

Another historic palace is about to be destroyed. St. Cloud, once one of the most beautiful of Parisian residences, is to be torn down and its stones used prosaically for building purposes. The French are counted a sentimental people, yet there is little affection among them for the homes of the former great. The Tuileries is gone. Versailles, the magnificent, is tumbling to pieces from neglect, and now St. Cloud is to go. The ruin, which was once the favorite home of the Bourbons and of Napoleon, has been sold by auction for a few thousand francs. What a mockery of shifting sentiment!

The examiners of the lady-candidates in the Scottish Training Colleges have some funny stories to tell. Some original answers have been sent to the examiners, one of the best being the distinction between "a permissive and a retrospective Act." Some embryo teacher coldly states that "a bill is permissible when it is allowed to pass the first time, it is retrospective when it has to be considered again." Ornithology seems not to have been a popular study among the applicants, for one young lady asserts that "the robin has web feet," and another that a "sparrow has eyes on both sides of its head so that it may be able to see around a corner."

Oscar Wilde's farewell to prudish Albion has been sensational, but the British public have not as yet shown that degree of emotion over his departure that a man of feeling would desire. Mr. Wilde's new stage-piece, "Thornidior," was not deemed fit for presentation before the strait-laced public; and when it was interdicted the unhappy author determined to stay with it to the bitter end. He has therefore become a naturalized Frenchman. A characteristic apology for the desertion of the Queen was found after his departure in the corolla of a lily. It is thought that Her Majesty, though sorely tried of late by political affairs, may yet stand the shock of this cruel blow.

The promoters of the World's Fair are by no means willing that the Eiffel tower should be cited as the masterpiece of architecture. It is now proposed to erect a tower on the Chicago grounds which shall quite eclipse the Parisian structure. The approved plan is for an iron tower 1,542 feet high, circular in shape. A double-track electric railway, rising on a winding track three feet in every hundred, will be placed inside the tower. There will also be elevators for the accommodation of passengers. Four large hotels are to be built at the base, and the buildings from the ground up to pinnacle will be illuminated with electric lights. In honor of the great navigator the new tower will be called "the Columbian."

A very novel exploring expedition will shortly reach Africa. Prof. Garner is the intrepid spirit who is to tread the deep mazes of forest gloom in the heart of the Dark Continent, in the interests of the "North American Review" and the much-neglected ape. The Professor wishes to qualify himself as an authority on apes, and has provided himself with phonographs, telephones, cameras, and many similar appliances, by which his object may be furthered. His cage of steel wire is one of the most ingenious of his adaptations. It is to serve as his tent, and as it can be bolted secure to the trees, and can be charged with electricity, it promises to be a safe retreat. It is hoped that some valuable ethnological facts will result from the Professor's investigations.

The Pinkerton Detective Agency of the United States will in all probability shortly be dissolved. It is necessary for the best interests of the Republic that the law of order shall not be interfered with by any hostile organization. In the past forty years the Pinkerton detectives have done some good work, but they have also been at the beck and call of proprietors and capitalists. They have endeavored to create distrust between employers and employees by means of private circulars, warning the employers of discontented employees or denouncing employees as members of secret Labor Societies. There are few instances in which a pleasant feeling exists between the laborer and the agency. The existence of such a body is possible only in a loosely governed country. In Canada or in any country under British law the regular authorities would long ago have put down so dangerous an evil.

Dr. Keely, of Gold Cure Fame, has left America and is at present trying his fortune in Great Britain. The "doctor" repudiates the analyses which have been given of his injection, and claims that chemistry is baffled by the ingredients. Dr. Keely is only one of a great number who have striven to use gold as a medicinal agent. The first recorded instance of its use is when Moses, "took the (golden) calf which they had made and burnt it with fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it." Pliny recommends it as a sovereign cure for "green wounds" and for skin diseases, and when prepared with honey as a laxative. Varro, a friend of Cicero, saith "that gold will cause warts to fall off." Geber, an eminent physician, writes—"Gold is a medicine rejoicing and conserving the body in youth." In other ancient writings we find references to it as "the food of angels," and as the "heavenly viaticum." Roger Bacon, a learned friar of the thirteenth century, wrote to Pope Nicholas IV of the transforming virtues of a potation of gold. Many so-called gold-medicines, such as Lamotte's gold drops, have been found on examination to contain no trace of the precious metal. Glauber, of Glauber's salts fame, always hoped to improve his popular medicine by adding grains of gold salt. But for the most part, Dr. Keely and Ludovici will agree in Ludovici's sage reflection, that "it is better to make gold out of medicine than medicine out of gold."

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Mr. Bartley, M. P. for North Islington, seems to have been made the victim of a practical joke. An accusation was made against him to the effect that, for the purpose of securing his election, he had offered a voter a bribe of blankets and tea. On examination it was found that Mr. Bartley had simply left his card upon the voter, and that an employee of the same establishment had written on the card below his name—"One pair of blankets and 1 lb. of tea for Mrs. Q." Of course the honorable gentleman was at once cleared, but it is to be regretted that the offence against him is not punishable by law.

The dread of hydrophobia is lessening now-a-days. The proper care of dogs, for one thing, has caused the disease to become comparatively rare. In Detroit, Michigan, it was found that during dog-days there were frequent instances of dogs, who, having gone mad, went frothing and snapping through the streets. The Humane Society has therefore followed the example of several European towns by placing a number of small water-tubs throughout the city. This simple preventative of madness has worked to a charm—no further cases of *rabies* have occurred, and the comfort of the dog-kind has been much increased. During the hot weather a dog needs a quantity of water, a need which is too often overlooked by his owner, and although we have not as yet a water-tub service, there is no reason why the individual owners should not take especial care of their canine property during the hot weather.

For the last two years a very interesting lawsuit has been dragging on in Newfoundland and British courts. The case, which is known as Baird vs. Walker, is briefly this. James Baird was the owner of lobster factories on the French Shore of Newfoundland. These factories were closed by Sir Baldwin Walker, Captain of H. M. S. *Emerald*, on the ground that their existence was contrary to the regulations of the *modus vivendi*. Baird contended that as his factories were in existence before the *modus vivendi* was concluded, Sir Baldwin should have received no instructions to close them, therefore he brought a suit against Sir Baldwin, claiming \$2,500 for damages to his property. The Newfoundland Supreme Court upheld him—the British Government upheld Walker, and the case was referred to the Imperial Privy Council. As a result the British Government will pay the \$2,500 with interest to Baird, and will also become responsible for the enormous costs of the protracted lawsuit.

Twenty years ago Buda Pest was a squalid oriental city of Hungary. To-day it is a magnificent capital with a population of half a million. Although Vienna is one of the show capitals of Europe, yet Buda Pest, with almost American progressiveness, is fast becoming a formidable rival. The dual kingdom of Austria-Hungary has each its separate parliament, but as the army and navy are common to both, a separate international parliament is held in Vienna and Buda Pest alternately to vote the necessary supplies. The contrast between the two capitals was so disadvantageous that a desperate effort was made to improve the poorer city. The channel of the river was narrowed and deepened, pleasure grounds and parks were made along the banks, and some stately public buildings erected. Improved water and sewage systems were introduced, street paving laid down, and the German system of schools was followed. This dual city of a dual empire—for Buda and Pest are situated on opposite sides of the river—has a curious municipal council. Two hundred members are elected from the city, two hundred are chosen from among the twelve hundred heaviest taxpayers, and least an uneducated body should be thus brought together, any taxpayer of culture is rated at double the amount of the actual tax paid. The natural surroundings of this transformed city are extremely beautiful. The prosperity of the city, as well as of the surrounding country, is based on the solid foundation of agriculture, and there is little doubt that in the near future this prosperous capital will rank high among the capital cities of Europe.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Sir Daniel Wilson, the President of Toronto University. Although a Scotchman by birth and education, Sir Daniel succeeded in identifying himself thoroughly with the interests of our young Canadians. His broad culture, his facile pen, and his abundant energy, could not fail to impress all who came in contact with him. As a young man he was a popular contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Chambers Miscellany*, and many quarterlies and journals. In later life he made a special study of antiquities, and was the discoverer and aider of the restoration of Margaret's Chapel in Holyrood Palace, then in use as a storehouse for gunpowder. He has fought manfully for the interests of his chosen university during the whole of his connection of thirty-nine years as professor and president. In religious matters he took an active interest, and in the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association he leaves behind him the most fragrant of memories. The Newsboys' Home of Toronto, now a score of years old, owes its existence to him. His pride in the University was sorely touched when two years ago the magnificent buildings were destroyed by fire. But the veteran of seventy-four years was not to be daunted thus. The morning after the disaster, when friends gathered to sympathize with him, he said—"I would willingly have given my life to have averted the calamity, but I realize that we have to set to work to repair our loss, and that we cannot act too soon." We trust that as broad-minded a man, as upright and true to the charge entrusted to him, may be found to take up the work so ably carried on by the late President.

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