



The hay crop in Quebec is nearly all in and is unusually heavy.

Oil is said to be pouring out in great volume at Lake Dauphin, N.W.T.

Geological indications point to the existence of natural gas under Toronto.

There are said to be forty-one flouring mills in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Horseshoe nails made in St. John, N. B., are being shipped to Buenos Ayres.

The proposed dry dock at Kingston will be one of the largest on the chain of lakes.

The mean summer temperature of Manitoba, as based on observations of ten years, is 60.8°

Hereafter the Canadian Club in New York will be known as the St. James' Club. That is a pity.

Moncton, N.B., has decided to abolish gas for street lighting purposes, and is receiving tenders for electric lights.

The amount of Dominion notes in circulation is \$16,297,913, and the excess of specie and guaranteed and unguaranteed debentures is \$3,814,910.

The area of Manitoba is 132,200 square miles. This is over two thousand square miles greater than the united area of England, Ireland and Scotland.

The total area devoted to crops in Ontario is 7,616,350 acres, as compared with 7,420,084 acres in 1887 and 7,342,435 acres for the period of 1882-87.

The mills around St. John, N. B., are all busy and are cutting logs as fast as received. There are less reserve logs on hand than for several years past at this date.

The Ogilvie Flour Milling Company is the second largest in the world, and their mill at Winnipeg (capacity, 700 barrels daily) is one of the most complete in America.

Reports from different parts of the Northwest show that grain is being cut in every section, and there is every reason to believe the crop will be saved in excellent condition.

Thousands of beavers on the Athabasca died, during the past season, from a disease which extended from the foot hills of the Rockies to Fort McMurray on the Athabasca.

Halifax is the healthiest city of the Dominion. The death rate is a fraction over 18 to the 1,000 of population; Toronto being 19, St. John 21, Ottawa 22, Winnipeg 24, Quebec 28, and Montreal 30.

The good prices at which square timber sold this year in the Quebec market has caused quite a boom in that branch of the lumber trade, and as a consequence a big lot of square timber will be made this year.

Such towns as New Glasgow, Amherst, Bridgetown, and Windsor, in Nova Scotia, show a great increase, while mining towns like Spring Hill, Westville, and others have sprung into life and activity at a bound.

The largest bed of iron ore ever found in North Hastings has been discovered in the township of Wollaston, at the terminus of the Central Ontario Railway. The lode is from 60 feet to 200 feet in width, and has been traced for a distance of over 300 feet.

Prof. Pasteur responded to a request of two Indian Head farmers and sent out samples of poison recommended by him for the extermination of the rabbit pest in Australia, with the idea of destroying the gophers in the Northwest. It has operated capitally, and its use will doubtless overcome this pest.

Dr. McEachran, from Alberta, reports the cattle and the ranches in splendid condition, with every prospect of an enormous trade within a few years. After supplying Indian and Mounted Police contracts there will be 4,000 head of ranche cattle available for sale and shipment this year.

Much to the satisfaction of the people of British Columbia, the Chinese population in that province has been diminished by several thousands during the past two years. The explanation is that, owing to the completion of several railway enterprises, there is no longer a demand for Chinese labour.

Canada takes the foremost place as the source of Newfoundland's import trade, leading the United Kingdom by nearly \$400,000 and the United States by \$650,000. It was also the only country whose exports to the colony increased during 1887, both of its leading rivals showing a decrease.

After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—*Junius*.

Black stockings are doomed, or so it is said, and, as for the last three or four years, it has been a crime to dream of wearing any other colour, it is more than probable the reaction has set in, and every other shade than the sober one will be patronised.

QUAINT RHYMES AND FANCIES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

X.

THE VILLANELLE.

This is the gem of all the forms of the Provençal verse, and the one which has been the most cultivated by English writers. The Villanelle is written in five three-lined stanzas, concluding with one of four lines. It will be seen that the refrain occupies eight of the nineteen lines and is of paramount importance; taken from the first and third line of the first stanza, the two supply alternately the last lines from the second to the fifth verse, and both conclude the quatrain which ends the Villanelle. Two rhymes only are allowed. The refrains must repeat in the order quoted in the example, the first refrain to conclude the second and fifth stanzas, the second refrain for the first, third and fifth, and both for the sixth. The pattern which all admit to be as near perfection as possible, by Jean Passerat, and hence it is given at once:—

J'ay perdu ma tourterelle;
Est-ce bien elle que j'oy?
Je veux aller après elle.

Tu regrettes ta femelle;
Hélas! aussi fay-je-moy:
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle.

Si ton amour est fidèle,
Aussi est ferme ma foy:
Je veux aller après elle.

Ta plainte se renouvelle?
Toujours plaindre je me doy:
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle.

En ne voyant plus la belle,
Plus rien de beau je ne voy;
Je veux aller après elle.

Mort, que tant de fois j'appelle,
Prens ce qui se donne à toy:
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle,
Je veux aller après elle.

A master of the verse, W. E. Henley, will give us a description of the Villanelle:—

A dainty thing's the Villanelle,
Sly, musical, a jewel in rhyme,
It serves its purpose passing well.

A double-clappered silver bell
That must be made to clink in chime,
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;

And if you wish to flute a spell,
Or ask a meeting 'neath the lime,
It serves its purpose passing well.

You must not ask of it the swell
Of organs grandiose and sublime—
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;

And, filled with sweetness as a shell
Is filled with sound and launched in time,
It serves its purpose passing well.

Stil fair to see and good to smell,
As in the quaintness of its prime,
A dainty thing's the Villanelle,
It serves its purpose passing well.

A mosaic gem is the following by that cunning craftsman, Austin Dobson, first printed in *Longman's Magazine*, under the heading "At the Sign of the Ship," for July, 1887:—

When I saw you last, Rose,
You were only so high;—
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,
You just peeped at the sky,
When I last saw you, Rose.

Now your petals unclose,
Now your May-time is nigh;—
How fast the time goes!

And a life,—how it grows!
You were scarcely so shy,
When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows
There's a guest on the sly;
How fast the time goes!

Is it Cupid? Who knows!
Yet you used not to sigh,
When I saw you last, Rose;—
How fast the time goes!

Beautiful as is the original, the translation by Joseph Boulinier reads simple and almost sweeter. At least, it is subjoined that the reader may judge

for himself of the difference in treatment which the genius of the two tongues entails:—

Vous étiez encore petite,
Rose, la dernière fois....
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Fleur innocente qu'abrite
Tendrement l'ombre des bois,
Vous étiez encore petite.

Et déjà la marguerite
Va s'effeuillant sur vos doigts....
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Oh, comme se précipite
La vie. A peine j'y crois....
Vous étiez encore petite.

Dans votre sein qui palpite
Se glisse un hôte sournois....
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Chez vous Cupidon s'invite :
Adieu la paix d'autrefois!
Vous étiez encore petite.
Dieu! que le temps passe vite!

We close with a little rattler by Cosmo Monkhouse, to show the pliancy of this poem, even to the lightest themes:—

Beautiful, distracting Hetty,
This was how it came to be,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

I had danced three times with Netty,
She had flirted with Dobree,
Beautiful, distracting Hetty.

I was humming Donizetti,
Hurt was I, and angry she,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

As she levelled her Negretti,
With provoking nicety,
Beautiful, distracting Hetty,
Suddenly she flashed a pretty,
Half-defiant glance at me,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

And our quarrel seemed so petty,
By the grandeur of the sea!
Beautiful, distracting Hetty,
As we strolled upon the jetty.



Bouquet throwing has been abolished in the London theatres.

Joseph Jefferson has finished his Canadian fishing trip and is doing some more fishing at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Leo Goldmark cannot compose music unless he is sipping black coffee. He often drinks twelve cups at a sitting.

Pinero, the English play writer, is tall, thin and dark, and has burning eyes in deep sockets that give him an almost weird appearance.

Harry W. Rich, the popular Variety player, is a Toronto boy, who has just closed his holiday there and "taken the road" for the season.

Mr. Edward Fisher has just returned from England, where he has been upon important business for the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Strauss has nearly finished a new opera which is to be called a "Kiss in Honour," for which the poet Ludwig Von Doczy has furnished the libretto.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, now 64 years old, has been suffering from nervous prostration and is very feeble. He has a pleasant home at West Brighton.

Raoul Lacroix, of Montreal, is doing well in Paris studying for the operatic stage. His voice is a rich baritone which is much admired by Faure.

The monumental organ of Notre Dame Church, in this city, is being set up. It will be the largest instrument in Canada, and second to only one or two in the United States.

M. Wiallard, the French tenor dwelling in Canada, is at present sojourning in Paris, where he is meeting with most enthusiastic receptions from the Parisian public. He intends to return to Canada shortly.

Neil Warner, so long a dweller in Montreal, has taken to the stage again in the U. S., and is doing well. Mrs. Neil Warner is a daughter of the famous "Old Man" of the London stage, Chippendale. She is a sweet and accomplished lady and artist.

When Verdi arrived at Montecatini, where he is spending his vacation, he found a fine piano installed in the sitting-room taken for him. It was open and the proprietor of the hotel had placed "Trovatore" on the key-board. The composer removed the book, closed the instrument, locked it, put the key in his pocket, started for a walk, and flung the key over the edge of a deep ravine.