

shore is best suited for this purpose, and the navigable channel lies closest to it most of the way.

Toronto has a marked advantage over Detroit in the potability of the water supplied to her citizens, and for a very obvious reason. The water for Detroit is pumped up from the river close to its exit from Lake St. Clair, which is shallow and marshy. As a natural consequence it is comparatively warm and has a swampy taste, while Toronto water is cool and free from all suggestion of a marshy origin. The difference is due to the fact that the water pumped up for Toronto use has, after it leaves Detroit, passed through Lake Erie, been thoroughly aerated by passing over Niagara Falls and through the gorge, and been cooled by its slow progress through the great depths of Lake Ontario. That it comes very directly from the Niagara river must be manifest enough to anyone who understands the topographical relation between the places and knows anything about the movements of the water in Lake Ontario.

Ann Arbor is practically an academic town. The University of Michigan is to it what the College of New Jersey is to Princeton, or Harvard to Cambridge, and probably more. It is a place of ten thousand ordinary inhabitants, and to these are added, during the academic session, three thousand students. The buildings in which the University does its extensive and varied work are scattered over a campus which takes up a large proportion of the whole area of the town. The most characteristic feature of this campus, as compared with other college grounds, is the abundance of trees. In a few years the University will have the appearance of being situated in the midst of a primitive forest. The people of Ann Arbor are proud of this unique landscape, and so are the students. As a result the wild birds and other small animals are left unmolested, and they are in consequence quite free from timidity. Strolling about the campus the other day I saw several red squirrels passing from tree to tree and over the roofs of houses without a sign of fear, and chattering as impudently to hurrying groups of students, as they would have done to some solitary intruder into a dense natural forest. To me this was proof positive that the animals are left habitually unmolested, and I wondered how long it would be till the stone-throwing propensity of the ordinary Toronto youth would be similarly eradicated. Surely the seven hundred teachers of the city ought to be able, by a well directed and persistent effort, to accomplish something in this direction.

Sandwich is a quaint and charming old place, the inhabitants of which live a life of ideal freedom from bustle, while they are within half an hour of Detroit city hall by electric railway and ferry. The population of Sandwich, as of North Essex generally, is largely French, and the prevalent air of antiquity is intensified by the obvious age of the trees which are scattered so abundantly over the whole town. Fruit-growing seems to be the favourite occupation of the people of Sandwich and vicinity, and the grape is the favourite fruit. Soil and climate alike favour the production of the finest out-door varieties, but the staple is the old general purpose Concord. Take it for all in all it has no successful or even formidable rival. It is good for the table. It is well adapted for making wine, of which large quantities are made about Sandwich. It is perfectly hardy. It is early enough to ripen well, and it is very little liable to destruction by parasites. A luxuriantly growing and well kept vineyard is always a pleasant sight to one who delights in vegetation; it is doubly so when the dark clusters of ripe grapes afford a marked contrast with the luxuriant and light green foliage. As some varieties of grapes grow freely and ripen well in Toronto, they might be advantageously substituted for other climbing plants in suitable locations. They are not exacting in the matter of care, but they require and repay generous treatment in the way of food supply. A luxuriantly growing vineyard anywhere is a sure proof of intensive culture.

ON THE WING.

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Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

On Leaving Kingston.

Steadily ever the twilight falls,—
Tarry a little, oh, mists for me,
Tarry, for dim are the eyes that see
The last of these wet, gray walls,
In a blackness that appals.

O Night! must you gather your cruel band?
On these spectral streets must your seal be set?
If regret should stir into life?—and yet
Tho' I stretch through the darkness a yearning hand
Who, of your many, would understand?

City of shadows! you hold in your clasp
Some of the hearts that I care for most,
Some of the love that my life can boast,
And the good I strove to grasp,
Tho' it ever eluded my clasp.

City of stone! are you stone in truth,
Dead to regret, and dumb to my tears?
Bringing me naught from the grave of the years
But this ghost of my vanished youth,
The lost, lost days of my youth

Vain it is! Vain it is! Let us away!
Tho' I tarried forever no sign would come,
For the sky and the waves, and the winds are dumb,
Save a sea-gull's scream from his heaven of gray
Where lights are gleaming up Quinte's Bay.

Away and away! Does it matter where?
There are none to remember and none to forget:
The past lies dead and our sails are set
For a strange far land as cold as fair,
Whose fruit is the curse of a granted prayer.

EMILY McMANUS.

* * *

Popularizing the Poets.

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again.

A RECENT literary event of some significance, from the standpoint of popular education, is the publication, in England, of the "Penny Poets" by Mr. W. T. Stead. Professional literary critics probably will not trouble themselves very much about the matter seeing that it is only the re-publication of standard poets in exceedingly cheap form. This is, perhaps, less to be regretted in this case than some others, as Mr. Stead is a gentleman who is capable of advertising and reviewing himself and possesses an organ of large circulation in which to do that business. In his introduction to the selection from Arthur Hugh Clough's poems he says: "Great poets are often but poorly [qualified for the position of a news editor. They are first-class as poets, but they sometimes break down when serving up their work to the public."

"This masterpiece of Clough is a case in point. Here is a poem, which, if it had only had a possible title, would have been as popular as *Evangeline*, utterly ruined, so far as the greater public is concerned, by the title which its author fastened to it, much as people tie a half-brick round the neck of the dog they wish to drown." This statement sets forth very clearly the aim of the editor—he desires to bring the great poets and the common people together, to act as middleman between these two classes, or, as expressed in his own modest metaphor, to dress the shop windows for the poets, and set out their wares in attractive forms and at popular prices. When we turn, then, to Clough's volume we find on the outer cover, "The Love Story of a Young Man, or The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich," but inside the poet's own title takes the first place, and when we get over the introduction we meet it standing alone at the head of the poem. Thus we are gradually introduced and gently accustomed to the uncouth name, and the editor hopes that twenty people will read the poem where one read it before, for, as he says, "what does the average man in the street know about Bothies, and how, in the name of fortune, can any mortal man not a Highlander be expected to pronounce that awful compound of hyphens and consonants?" Mr. Stead has undertaken the task of introducing the great English poets, and some of the smaller ones to the average man in the street. He has been willing to receive advice from