

One of the last letters penned by Francis Parkman, the historian, just before the illness which ended in his death, was to a Canadian writer, Dr. Bourinot, with whom he frequently corresponded: "Your very obliging note and the book on Cape Breton came last evening. I had already read with interest your paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, and am now very glad to have your valuable monograph in a separate form. The illustrations add greatly to its value, and it seems to me to include everything most worthy of preservation in the history of the island. Brown did his best to get hold of the documents in the archives of the Minister of Marine, but, as I happen to know, was baffled by official obstruction. I thank you for your very kind mention of me in your book, which comes with treble force from one so deeply versed in Canadian affairs and Canadian history.—With great regard and esteem, Yours very truly, FRANCIS PARKMAN."

Dr. Justin Winsor, the eminent historian and librarian of Harvard University, in a letter to Dr. Bourinot gives the following interesting information with respect to the disposal of Francis Parkman's library:—"It is coming to the college library; I spent an hour or two the other day going over it in his Chestnut street study, and the close examination confirmed my supposition, formed by passing observation, when I was with him, that it is not large, perhaps about 1,200 volumes, and with little that is rare in it. It was simply a working collection for his purpose, supplementing the much more valuable manuscripts. These have gone from time to time to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and they have now taken the rest which Parkman had retained. His collection of maps, including the great Franquelin map, of which the original has disappeared from the archives at Paris, came to us some years ago, and there is a small residue which will accompany his books to Cambridge."

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ἄκρας ὁρᾷ ἀνθρώπος. (Pindar, Pyth. vii.)

Shafts of the bitter North!  
Edged with sharp hail and feathered with the  
flake,  
Already hurtling forth,  
Where the tarn shivers and dead rushes shake  
Upon the biting wind.

Echoes of all the years,  
Summers and autumns dead, that lie behind,  
Laughters dissolved in tears,  
Griefs that have set their hands upon my  
head,  
Ye chant into my ears.

Heralds of Tempest-time!  
Winding your sleety music in the hills,  
Answering sublime  
The gathering thunder of a thousand rills,  
Spray-jewelled with the young November  
rime.

Happy, who listening  
Through your tumultuous revelry can hear  
Sworn promise of the spring.  
To me, who tread the perilous darkness near,  
Ye speak this bitter thing.

Alas for him who yields!  
Alas for him whose hopes be all confined  
Within the barren fields  
That march with death! 'Tis not to reap nor  
bind.  
'Tis not to garner with the blest who deem  
The fruit of life is richer than a dream.

J. W. DE LYS, in the *Speaker*.

### A GOOD COMIC OPERA STORY.

Marie Wainwright was speaking of her nervousness on the first night of a new production, and she said that an absurd contretemps nearly threw her off her balance during a first night. She continued:—"Perhaps you remember that as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddi-gore,' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I was supposed to threaten the wicked

baronet's life. When my turn came round the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on without my property, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it, I was resolute. Of course there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and, forcing something into my hand, absolutely pushed me on to the stage. And what do you think it was?" asked Miss Wainwright, laughing at the reminiscence. "Of all things, it was a large gas key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience; but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most unkindly gave me away. 'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas key in its entirety to the audience. Of course there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will appear at the Grand Opera House February 19, 20 and 21 in the following repertoire: Monday, February 19, "Becket"; Tuesday, "Nana Oldfield" and "The Bells"; Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday evening, "Louis XI." The sale of seats begins Wednesday, February 14.

### A GIRL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

HER FRIENDS DID NOT THINK SHE COULD RECOVER.

A Case Where the Expression "Snatched From the Grave" May be Most Appropriately Used—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal by Parents. From the Penetanguishene Herald.

A few evenings ago a representative of the Herald while in conversation with Mr. James McLean, fireman on the steamer Manitou, which plies between here, Midland and Parry Sound, learned the particulars of a case which adds another to the long list of triumphs of a well-known Canadian remedy, and is of sufficient importance to deserve wide-spread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. The case referred to is the remarkable restoration to health of Mr. McLean's daughter Agnes, 13 years of age, who had been so low that her recovery was deemed almost impossible. Miss McLean's condition was that of very many other girls throughout the land. Her blood had become impoverished, giving rise to palpitation of the heart, dizziness, severe headache, extremely pale complexion and general debility. At this period Miss McLean was residing in Midland, and her condition became so bad that she was finally compelled to take to her bed. A doctor was called in, but she did not improve under his treatment and another was then consulted, but without any better results. She had become so weak that her father had no hopes of her recovery and did not think she would live three months. The lady with whom Miss McLean was residing urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally a supply was secured. Before the first box was all gone an improvement could be noticed in the girl's condition, and by the time another box had been used the color was beginning to come back to her cheeks, and her appetite was returning. The use of Pink Pills was still continued, each day now adding to her health and strength, until finally she was restored to perfect health, and has gained in weight until she now weighs 140 pounds. Mr. McLean says he is convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his daughter's life, and

he believes them to be the best remedy in the world, and does not hesitate to advise their use in all similar cases.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The whole world is put in motion by the desire of wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to secure as to exclude evil.—Dr. Johnson.

The re-election of the following gentlemen to the offices appended to their names in the Trusts Corporation of Ontario is a guarantee of the trustworthiness of that institution. The Hon. J. C. Aikins is again President, and Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-Presidents. The success of the company is indicated by the increase of the capital stock to a million dollars. This company acts in the capacity of guardian, executor and administrator and trustee.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I WAS CURED of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.