

nymic of Tyler Mudge, will make his fortune if he only has enough patience. I, for one, will never use any other preparation than his. The third article, which has proved a boon to me, and which will be hailed with delight by every unlucky wight who dwells in this grimy world, is a "lightning eradicator" for the removing of grease spots of all descriptions, prepared by Parret and Company, of Brooklyn, N.Y. I invested twenty-five cents in a box of this marvellous concoction, and bore it home in triumph to find that it did all that was expected of it; I have been unable to find any spot that defies its cleansing powers. As yet I have not tried it upon a soiled *government*. I fear no remedy but the scapel would be of any avail in that case.

In the hour and a-half that I spent at the Lenox Lyceum last week, I think I sampled about five different kinds of flour and oats made up into biscuits, or to be eaten with cream and sugar, as many varieties of pickles and sauces, and half a dozen brands of wines, lagers, teas and cocoas. I shall always have a vivid recollection of the indigestion that followed; but the scene was so charming and the fair maidens so alluring that one could not but behave with perfect impartiality.

Everyone who knows anything about it is now on the *qui vive* till Mr. Bland's pet scheme, the Free Coinage Bill, or, as it is generally called, the "Silver Bill," is either made law or relegated into oblivion. Should the Bill pass this session, American securities will lose their value in the London market, and consequently a (at all events temporary) dulness of the stock market would ensue; in fact, in apprehension of it, London has been in a hurry to get rid of its "Americans." However, the passing of the Bill is such a doubtful blessing that it is hardly likely to be consummated.

The Behring Sea trouble is agitating us as good Canadians. We laugh in our sleeves at Uncle Sam and his absurd bravado. A *mare clausam* indeed! We have just as much right to fish in the big bit of water as he has, as he will soon find out. President Harrison thinks too much of the high and mightiness of the great Republic. He will learn that he cannot have everything his own way.

I am thinking of writing an article on the two great pictures of New York life: the one viewed by the miserable inmates of tenement houses, and that seen by the petted denizens of the large hotels and handsome houses of the city. There is no luxury that cannot be obtained in New York, only *money* is needed to purchase it; no depth of misery and wretchedness into which it is not possible to fall, only the lack of *money* is needed to bring it about. *Money* is the one great cry that makes itself heard above the roar of the stock exchange, and the piteous cries of women and little children. Did they but understand and appreciate the significance of it, Bellamy's world would be a paradise of joy and bliss, after which rich and poor alike would long with a yearning unspeakable.

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

THE RAMBLER.

THE disappearance of landmarks—more or less important and interesting—is, I suppose, one of the inevitable consequences of the rapid growth of modern cities. In a few years there will not be inside the limits a single specimen of the old colonial mansion once admired and reverently gazed upon. These old-fashioned domains were not, perhaps, either very comfortable or very æsthetic; but they had, in their sweeping lawns, in their wide front steps and verandahs, and in their occasional Corinthian pillars and French windows, a mixture of nobility and picturesqueness which I cannot find even in the graceful Eastlake houses of to-day. People complain of taxes; the ground is a nuisance to keep in order, so first of all the lawns and gardens go. Neat, red brick rows spring up where old orchards and terraces once sloped to meet the urn-decked steps and spreading porch. Then the house goes and the trees are pulled down, and at last not a vestige of the old place remains. This gradual but general transformation seems a pity. I have in my mind several delightful old homes of the kind referred to, backed by colossal elms and oaks, rich in velvety lawn and well-trimmed hedges, with large and noble rooms, wide passages and broad windows; but I know that they are doomed. Sometimes they are turned into schools. Sometimes, if near the heart of the town, they are converted into Chambers, Offices and Apartments; but oftener they are pulled down altogether.

This apathetic treatment of the Old Canadian Manor-House, or Colonial Mansion, is, like most of our actions here in Ontario, the result of a non-national spirit. The French-Canadian reverences the Château of the great patriot at Montebello. The New Yorker pauses ere he passes the knickerbocker mansions, many of them now clubs and boarding-houses, once so full of life and incident; and the New Englander or the New Brunswickian takes pride in the broad farm-houses and swelling barns of his long-settled plains or valleys. Ours is the spirit of the West, and the West has no business with anything old. All the same, I repeat that it is a pity that our old landmarks must all go.

One of the surprises of London is the number of curi-

ous old places you stumble upon in the neat and uninteresting suburban districts, almost American to the eye from their total want of picturesqueness and variety. For there are regular, ordinary red-brick streets in London as well as in other cities—streets which reflect the genteel, dingy, mediocre middle-class life of their inhabitants, unrelieved by even the welcome growth of ivy, or presence of front gardens. Yet it is often just in the heart of such a district that you encounter, standing back among its oaks and laburnums, some old and pillared house that holds within its thick grey walls stories that only Thackeray could adequately decipher—or perhaps a Wilkie Collins.

It is decidedly snobbish of course to affect a knowledge of a foreign tongue when you possess it not—especially French, which requires so much gesture and animation to carry it off—but still it is not an affectation to prefix Madame, or Signor, or Herr to the names of artists. Some American journalists, however, think otherwise, and pursue their honest course so far as to speak of Mrs. Patti and Mrs. Bernhardt, Mr. Lassalle and Miss Scalchi. For my part, I see just as much affectation in this mode as in any other, warranted at least by age and custom. We need not call Paris "Parse," nor speak of *genre* pictures (when we haven't an idea of what we mean by the term), nor confuse *cocher* and *cochon* just because we cling to the time-honoured Madame and Mademoiselle. The worst difficulties are in pronunciation of native names. Many is the time I have struggled with Valenciennes. How should one pronounce it in an English store?—shop—I beg pardon! And then there is Leipsic. Now, to be correct, you must spell it Leipzig and finish, in uttering it aloud, with a guttural gasp most properly German. Then what, pray, is a *thé dousante*? Why not use the English here?

Here is a pretty little lyric from an old magazine. I imagine it to be from the pen of the late Dr. Holland:—

Sweet April, when you try, with your sunshine and your sky,
Your wind breathing low and your birds that sing together,
Your misty blue that fills the hollows of the hills,
You can make a day of most enchanting weather!

But on this lovely morning you have for your adorning
The presence of my only love, my darling, my dear—
So you have no need to try, with your sunshine and your sky,
To make this day the day of all the year!

Yet, April, do your best, with a soft wind from the west,
With sunlight on the springing grass, and tender blue above—
Let your singing birds sing loudly, and your flowers look up proudly—
So may you serve the lady of my love!

O month of changeful mien, your days may be serene—
Or your sobbing east wind may be bringing rainy weather—
Each is a welcome day, for each it takes me nearer May,
When my only love and I shall be together!

PARIS LETTER.

THE dynamite scare is passing into a screaming farce, so the timid may pluck up heart of grace. The three explosions by the "Sardinitards" have revealed that the anarchists in France are not very dangerous after all. They have in a sense given society the measure of their mischief power, and have been shown in return that, against their nefarious attempts, society bands itself into common unity. The repercussion of the sardine-box bombs has been greater among the mosaic class of extremists in the other parts of Europe than in France. Dynamite, while working evil, develops good, by compelling society in self-defence to be first of all conservative, while not remaining indifferent to the unremedied causes which help to swell the Ishmael army with recruits from poverty and crime.

The coming new law, making it a capital offence to employ dynamite or other explosive for criminal ends, will doubtless have a deterrent effect. Not a few level-headed judges view the recent explosion outrages in Paris as the work of pure maniacs, because devoid of comprehensible aim and of correlative action. There is no truth in the rumour that the Government contemplates taking over to itself the monopoly of the fabrication of all nitro-glycerine compounds. That would necessitate the buying up of the French Dynamite Manufacturing Company, one of the most going concerns in the country. Its 500 frs. shares now sell at 800 frs., and the dividend per share is 70 frs. The idea to prohibit the use of dynamite in the mining industries would be sheer folly: it would have for a consequence the shutting down of mines and the stoppage of public works. Since dynamite has superseded gunpowder, it has effected a saving in the execution of public works amounting to 45 per cent. Further, no dynamite can be abstracted from the manufactory, and none is delivered except on an order signed by a prefect, who stands guarantee for the acquirer; the latter is never furnished with more than a stock for a fortnight; the miners receive only the number of cartridges sufficient for one day's work, and, as they have to pay for them, they have an interest in guarding preciously the costly explosive.

The victims of the Panama Canal bubble have now under their eyes an object lesson illustrative of the work their milliards were subscribed to accomplish. Paris is to have an additional supply of pure, potable water in the course of two years. The works are being actively pushed forward. It is on the heights of St. Cloud that the vast

reservoirs, covering 300 acres, are being constructed. From there the water will be piped across the Seine by a special viaduct, and so traversing the Bois de Boulogne, the water will reach its high level centre of distribution near the Arc de Triomphe. It is a favourite promenade for Parisians to visit the gigantic works: 1,000 hands are permanently engaged in day and night shifts, who live in a mushroom town of wooden huts, and baptized "Chicago." The excavators delve and scoop up the soil to the depth of 40 feet over the 300 acres; the stuff is transported a mile away to form a sustaining buttress for the massive boundary walls, in cement and jagged stone, as solid as any mason work of ancient Rome. Instead of acres it is miles of kindred excavation that the Panama big ditch exacts, plus the dyke against that unknown quantity—the Chagres River. Imagine these vast excavations suspended for three years, and all the prodigious machines being gnawed by rust during that period, while bearing in mind the miles upon miles of land to be scooped into a ship way for deep draught vessels; such is the spectacle Parisian holders of Panama bonds can conjure up by a trip to their "Chicago."

Zola has immortalized the angels of the public wash-houses: there are 400 of the latter in Paris, chiefly moored barges on the Seine, well known as *lavoirs*, and a first-class *lavoir* represents a "floating" capital of 100,000 frs. It is not by any means a money-making business. Families or laundries bring their dirty linen to the *lavoir*; the bundle, when numbered, is put into a vast caldron to steep, boil and bubble during the night: in the morning "suds" receives her bundle and rents a scrubbing board, with soaped and chemical hot or cold waters at one or two sous per hour; then the linen is sent to the centrifugal wringing machine, and next to the drying room for 24 hours, when the owner takes it home to mangle and make up. For a family bundle, all these cleansing operations would cost about one franc. Each *lavoir* consumes 150 tons of coal yearly, and a ton of coal pays a city tax of 7½ frs. The municipality purpose supplying its *lavoirs* with untaxed coal: this bounty would ruin the private *lavoirs*. The proprietors of the latter offer to give special scouring terms to workmen's households, and to supply hot baths to the great unwashed up to a certain number for three sous per person; they demand, in exchange, the abolition of the coal tax for their industry.

It is not only in Paris, but in the provinces, that the clergy respond to the challenge-discussions of the itinerary professors of socialism. Occasionally, the church is the place of meeting. The plan has everything to commend its extension; the lay members of the upper and middle classes shrink from the struggle with the wild theorists, which is abdication in face of danger. The clergy, being chiefly the sons of peasants and artisans, claim on the platform to belong to and be in sympathy with the labour classes. In their replies there is neither dogmatism nor theology, but sound sense and broad Christianity; demolishing society will not ameliorate the lot of the bread-winner.

The Sanitary Committee of Paris is busy in seeing that all its hygienic recommendations are executed, for they are armed with very sumptuary powers. The latter are not so drastic as those possessed by the Provost of Paris in 1596, when he ordered vehicles to be kept ready in the streets to convey doctors, surgeons and "barbers" to visit their patients. Every house that contained a sick inmate was bound to display a mark in chalk on the door; whoever obliterated that mark had a hand cut off. Houses without water-closets had such made by the authorities, the cost being defrayed out of the rent. The sanitary inspectors wore black velvet caps, with a silver cross; those who disobeyed their instructions were immediately imprisoned. Bleeding was a universal cure, and the surgeons were bound to empty their basins in a special part of the Seine. A citizen who surreptitiously transported the clothing or bedding of a sick person across the city, could be imprisoned for life, and have all his goods forfeited. Every convalescent had to keep a fire in the sick room and the court-yard, during a certain number of days, in order to purify the air. Never to go abroad on an empty stomach, but to indulge in a nip beforehand was recommended, as also to pray constantly; keep the konnel of the street flushed—then there was only one in the centre of the rue into which all filth was thrown. Pigs, rabbits and pigeons were to be sent out of the city, and all wandering dogs were to be killed. Crowds were to be avoided; schools to be closed, and the indigent sent away from the hospices. People were urged not to remain idle, or give way to passion or to worry, and to "abstain from milk in every form," while observing extreme personal cleanliness.

Signs of the times: Parisians are drifting into a leaning for passion plays; is it a change in convictions or the latest fashion? During last Lent, when the "Passion" was dramatized for a minor theatre, the audience sat it out with mixed feelings of surprise and pleasure, but, above all, with reverence. The manager made a good deal of money, though he believed the piece would be scooped off the stage. That diva of the people, Yvette Guibert, now adds to her repertoire, for private entertainments, *nativité* carols. The "Théâtre Moderne" has just represented with great success "Christ," a sacred drama, by M. Grandmougin. The rôles of the Saviour, of the Virgin and of Peter are truthfully filled, the author being a religious man. The trial before Pontius Pilate lacks a crowd to express the swaying emotions of the multitude,