ISSUE NO. 17. 1892.

A Fin de Siecle Girl.

She can execute a rhapsody by Liszt as few can do it;
She can warble Schubert's Serenade—you'll listen gladly to it;
She can give a scene from "Ingomar," from "Hamlet" or "Othello."
Her manner's very fetching, and her voice is sweet and mellow.
She can tell a story nicely, and she's something of a poet,
And there's not a fad that comes to town but she's the first to know it.
She's a devotee of Kipling, and she likes the style of Ibsen;
She's "up" in art, and raves about Du Maurier and Gibson.
She enjoys a college football game—would walk five miles to view it;
Knows the latest rose—or orchid—and the florist who first grew it.
She dances like the sunbeam; argues free trade and protection,
And anxiously, intensely waits the coming fall election.
She can teach a class in Sunday School, preside at some high tea;
She reads Emerson and Swedenborg and talks theosophy;
She attends a school of languages, and also one of cooking,
And apes the poses of Delsarte to keep herself fine-looking;
And her great grandmother's portrait, which was done in 1820,
Keeps watch (although suggestive quite of dolce far niente)—
Keeps watch and wonders (she who saw the century's beginning)
At the many charms it takes to make a modern maiden winning.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

He helped him into the adjoining room, and Carlo, conscious of much the same sensation about the heart as he had felt on the night of his first appearance in public, dismissed him.

"If you ring the bell in the next room," he remarked, "they'll show you to your room, or, if you make up your mind to go to the vicarage, steer for the church tower, and you can't mistake the house, for they say there is none other near."

"I wish you were about, and could go there with me," said Sardoni, with a sigh.

"You are much better alone. I told you last time I should only have been in the way. Now for my *siesta*. *A rivederci!*"

Sardoni turned away slowly and with a sort of reluctance—almost as if he were already in imagination rehearsing that difficult return which Carlo had spoken of. To steer straight for the church tower! What a walk that would be!—what a flight would be involved in every step! He closed the door, and once more re-entered the morning room. Was that Mr. Britton standing by the window? But at the sound of the shutting of the door the figure turned, and crossed the room in eager haste.

Sardoni's heart beat like a sledge hammer, the tears rushed to his eyes.

"Father!" he faltered. "Did you come? are you here?"

And Carlo himself would have been satisfied could he have seen the manner of their meeting.

When they could speak, the vicar replied to the incoherent question,

"It was your friend's doing! He thought this would be the best place."

"It is all his doing!" said Sardoni, in a choked voice.

There was a pause, broken at last by the father.

"Let us come home together!" he said.

And Carlo, lying tired out in the next room, heard the door of the morning room open, and knew that all was well, and pictured to himself how the two would walk together toward the house by the church, and how Sardoni would smile to himself when he found that there was no question as to ringing of bells, since the father would throw the door wide, and himself take him into the new home, where even dark memories would not be allowed to enter and spoil the peace of the reconciliation.

But what passed he never actually knew, because there are things too sacred to be put into words—things which men learn to take on trust even with their closest friends.

Sardoni returned in the evening, and talked of Anita, and Comerio, and Gigi, and of the various vicissitudes of the company in the last three weeks. But on Easter eve, in the morning, when Carlo, like a true Neapolitan, desired to begin the *festa*, the vicar came, true to his appointment, and with him came his son.

"You will have the necessary third without me," whispered Clare, thinking they would rather be alone. "I will go."

"No," said Carlo. "I should like to have you both, if you don't mind. Jack, this is my friend, Miss Claremont."

Clare welcomed him quietly, and the two friends just gripped each other's hands, and not another word passed between them till they had joined in their Easter communion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When the excitement of Sardoni's visit was over, Carlo flagged a little, but the weariness and languor were far less trying to bear than what followed.

One sunny spring day, when the doctor had allowed him to go for a short drive, Clare and Kate took him for the first time outside the Merlebank grounds, and drove him through the little village of Cleevering. By this time he had himself pretty well in hand—had schooled himself into a sort of content with incompleteness—had worked himself round to a state in which he could feel that it was at any rate something to be with Francesca's relations, to hear her name every now and then, to be at least certain of knowing if she were in any particular need or trouble.

"We may as well call for the letters as we are passing the post-office," said Kate, drawing up at the village shop. She sprung out of the chaise, Carlo offering to hold the pony for her. He had neither ridden nor driven since he had left Italy, and the mere feeling of the reins between his fingers awoke new life within him; it was long since he had been able really to desire any attainable thing, but now he was seized with a strong desire to ride once more, and the mere capability of wishing was a relief. He had an almost boyish pleasure in feeling the movements of the pony's head as it champed the bit, in hearing the impatient pawing of the ground.

"Two letters for you, Clare," said Kate, reappearing; and Clare took them rather anxiously, and opening the one from home began to read.

"None for me?" Asked Carlo.

"Not one," said Kate, tossing two or three envelopes on to the vacant seat. He instantly detected that one of them bore the blue stamp of Italy. Was it from Francesca? he wondered, or perhaps from Captain Britton to his brother? It was something to be staying in a house where letters were received from Casa Bella, and yet it was a sort of torture to him to sit quietly in the pony-chaise, obliged to content himself with studying the length of King Humbert's mustache and the big letters of "Napoli" on the post mark. After their arrival home, the footman came in with the afternoon tea, and was soon followed by Mr. Britton.

"Oh!" said Kate, bestowing a cup of tea on Carlo with a frigid air that was quite lost on him, "Francesca writes to ask if she may come next week instead of in June. It's very provoking, for I shall be so busy just then, and there will be no tennis or anything to amuse her."

Carlo did not dare to raise his eyes lest the wild rapture of hope which was filling them should become visible to Kate.

"I don't fancy she is much of a tennis player," said Mr. Britton. "Is there no reference for me?"

"Oh yes, I beg your pardon, father, I quite forgot; there is a line for you from Uncle Britton, and a little note from Francesca, too."

Mr. Britton glanced through them, then deliberately handed Francesca's note to Carlo, possibly intending his daughter to draw her own conclusions from the act.

"I am glad she comes earlier; you two are old friends, and it would be a pity that you should not meet."

"Will you have any more tea, Signor Donati?" she asked, in her coldly polite voice.

"No more, thank you," said Carlo, looking up for a moment from the letter.

His eyes startled her; there was an expression in their dark, liquid depths which she had never seen before in the eyes of any man. She got up quickly.

"If you'll excuse me, father, I'll just finish those accounts," she said. "Clare and the girls will be down directly."

Meanwhile Carlo, feeling like one in a beautiful dream, which is only marred by the dim consciousness that there must be an awaking, read and re-read the following note:

"Dear Uncle George,—Thank you so much for your letters; I never thought it possible that father would let me come, but something in your note to him has made him consent; and also, perhaps, something that has happened here makes him see that I had better leave home for a little while. It was just like you to keep your promise in that way, and be Carlo's friend, and just like you, too, to write so often, for I have been dreadfully anxious. Father says, can you conveniently meet me, or send some one to meet me, at Charing Cross by the tidal train on Wednesday morning? He does not much like me to come such a long way alone, and the lady with whom I travel from Naples only goes as far as London.

"Ever, dear uncle, your loving niece,

"Francesca Britton."

He had his moments of unalloyed bliss; then came the inevitable awaking.

"Do you think I ought to go away?" he said, returning the letter to Mr. Britton.

There was something so appealing in his tone that Mr. Britton felt a genuine thrill of pleasure in being able to answer with a clear conscience.

"Certainly not; the most scrupulous sense of honor can't demand that, since her father is perfectly well aware that you are staying with us."

"What do you think makes him willing to let us meet?" said Carlo, anxiously.

"Well, to speak quite frankly, I think that probably Francesca has just refused some good offer of marriage, and that my brother finds that it is hopeless to see her settled in life as he would wish while her heart is here at Merlebank. Very possibly he hopes—as I, too, confess I hope—that circumstances will lead you to see that it is useless for you to continue any longer on the stage, and that all may end well, and you and Francesca be 'very happy ever after,' as they say in the stories."

Carlo was silent, for suddenly, in that comfortable English drawing-room, there flashed across his mind the old temptation, which he thought could never have risen again after the decisive blow dealt it in the garden at Villa Bruno. This time the strong point of his character, his genuine humility, was appealed to.

The week of rapturous expectation that followed was the happiest Carlo had known since the abrupt ending of his betrothal. At last the supreme moment arrived; he heard the wheels of the carriage and the sudden rush of girls from the school-room; then Clare looked in for a minute.

"She is just here; but don't come out into the hall, Carlo, for the wind is so cold to-day."

He made some sort of reply, and felt relieved that Clare had left the drawing-room door opened as she hastened out to greet her old pupil. Good heavens! how was he to meet her like an ordinary acquaintance? His breathing was labored, his heart throbbed, he trembled from head to foot; yet through it all he listened with longing indescribable. Ah, yes! that was her voice, above all the tumult within and without.

"How are you, dear Clare?" it said; and again, after a pause: "A beautiful crossing, thank you. Why, Flo, how you have grown!"

The voice was drawing nearer and nearer; the oppression grew frightful. With an effort he rose to his feet, and at that instant caught the first glimpse of his love as she crossed the hall—the pure, sweet, delicate face, with its lovely coloring; the slight, lithe figure, the gray eyes, seeking him out eagerly, yet so shyly. He went quickly forward to meet her, unable to feel for very excess of feeling, bewildered and overpowered by the tumult that her presence caused.

And yet it was all over so soon, this meeting which he had rehearsed so often, both waking and sleeping; a conventional hand clasp, a smile carefully regulated, a few quick words of Italian, since his native tongue came naturally to him, and for the moment he could not remember a single word of English.

After that there was a pause which he did not dare break, because he knew he could not steady his voice; all he could do was to try to look and move naturally, and to get back the perception that his arms were his own in time to hand about the cups of tea which Kate, in her cool, business-like way, was preparing.

At first the mere possibility of looking at her, talking to her, and waiting on her, kept him happy. When Mr. Britton was present he was a little less at his ease, because he knew that the kindly host was well aware of their story; but by day, when old Mrs. Britton, or Clare, or the girls were present, he seemed really able to ignore the past, and act as though their three weeks' betrothal had never been. The sense of helping her to play this part, the knowledge that he could shield and protect her, was no small incentive, though at times he half wished that Captain Britton had permitted Clare to be told, because her sympathy would have been so well worth having.

As to Kate, both the girls were unable to help being amused by her, for Francesca quickly perceived her desire to convert Carlo to her own ideas, and Carlo instinctively knew that she had perceived it.

But one rainy morning, when the two girls were at work in the morning-room, Francesca found that there are times when an undeclared love story has its disadvantages.

"I have hardly seen you alone yet," began Kate, "and there is so much I wanted to talk to you about. But you see I have been so frightfully busy since you came; indeed, it has been one incessant rush of work all through the spring, and having Signor Donati here takes up more time than people might fancy."

"It was so good of uncle to ask him here," said Francesca, keeping her eyes fixed on her needlework.

"Father is always doing that kind of thing. But we have never had a visitor here for so long whom I felt to understand so little; I don't think I like him very much."

"Don't you?" said Francesca, stifling a strong inclination to laugh.

"Well, he is so deceptive; he gives you the impression of being so good and 20 thinking so much of other people, and yet I can't make out that he has done one single stroke of good, useful work in his life. He seems to me exactly like the fig-tree which had nothing but leaves. How can he bear to waste his life on the stage?"

"You must not malign my old friend," said Francesca, flushing crimson, yet still feeling more amused than angry, because Kate was so ludicrously mistaken, and so perfectly convinced that she must infallibly be right.

"Well, since you are his friend, do just candidly tell me—Is he so good as Clare makes out? Is he really so delightful as my father seems to think?"

The skeptical stress on the "Is he" made the question all the more embarrassing. To be coolly asked her unbiased opinion of the man she loved was a new experience to Francesca; for a moment she lost her presence of mind. What in the world could she say? How was she to gain the composed tone needful for a reply?

"Oh, yes, indeed he is!" she said at length, in a tolerably natural tone. "I have known him for years and years you know."

CHAPTER XXX.

BITTER-SWEET.

In the grounds at Merlebank there stood a pretty little log hut, fantastically built, and divided within into two rooms. It had been the work of one of Mr. Britton's summer holidays many years ago, and had been specially built for the children. At first they had played in it incessantly, had learned a fair amount of cookery with the help of the little stove in the outer room, and had found the place invaluable in all adventuring games wherein desert islands figured. But now they had rather outgrown this sort of thing, and "Mavis Hut," as it was called, served only for refreshments at garden parties, for a convenient place to keep the lawn tennis box, and occasionally for church decorations.

On the afternoon after the discussion with Carlo, Kate happened to be arranging the church vases in the inner room of Mavis Hut. She had been round the garden gathering the wet flowers, had taken all she wanted from the greenhouses, and now sat comfortably down to her work at the rough, wooden table, with the brass vases and the lovely red and white flowers all ready to hand.

The sun had been shining brightly a few minutes before, but as Kate arranged her flowers she noticed that the summer-house grew dark, and was not surprised to hear before long a steady downpour of rain.

"I dare say it will be over before I have finished," she thought to herself, and was going on with her work when, to her surprise, the door of the hut was opened, and Carlo walked into the outer room, evidently seeking shelter from the rain.

"What a bother!" thought Kate. "But, after all, though I can see him through this crack in the wood-work, he can't see me. I don't think I shall let him know I am here; he would interrupt me, and perhaps talk again as he did this morning—and, besider, I dislike him!"

Hardly had she taken her resolution, when once more the outer door opened, and Francesca hurried in, wet and flushed.

"You here!" she exclaimed, in a voice so startled that Kate's attention was instantly arrested.

Carlo had been standing at one of the little lattice windows, watching the torrents of rain. She had not perceived him till she had closed the door behind her. He turned instantly. There was no time for thought. It was impossible that any recollection of Captain Britton or Anita should cloud that perfect moment. He was only conscious of two things—that Francesca was present, and that there was no longer the dreary necessity of behaving as though their love was non-existent.

"*Carina! carina mia!*" he cried, crossing the hut at lightning speed; and the next moment Francesca was clasped in his arms.

All had passed so quickly that there had been no chance for poor Kate to make her presence known, and she sat now in the inner room petrified with astonishment. Her first thought was one of indignation, but when she saw that Francesca clung to her lover, sobbing pitifully, her heart was touched; and though she told herself that she "distinctly disapproved of this sort of nonsense," she began to see that there must be something in the past of her cousin and Signor Donati of which she was unaware—probably an undeclared love story, well known to her father. What so likely as that he should have interested himself in the young Italian on this account, and himself have hastened Francesca's visit in the hope that the barrier between them—whatever it might be—would be removed?

All this flashed through Kate's mind as she watched the two who stood but a few paces from her, and heard with unwilling ears the mingled love and grief so little intended for any outsider. Yet what could she do? To leave the summer-house she must pass through the room in which they were talking—must not only put an end to the interview, but embarrass them past bearing.

Again, if she even moved a muscle, Carlo, with his preternaturally sharp hearing, would certainly notice it; she did not dare even to raise her hands to stop her ears, lest he should overhear the movement; and so the sore vexation she remained an unwilling spectator of all that passed. True, when they spoke low and fast in Italian, she could not always follow them, but very often they would suddenly relapse into English, and then every syllable could be heard through the thin wooden partition.

"Tell me," said Carlo, when, after a time, they sat down on the rustic seat at the other end of the hut, Francesca's head drawn close down on his shoulder—"tell me, darling, this one thing. Why did your father wish you to leave home? Mr. Britton showed me your letter to him, and you said——"

"Well, I didn't mean to have told you," said Francesca, breaking in quickly; "but it was this, Carlino. Count Carossa—the man who took Villa Bruno, you know—made father an offer of marriage for me, and that, of course, had to be declined, though father was vexed, and really wanted me to accept him. Then I had to speak for I was afraid we should be constantly having such troubles; so I told him that though, of course, I would always obey him, and would consider my betrothal with you at an end, yet there was an inner sense in which it could never end for me, and I said all I dared to him about the future, yet could not make him. He doesn't see what a false position it puts me in—how hard it is to go out into the world, and keep people at a distance without being rude or prudish. Even Enrico Ritter at first was angry with me, because he thought I ought to have been able to freeze away the stupid men who will crowd around one at parties. Enrico is very good to me now, though; he is the one man worth speaking to in Naples, because he tells me when he has heard from you, and if youare well.

"He writes to tell me when he has seen you," said Carlo.

"It is only such a pity," continued Francesca, "that he is not Italian instead of German; then, perhaps, he would be a better talker and tell me more about you. He somehow gets in a stern fide manner, so, and it is just as if I were starving, and he were doling me out crumbs instead of bits of bread."

"It is a shame to abuse the dear old fellow," said Carlo, smiling; "yet that is just what I have felt all these months with his letters. Perhaps, after weeks of waiting, I get one very long, very clever, very philosophical, and then in the postscript he will remark, 'Miss Britton is all right; I saw her in the English church on Sunday.' Not another word! If only Enrico could know what it meant to be in love! And yet such crumbs are better than nothing. And he is the best and truest of friends."

"Yes; there is something so stanch and faithful about him. Oh! he has been so good to me, especially once at a ball when we overheard some wretches talking about you, and saying such horrid things of you."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, I can't tell you—hateful things about your reasons for going on the stage. You see, people can't understand that real reason, and so I suppose they try to invent one. I can't think, Carlo *mio*, how you bear it so patiently; how you could let Kate lecture you this morning about your useless life, and to never get even a little bit angry. You wouldn't have done it a year ago."

"I am growing old, you see," he answered, smiling, "and that was nothing—nothing at all. I am a little sorry that I shock her, but you see it is inevitable."

"And your sister, who is of her? Are you happier about her? Have you learned to understand each other better?"

He sighed.

"It is uphill work. Did you know that Comerio followed us to England?"

"No; Enrico never told me that; I suppose he thought it would not know anything about such a bad character."

"He came to London when we were there in the winter. That has been the hardest part of it all; for I was beginning to knock up then, and all the time there was the horrible feeling that he was hovering over me like a vulture, only waiting for me to fall that he might pounce down."

"That was what made you struggle on through that last opera," said Francesca, wiping away her tears; "Harry told me all about it the other day. But what happened? Did he take your place?"

Carlo sighed an assent.

"He is there now."

"How hard it must have been for you to be helpless! What torture to have to lie there ill and think about it all!"

"Yes; it was hard till one remembered that of course it must be all right, and then it was a great comfort to be able to try to get well. Besides, I have a great hope that Nita's little boy will prove a safeguard to her; she begins really to care for him. My one fear is that Comerio may manage to get round Merlino and induce him not to renew his contract with me in the summer. I know he will move heaven and earth to go to America with the troupe, and to get me turned off."

"And Signor Merlino? What is he like? Do you dislike him so much as when you first saw him?"

"Do you know, I have really grown fond of him. He is tyrannical, and has a bad temper, but I believe he honestly lives up to his lights. Now and then one gets out of heart with the whole concern, and then Merlino seems intolerable, but that has never been more than a passing mood with me."

"And you don't think stage life so black as it is painted by my father for instance?"

"No, I do not," said Carlo; "it is less morally trying than I fancied, but more physically tiring. However, I shall be well set up after this long rest. I have written to propose going back at the end of next week, or, if it fits in with their arrangements, on the following Monday."

"So soon," said Francesca, with a little sob. "Oh, Carlino, I don't think you are strong enough; and it seems such a miserable, wandering life for you."

"All life without you, *carina*, must be hard," he said, stroking the crisp brown hair from her forehead tenderly; "my only comfort is in hoping and fighting for Nita's safety. You must not think of the mere discomforts of the life—they are nothing—less than nothing. Indeed, I frankly tell you that never have I suffered so terribly as in this idle time, with everything so comfortable and luxurious all around. It seemed impossible to be willing to live without you, to endure this separation any longer. But, then, no impossible order is ever given except by bad generals—there is comfort in that. It is not impossible, *carina*, and it must be done."

"But I—I only have to stay at home; I can't even watch you fighting," sobbed Francesca. "That was always the fate of women. I have the wretched, easy life, and can only wonder and wonder what is happening to you. Oh, it is so hard! so hard!"

To be Continued.

It is a Very Sad Thing

To see young and beautiful people die when they might just as well live and enjoy health and strength. Many who suffer with coughs, colds and lung troubles, leading to consumption, imagine there is no hope for them, when in reality there is every hope if Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is taken regularly. Spread the news everywhere that this great emulsion will make flesh and blood, cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throat and lung troubles tending to consumption. In big bottles, 50c. and $1. At all druggists.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Monk asked if it was the intention of the Government to take any steps for the purpose of extending the benefits of the Torrens system of land transfer to other counties.

Mr. Mowat said it was not the intention of the Government to introduce any measure this session with reference to the Torrens land transfer system.

Mr. Meacham moved for a return showing the number of bodies received by the Inspector of Anatomy during each of the past five years from (1) charitable institutions, (2) criminal institutions, and (3) all other sources in the Province, showing also the number of persons dying (1) from natural causes and (2 at the hands of the executioner in each of the above named institutions during the same period, and the number of the above named criminal class who had spent ten years or more in prison.

Mr. Balfour moved the House into committee on a bill to provide for the admission of women to the study and practice of law.

Mr. Meredith objected to the state in which the bill had been left by the House, making it permissive with the Law Society as to whether or not women should be permitted to practice as solicitors. The Government should say definitely whether or not women should be admitted as solicitors. If women were allowed to practise as solicitors, would it not follow that they would act as judges? He said the Government were attempting to evade the question by leaving the onus upon the Law Society.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) said there was no idea of evading anything. The Law Society had the power to deal with the matter, and the House did not propose to interfere with their prerogative.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) thought that from the vacillating tactics displayed by hon. gentlemen opposite that they had not the moral courage to deal with the measure as it should be dealt with.

Mr. Mowat said that it was to effect a compromise that the Bill stood as it did. He was prepared to have it made imperative, but in deference to the opinions of many hon. gentlemen opposite the matter was left in the hands of the Law Society.

Mr. Balfour asked that the Bill receive its third reading this afternoon.

Mr. Meredith objected, and repeated his intention of opposing the Bill in every stage.

AFTERNOON SESSION

Mr. Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Guthrie moved the House into committee on his Bill to permit outlying istricts to make deviation roads less than 56 feet in width.

Mr. Gilmour moved the House into committee on his Bill respecting insurance companies, so as to make some slight amendments.

Mr. Meredith moved in amendment to the third reading that the bill be referred back and the clause regarding rebates be struck out. He said it was an unwarranted interference with the rights of companies to transact their own business.

Mr. Gibson defended the "rebate" clause, and said that it only applied to amounts over five thousand dollars. The amendment was lost by a vote of 47 to 28. On this division Mr. Kerns voted with the Government.

Mr. Meredith then moved in amendment that the bill be referred back to strike out the clauses respecting the registration of agents. This motion was lost by a vote of 30 to 46. Mr. Snider voted with the Opposition in this division.

Mr. Meredith then moved in amendment that the bill be referred back to insert a clause to the effect that all benevolent companies doing business at the time of the passing of the Act with a bona fide membership of 250 be allowed to register. This was lost on a division of 29 to 47.

Mr. Kerns moved in amendment that the fee charged to insurance companies working under the Dominion Act be $25 instead of $100.

The amendment was lost by a vote of 29 to 48.

The bill was read a third time.

Mr. Awrey moved the third reading of a bil respecting the law of landlord and tenant.

The bill was read a third time on division, 39 voting yes and 29 nay.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. Balfour moved the third reading of the bill to provide for the admission of women to the study and practice of law.

The bill was carried on a division, 49 voting yea and 27 voting nay.

Mr. Clarke moved the third reading of a bill to incorporate the Toronto Railway Company and to confirm an agreement between the corporation of the city of Toronto and George W. Kiely, Wm. McKenzie, Henry Azariah Everett, and Chauncey C. Woodworth.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved in amendment, that notwithstanding anything in the Act, no cars shall run on the Lord's day and nothing contained in the bill shall affect the authorizing hereafter of the cars on the Lord's day.

Mr. Clarke thought the citizens of Toronto should be the best judges of the city's needs.

The amendment was then put.

The vote was one of the most interesting of the session. The amendment was carried by the following division:

Yeas—Messrs. Allan, Balfour, Barr (Dufferin), Bishop, Bush, Caldwell, Chisholm, Cleland, Dack, Davis, Dryden, Ferguson, Gibson (Huron), Gendinning, Godwin, Guthrie, Harcourt, Hudson, Kerns, Kirkwood, Lockhart, McCleary, McKay (Victoria), McKechnie, Mack, Marter, Meacham, Miscampbell, Moore, Mowat, O'Connor, Paton, Rayside, Rorke, Ross, Sidder, Stratton, Waters, Wood (Hastings), Wood (Brant), Wylie—41.

Nays—Messrs. Awrey, Biggar, Blezard, Barr (Renfrew), Campbell (Algoma), Campbell (Durham), Carpenter, Charlton, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Conmee, Dowling, Fell, Field, Garrow, Gibson (Hamilton), Gilmour, Hammell, Hardy, Hardy, Hiscott, Loughrin, McColl, McKay (Oxford), McLenaghan, McMahon, Meredith, Monk, Pardee, Richardson, Sharpe, Smith (Frontenac), Sprague, Tait, Whitney.—35.

Mr. Meredith said that he thought the amendments put the city in a bad position, and he thought that the Lord's Day Act should govern.

Mr. Mowat said he did not agree with the hon. gentleman.

Mr. Meredith then read the clauses of the Lord's Day Act, and said that the running of street cars on Sunday under the present law was illegal.

The House then went into committee, Mr. Awrey in the chair.

Mr. Wood said in moving the adoption of his clause that he did not want the company to take advantage of technicality, and, avoiding the provisions of the Lord's Day Act, run cars.

Mr. Tait said he voted against Sunday cars, but he wanted the citizens to say whether they wanted them to run or not.

Mr. Meredith moved in amendment to Mr. Wood's amendment that notwithstanding this the provisions of the Lord's Day Act apply.

Mr. Mowat, in committee asked Mr. Meredith to amend his amendment so as to say that even the provisions of the Lord's Day Act shall not apply until after a vote of the people has been taken. This was agreed to.

Mr. Clarke amended the Blake clauses regarding the taking over of the property so as to read: "In arriving at such value the arbitrators are to consider and award only the value of the said several particulars to the city at the time of the arbitration, having regard to the requirements of a railway of the best kind and system then in operation and applicable to the said city."

The bill was then read a third time.

The House then went into committee on Mr. Harcourt's Liquor Bill. A long, rambling discussion took place in the committee on the five-gallon clause. Mr. Clarke said that the Bill would mean a loss to one brewer of his acquaintance of $2,000. His five-gallon casks would be no use to him.

Mr. Cleland said that the difficulty was that brewers' agents were in the habit of selling to private individuals and ruining the trade of the retail dealers. This was a hardship that should not be tolerated. Brewers should sell to the trade alone.

Finally it was decided to let this clause and the Bill stand till to-morrow, so as to allow of some amendments.

Mr. Whitney wished to draw the attention of the House to what he considered a matter in the nature of a privilege. In view of the exceptional legislation recently passed at the instance of his hon. friend from Essex he wished to ask the Attorney-General whether it was the intention of the Government during the next session of the House to employ young women as pages. In view of the late legislation he suggested that it would be a highly proper and commendable course. (Laughter.)

Mr. Mowat congratulated the hon. gentleman on the enormous progress he had made as judged by the extent of his recommendation. (Laughter.) He had not thought of making such change as the hon. gentleman had proposed, and inasmuch as he evidently voiced his hon. leader's opinions, he would confer with his colleagues about the matter during the recess of the House. (Laughter.)

Mr. Harcourt moved the House again into committee on a bill to amend the Liquor License Act. A number of amendments were made, and the bill was carried and read a third time.

Mr. Hardy moved that full sessional allowances be paid to Messrs. Fraser, Bronson, Porter and British (York), absent for part of the session through ill-health.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Whitney moved that full sessional allowances be paid to Messrs. Smith (Frontenac), Miscampbell, and the widow of H. E. Clarke.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into committee on a bill providing there shall be granted out of the consolidated revenue fund to the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway Company:

1. A cash subsidy of $5,000 per mile, and not exceeding in the whole the sum of $21,000, for the construction of seven miles of said railway from a point at or near the east end of Gunflint Lake to a point at or near Magnetic Lake, to complete the building of said railway, and

2. A cash subsidy of $2,000 per mile, and not exceeding in the whole $7,000, for the construction of three and one-half miles of that portion of said railway known as the Kakabeka branch, extending from a point at or near the junction of the said railway with the Kaministiquia River to a point at or near Kakabeka Falls.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

The House went into committee on the Act respecting the election of members to the Legislative Assembly, and several amendments were offered.

The bill was offered for its third reading.

Mr. Meredith offered the following amendment: "That every person having any contract with the Government for the performance of any work, the doing of anything, or the furnishing of any goods or materials, and having or expecting to have any claim or demand against the Government by reason of such contract, and every person having a liquor license who, either directly or indirectly, by himself or by any other person on his behalf, subscribes, promotes, gives, or promises to give any money, or other valuable consideration for the purpose of promoting the election of any candidate or of any member, class or party of candidates to the Legislative Assembly, or with the intent in any way of influencing or affecting the results of any such election, and every person who receives such money or valuable consideration or the promise thereof, is guilty of a corrupt practice."

Mr. Hardy said if the hon. gentleman would undertake to procure such an amendment to the Dominion Election Act, and would include in it railway contractors, brewers, railway companies and manufacturers, this House would have no objection to accepting his amendment.

Mr. Whitney said the Dominion had made such a provision, and he read a clause from a Dominion statute to that effect.

The motion was then put and lost on a division, 29 yeas to 46 nay.

Mr. Mowat said that the motion had been sprung on the House, but he would consider it and introduce such legislation next session. The Dominion Act read by the hon. gentleman did not apply to elections. It was only a part of the common law. It was only a corrupt practice under the Election Act, and not a portion of the Dominion Election Act. The Act quoted by Mr. Whitney was entitled an Act to prevent frauds upon the Government. Besides, this very Act quoted applied to Provincial as well as to Dominion elections. There was therefore no need for special legislation as far as this Province was concerned. He, however, promised to consider the matter, and he would.

Mr. Meredith offered an amendment to prevent holders of liquor licenses from subscribing to election funds as well as contractors.

This was lost on the same division—Yeas 29, nays 50.

Mr. Hardy moved the first reading of a Bill exempting from the operations of the anti-bonus law those works already under way.

The Bill was immediately passed through its several stages and read a third time.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into committee of supply.

Mr. Meredith moved in amendment that the motion be not carried, and the following substituted: "That the vote of $1,500 for the erection of extensions to the new buildings at the Central Prison, and $5,000 for machinery for the same, being asked for without a vote of the House or any other legal warrant for the Government proceeding with the works, was subversive of the principle of Parliamentary control of public expenditure."

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) said the Government were justified in taking the responsibility of acting in an emergency such as was presented.

The amendment was lost on division.

Mr. Ross moved the third reading of a Bill to empower the University of Toronto to deal with certain Upper Canada College lands.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into concurrence on the report of the committee upon the supplementary estimates.

Mr. Clancy moved in amendment to the item of the Provincial Treasurer's department, that the salary of the Provincial License Inspector be reduced by $350, to the former figure of $1,400 per annum, the salary of the previous incumbent. The amendment was lost on division.

When it came to the item granting money towards the building of an asylum at Brockville, Mr. Kerns moved in amendment that the amount be not concurred in. The amendment was lost by a vote of 26 to 49. On this division Mr. Harty voted against the Government and Mr. Preston and Mr. McLenaghan voted for the Government.

Mr. Mowat said that as they were all in a joyous mood he desired to introduce a resolution which would bring joy to many hearts. He referred to grants to the railways, and said that he would introduce a resolution granting aid to the Prescott and Ottawa railway of $2,000 per mile and not to amount to more than $100,000 in all. He moved the House into Committee of the Whole on the resolution.

Mr. Meredith said he concurred in the resolution from his side of the House. He said that it was a humiliating commentary upon party government to find that the exigencies of party alone governed the introduction of the motion and not the justice of the demand.

Mr. Balfour entered his solemn protest against the resolution, as it was an injustice to his constituency. There was no time for him to introduce a resolution embodying his views, but he wanted to put himself on record on the matter.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) said there was not the slightest similarity between the cases of Essex and Prescott.

The resolution was passed without a division.

Mr. Mowat said that owing to the printing being behind the House could not be prorogued till Thursday at 3 o'clock.

The members stood up and sang "God Save the Queen," and the House adjourned at 7.40 p. m.

Toronto, April 27.—The second session of the Seventh Parliament of the Ontario Legislative Assembly was prorogued this afternoon at 3 o'clock by His Honor Chief Justice Hagarty. His Honor Lieut.-Governor Campbell, through illness, was unable to be present. C Company from the Infantry School, under command of Major Vidal, formed the guard of honor. The following is the speech from the throne:

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In consequence of the continued illness of the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Alexander Campbell, His Excellency the Governor-General has been pleased to appoint me administrator for the purpose of assenting in the Queen's name to the bills which you have passed, and of thereafter proroguing the Legislature. At this, the close of the last session of the Legislative Assembly in the old Parliament buildings, I am gratified to be able to state that the amount of important business which you have transacted and the care and attention which you have bestowed upon it furnish ample evidence of your diligence and zeal.

The amendments made to the mining laws will doubtless meet with the approbation of those interested in our mines and minerals, and the consolidation of the Acts affecting these important interests will meet a public want.

The general approval of the provisions of the important bill respecting insurance corporations indicates that in the mind of the public there was a strong demand for such legislation. It is to be hoped that by means of a prudent administration of these laws, under which all insurance contracts will be brought within careful supervision in the Province, will be protected against evils which have proved so disastrous in various States of the American union.

I notice with satisfaction the provisions of the Act for the payment of succession duties in certain cases. In England, in several of the United States, and in other countries, similar legislation; enacted many years ago, has met with general approval. The very moderate and safe provisions of your bill, while they will augment the receipts of the treasury, are not such as to lessen individual energy or private enterprise. I notice with pleasure that the duties to be paid under this Act are specially intended for the support of asylums and hospitals, and that all estates under $10,000, and all property given, devised or bequeathed for religious, charitable or educational purposes, are exempt from the provisions of the Act.

I was glad to assent to the bill relating to mortmain and charitable uses which relieves benevolent testators from some unnecessary restrictions, and at the same time provides safeguards against any increased locking up of land for purposes of trade.

The consolidation of the Municipal and Assessment Acts, of the election laws, and the act respecting compensation for workmen in certain cases will greatly aid municipal officers and other public officials in the performance of their duties and will be of advantage to the public generally. The amendments which you have made to the Municipal and Assessment Acts will be of public advantage.

I trust that the measures which you have passed for the protection of persons employed in places of business other than that of factories will secure their health and improve their position, and that the Act respecting the use of tobacco by minors will have a salutary influence. Your amendments to the liquor license laws contain stringent provisions, which meet with my approval.

I am pleased to observe that the labors of the Fish and Game Commission appointed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor have led to immediate practical results, and that you have passed measures containing effective provisions for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals and for the protection of our provincial fisheries.

I have learned with satisfaction that you have taken steps to have the Province suitably represented at the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago next year, and I hope that your action may lead to good results as regards our agricultural and manufacturing interests and our commerce generally.

I cordially approve of your making provision to assist in the celebration at Niagara and at Toronto of the centenary of the first parliament of Upper Canada.

I thank you for the provision which you have made for the requirements of the Province. I am sure that your liberal appropriations will be carefully expended.

Thrilling Stories of Adventure.

The human animal is by instinct a hero-worshipper, and from our earliest reading years we delight in reading stories of the adventurous and heroic. There are few grown men to-day who do not remember with pleasure the avidity with which they devoured Robinson Crusoe and the kindred works so dear to children, from Jack in the Bean Stalk to Gulliver's Travels, and those who missed the sensation are to be pitied. The industry of bookmaking in this later age, however, furnishes much that is an improvement upon that which formed the literary pabulum of our juvenile years, and the best authors and engravers exercise their skill and genius on works to interest, and at the same time train the minds of, our young ladies and gentlemen. A book of this character entitled "Heroes of Unknown Seas and Savage Lands," by J. W. Buel, one of the most graphic and fascinating of descriptive narrative writers, assisted by the historian John Clark Redpath, has just been issued by the World Publishing Co., of Guelph. Among the incidents detailed vividly and faithfully are the discovery of America by the Sea Kings of the North; the thrilling story of the wars in Mexico and Peru; African and gold coast scenes of barbaric splendor and carnage; Marco Polo in India and China; De Gama's exploration and the sad fate of Magellan, with numerous other stories which have hitherto been but little known to the masses of the reading public. It contains over 500 very large pages, and is embellished with no fewer than three hundred illustrations and colored plates. The engravings are of a superior class, and are really appropriate to a work having so much of literary merit. Like all the pro luctions of the enterprising publishers, it is beautifully and substantially bound, and its advent in the market opens a most inviting field to agents who desire to handle a work at once satisfying to the buyer and remunerative to the agent.

A Pleasure Yacht and Warship in One.

A firm of shipowners at Leith, Scotland, have been commissioned by the King of Siam to build an armed steam yacht of 2,600 tons, which will be the largest yacht in the world and the only one armed for fighting. Her armament will consist of 14 guns of various calibre. The framing, scantling and plating will all be of the best steel, and when completed the vessel will be an odd compromise between an ironclad and a yacht. It is the intention of the King to employ this armed floating palace to cruise, not only in the Indian waters, but to visit Europe and America, carrying his suite with him.

Model of Palestine.

Every S. S