

Humaniores, and is at present a lawyer with chambers in the Middle Temple, made famous by "Pendennis." His portrait shows a long, thin face, without beard or mustache, and with a somewhat stern, ascetic expression, particularly in the close shut lips. He is much occupied with the profession and with politics, and literature is only an affair of leisure moments. His first novel was "A Man of Work," published in 1890, and followed in 1891 by "Father Stafford." In 1892 he wrote "Mr. Witt's Widows; a Frivolous Tale," and in 1893 "Sport Royal" and "Half a Hero." But his literary career may be said to date from "The Prisoner of Zenda." The others are little more than preparatory studies.

Among the notable features of the *Illustrated London News*, appearing in November, may be mentioned the following: A colored frontispiece entitled "A Rest on the Way;" Stanley Lane-Poole's interesting article, "Caged in China," treating of this mode of imprisonment—past and present; "Malachi," by Gilbert Parker, a most interesting story; "The Life and History of Lord Russell of Killowen," the present Lord Chief Justice of England, as told by Katherine Tynan; Stanley J. Weyman's (a second story), "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France—The Tennis Balls;" "The House where Napoleon was Born," by Caroline Holland; "The Benefit of the Doubt," by Violet Hunt; "The Pessimist of Plato Road," by George Gissing; "The Man and the Town—Lord Swansea and Swansea," by Frederick Dolman; "The Island of Philadelphia," by Dr. Garnett; "Popular Art," by Mason Jackson; "Nema," by Hedley Peak; "Moreland Idylls," by Grant Allen, and "A Handful of Gems," by E. L. Cutts.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Algernon Charles Swinburne: *Felise*. Portland, Me.: Thos. B. Masher. \$1.  
 Sidney Lee: *Dictionary of National Biography* (Vol. XII.) New York: Macmillan & Company; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.  
 Mrs. C. V. Jamieson: *Toinette's Philip*. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.  
 Mrs. Oliphant: *The Reign of Queen Ann*. New York: The Century Company. \$6.  
 J. N. Larned: *History for Ready Reference*, Vol. III. Springfield: The C. A. Nichol's Company.  
 W. J. Alexander, Ph.D.; M. F. Libby, B.A.: *Composition from Models*. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. \$2.25.  
 John Burroughs: *Riverby*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.25.  
 Annie S. Swan: *A Lost Ideal*. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. \$1.  
 Lillian Russell: *Airlie's Mission*. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 35c.  
 Thos. Nelson Page: *Polly*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Wm. Henry Frost: *The Wagner Story Book*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.  
 Frank R. Stockton: *Pomona's Travels*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.  
 Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C.: *Canadian Idylls*.

#### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THE SOB OF THE SEA.

I heard the deep, strong, strenuous, godlike sea,  
 An ardent wooer, bending suppliant knee  
 To smiling earth, plead earnestly for love,  
 Now whispering soft and low  
 In the tide's tender flow,  
 Now, storm-swept, raging, fierce thro' fiord  
 and cove.  
 But beauty, sitting there,  
 So sweet, so heavenly fair,  
 Repulsed her lover brave,  
 Spurned every pleading wave,  
 And in her pride defiant,  
 Haughty and self-reliant,  
 Said, "I will dwell alone."  
 And then I heard the sea utter a moan  
 So deep, so true, 'twould melt a heart of  
 stone!  
 And ever more,  
 From every shore,  
 From unlit caves,  
 From wind-whipped waves,  
 That heart-cry of the sea  
 Comes sobbing back to me

Horatio Mills.

##### A WOOD HARDER THAN EBONY.

Several species of ironwood have long been known and widely used, on account of their extraordinary weight and hardness, in the manufacture of such articles as axles and plows. It is claimed, however, that these are entirely surpassed by a certain tree found in the Northern Transvaal, regarding which M. Basiaux, at present travelling in South Africa, has transmitted a note to the Geographical Society of France. The wood is a sort of ebony, and so excessively hard that it cannot be cut in the ordinary manner, except when green. When mature and dry it resists every known tool, and blunts or breaks the finest tempered steel. It is, apparently, almost impregnable against fire, as it required a fortnight's constant burning to reduce the trunk of one of the trees to ashes, and although heavy, it is said to be considerably lighter than steel or iron.—*Invention*.

##### RUSSIANS DON'T TALK POLITICS.

Nowhere in Russia do politics enter into the life of the people. Politics in Russia are the Czar; and whatever he does is right. You cannot induce a Russian, at least in Archangel, to touch on politics even in friendly conversation. When the Czar's "name-day" comes round, as it did the other day, the houses are decorated for the event. But even this is controlled by the authorities. "Two flags for this house, three for yours, hang them out of the window," and it is done. They worship the late Czar—they have made of him a saint, as they have made a Messiah of Alexandria III. Ask them when the St. Petersburg railway is to be made, when the poor are to be better paid, when the children are to play in the sunshine instead of slaving in gangs in the ships—"When the Czar comes" is always what they say. The Czar will never come. I think they might take that as established if they would, though the other Czars have come, passing up that way on their pilgrimage to the Holy Isles.—*Longman's Magazine*.

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend,  
 the tailor's fool, and his own foe.

#### A VICTORIA CO. MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF AN EX-REEVE OF CARDEN TOWNSHIP.

Seventeen Years of Intense Suffering from Rheumatism—Local Physicians and Treatment in Toronto General Hospital Failed to Help Him—How He was Restored to Health and Activity.

From the Lindsay Post.

There are few men better known in Victoria county than Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, who was one of the first settlers of the township of Carden. He was elected to the honorable position of reeve of that township for twelve successive years and filled that position with so much acceptance to the people that he was pressed to continue in office for a longer time, but was compelled to decline the honor. It therefore goes without saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is not only known to all the residents of the township, but that his word is considered by those who know him to be as good as his bond, and that upon anything he may say the most implicit confidence may be placed.

When young, a stronger or more hearty man could not be found, but possessed of an iron constitution, he did what too many are prone to do, neglected his health, and exposed himself to all sorts of weather, often in the pursuit of his calling as a farmer, being wet to the skin for hours at a time. A little over seventeen years ago he found that he had contracted rheumatism of a muscular form, and each succeeding day found him in a worse condition. He applied to the local doctors in his neighborhood, but received no relief, and was then induced by them to apply for admission to the General Hospital at Toronto for treatment, and was in that institution for several months, until he became disheartened at the want of success attending his treatment and returned home, as was thought, to die. By this time the muscles of his body had become so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and was forced to spend the greater part of his time in bed, and when able to get around at all, it was only with the aid of a stout pair of crutches. When he attempted to raise to his feet, his legs would crack at the knees like sticks of wood, caused, as the doctors told him, by the fluid in the joints being completely dried up.

He was constipated to a fearful degree. When he retired at night there was not sufficient blood in his veins to keep him from feeling intensely cold, and in order to keep him warm his daughter knitted him woolen leggings and lined them with soft wool. Several times his family, a portion of whom reside in Michigan, were summoned home to see their father for the last time, as he was thought to be on his death-bed. Finally, after suffering as much bodily pain as would have killed an ordinary man, and at a time when he had not set his foot on the ground for a year, he was induced by his son to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had heard of the many remarkable cures made by that remedy. It was after much persuasion that he was induced to give them a trial, as he had then spent a small fortune in medicines and different modes of treatment under which he had steadily grown worse, and he had despaired of finding anything that would help him. At last he began the use of the Pink Pills and had not taken them long before he began to notice a decided improvement in his condition. Continuing their use he found he could get around much better than he had been able to do at any time for many years, and after a still further use of Pink Pills he was entirely relieved from all rheumatic pains, and is now a wonder to himself and all who knew him. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 70 years of age, is able to walk to Kirkfield every day, and is enjoying better health than he has had since he was first affected.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and 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 may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents 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.