then, he is Scottish. The critic who has been already quoted somewhat deprecates the specially Scottish side of Burns. "What is best and most assured of immortality in Burns is not," he says, "what is peculiarly Scotch, but what is of universal interest," and he goes on to make the statement good by reference to particular poems. Surely proof of such an axiomatic statement was unnecessary. It is true of every poet who ever sang, of David and of Shakspeare as well as of Burns. Genius is of no nationality; it is human. "One touch of nature make the whole world kin." The most ardent admirer of Burns among his countrymen will frankly admit that the best of him is the common property of humanity. But it has the homely Scotch accent. It is dearer to us because it is in our mother tongue. Curiously enough, the poems cited to prove that the most immortal of his writings are those that have a universal interest, are not poems written in English. They are "The Jolly Beggars," "Tam Glen," and a few others. Scotsmen are justified in putting a peculiar value on these poems; not because they are in the Scottish tongue, but because they are of universal interest and in the Scottish tongue. It is just cause for pride that our language has in its songs that compel men of all countries to learn a little of it. But if it is true that the best of Burns is not peculiarly Scottish, it is equally true that he has invested much that is peculiarly Scottish with universal interest. And he is not the less Scottish because, on his highest wing, he soars above all distinctions of nationality. He has warm admirers and successful critics beyond the circle of his countrymen; but while Scotsmen freely acknowledge that all men have an equal claim on Burns, the man of genius, they will not admit that the man of genius is the object of their own love. Nor will they consent to depreciate what in Burns is peculiarly Scottish. They will not insist on its being appreciated by outsiders. But to them Burns would not be Burns, and even the best of Burns would not be so good as it is were it not for the characteristics which are peculiarly national.

There is no Burns' Club in Hamilton. That is not as it should be. Surely might with advantage be added to the thousand and one institutions of the town before another year is over. There is no lack of good material. If the for-

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